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THE

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS
OF
JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;

CONTAINING ALL HIS
ORIGINAL POEMS, TALES,
AND
TRANSLATIONS,

Now first Collected and Published together

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

WITH
EXPLANATORY NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS.

ALSO AN
ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

L O N D O N :

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T H E C O N T E N T S O F T H E S E C O N D V O L U M E.

T HE Hind and the Panther, in three parts	
Part I. - - -	page 1
Part II. - - -	35
Part III. - - -	65
Britannia Rediviva, a Poem on the Prince, born	
on the 10th of June 1688 - -	120
Mac Flecnoe - - -	137
Epistles I. To Sir Robert Howard	149
II. To Dr. Charleton -	154
III. To the Lady Castlemain	157
IV. To Mr. Lee - -	159
V. To the Earl of Roscommon	162
VI. To the Dukes of York	166
VII. A Letter to Sir Geo. Etherege	169
VIII. To Mr. Southerne -	173
IX. To Henry Hidgen, Esq;	175
X. To Mr. Congreve -	177
XI. To Mr. Granville - -	180
A 2	Epistle

C O N T E N T S.

Epistle XII. To Mr. Motteaux	-	182
XIII. To John Dryden, Esq; of Chesterton	--	185
XIV. To Sir Godfrey Kneller		194
XV. A familiar Epistle to Mr. Julian		201

Elegies and Epitaphs.

To the Memory of Mr. Oldham	-	209
To the pious Memory of Mrs. Anne Killebrew		210
Upon the Death of the Earl of Dundee		220
Eleonora : A Panegyric Poem, dedicated to the Memory of the late Countess of Abington		231
On the Death of Amyntas	- -	247
On the Death of a very young Gentleman		251
Upon young Mr. Rogers of Gloucestershire		253
On the Death of Mr. Purcell	-	254
Epitaph on the Lady Whitmore	-	256
Epitaph on Sir Palmes Fairbone's Tomb		257
Under Milton's Picture	- -	259
On the Monument of a fair Maiden Lady		ib.
Epitaph on Mrs. Margaret Paston		261
On the Monument of the Marquis of Win- chester	- - - -	262

Songs,

C O N T E N T S.

Songs, Odes, and a Masque.

The Fair Stranger	-	-	-	265
On the young Statesmen	-	-	-	266
A Song for St. Cecilia's Day, 1687				268
The Tears of Amynta	-	-	-	271
A Song	-	-	-	273
The Lady's Song	-	-	-	275
A Song	-	-	-	ib.
A Song	-	-	-	277
A Rondelay	-	-	-	278
A Song	-	-	-	279
A Song to a fair Young Lady				280
Alexander's Feast	-	-	-	282
The secular Masque	-	-	-	291
Song of a Scholar and his Mistress				296

Prologues and Epilogues.

Prologue spoken the first Day of the King's		
House acting after the Fire	-	301
Prologue spoken at the opening of the New		
House, March 26, 1674	-	302
Epilogue on the same Occasion		305
Prologue to the University of Oxford, 1674		307
Prologue to Circe	-	309

C O N T E N T S.

Epilogue intended to have been spoken by the Lady Hen. Maria Wentworth, when Calista was acted at Court	page 310
Epilogue to the Man of Mode	312
Epilogue to Mithridates	314
Prologue to the Widow Ranter	315
Prologue to Cæsar Borgia	317
Prologue to Sophonisba, at Oxford, 1680	319
A Prologue	320
Epilogue to a Tragedy called Tamerlane	322
Prologue to the University of Oxford 1681	323
Prologue to his R. Highness, 1682	325
Prologue to the Earl of Essex	327
An Epilogue for the King's House	329
Prologue to the Loyal Brother	331
Epilogue to the same	333
Prologue to the University of Oxford, spoken by Mr. Hart, at the acting of the Silent Woman	335
Epilogue spoken by the same	337
Epilogue spoken at Oxford by Mrs. Marshal	339
Prologue to the University of Oxford	341
Ditto to ditto	343
Epilogue to Constantine the Great	345
Prologue to the Disappointment	347
Prologue	

C O N T E N T S.

Prologue to the King and Queen, upon the Union of the two Companies, 1666	page 350
Epilogue on the same occasion	353
Prologue to the Princess of Cleves	355
Epilogue to the same	357
Prologue to Arviragus and Philicia, revived	358
Prologue to the Prophets	360
Prologue to the Mistakes	362
Epilogue to Henry II.	365
A Prologue	367
Prologue to Albumazar	369
An Epilogue	371
Epilogue to the Husband his own Cuckold	373
Prologue to the Pilgrim	375
Epilogue to the Pilgrim	377

Translations from Theocritus, Lucretius,
and Horace.

Preface concerning Mr. Dryden's Translations 383

Translations from Theocritus.

Amaryllis: or, the third Idyllium of Theocritus, paraphrased	403
The Epithalamium of Helen and Menelaus, 18th Idyl.	409
	The

C O N T E N T S.

The Despairing Lover, 28th Idyl.	page 414
Daphnis, 27th Idyll.	419

Translations from Lucretius.

The Beginning of the 1st Book of Lucretius	431
Ditto of the 2d.	434
The latter Part of the 3d Book	437
Ditto of the 4th.	451
From the 5th Book	464

Translations from Horace.

The Third Ode of the 1st Book of Horace	467
The Ninth Ode of ditto	470
The Twenty-ninth Ode of ditto	472
The Second Epode of Horace	477



THE
H I N D
AND THE
PANTHER.
A POEM.
IN THREE PARTS.

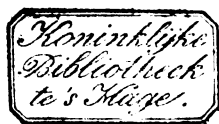
— *Antiquam exquirite matrem.* ¹

Et vera incessu patuit Dea. VIRG.



VOL. II.

B



THE
P R E F A C E
To the R E A D E R.

THE nation is in too high a ferment, for me to expect either fair war, or even so much as fair quarter, from a reader of the opposite party. All men are engaged either on this side or that; and tho conscience is the common word, which is given by both, yet if a writer fall among enemies, and cannot give the marks of their conscience, he is knocked down before the reasons of his own are heard. A preface, therefore, which is but a bespeaking of favour, is altogether useless. What I desire the reader should know concerning me, he will find in the body of the poem, if he have but the patience to peruse it. Only this advertisement let him take before-hand, which relates to the merits of the cause. No general characters of parties (call them either sects or churches) can be so fully and exactly drawn, as to comprehend all the several members of them; at least all such as are received under that denomination. For example; there are some of the church by

law established, who envy not liberty of conscience to dissenters ; as being well satisfied that, according to their own principles, they ought not to persecute them. Yet these, by reason of their fewness, I could not distinguish from the numbers of the rest, with whom they are embodied in one common name. On the other side, there are many of our sects, and more indeed than I could reasonably have hoped, who have withdrawn themselves from the communion of the Panther, and embraced this gracious indulgence of his majesty in point of toleration. But neither to the one nor the other of these is this satire any way intended : it is aimed only at the refractory and disobedient on either side. For those, who are come over to the royal party, are consequently supposed to be out of gun-shot. Our physicians have observed, that, in process of time some diseases have abated of their virulence, and have in a manner worn out their malignity, so as to be no longer mortal : and why may not I suppose the same concerning some of those, who have formerly been enemies to kingly government, as well as Catholic religion ? I hope they have now another notion of both, as having found, by

comfortable experience, that the doctrine of persecution is far from being an article of our faith.

It is not for any private man to censure the proceedings of a foreign prince : but, without suspicion of flattery, I may praise our own, who has taken contrary measures, and those more suitable to the spirit of Christianity. Some of the dissenters, in their addresses to his majesty, have said, “ That he has restored God to his empire over conscience.” I confess, I dare not stretch the figure to so great a boldness : but I may safely say, that conscience is the royalty and prerogative of every private man. He is absolute in his own breast, and accountable to no earthly power, for that which passes only betwixt God and him. Those who are driven into the fold are, generally speaking, rather made hypocrites than converts.

This indulgence being granted to all the sects, it ought in reason to be expected, that they should both receive it, and receive it thankfully. For, at this time of day, to refuse the benefit, and adhere to those, whom they have esteemed their persecutors, what is it else, but publicly to own, that

6 TO THE READER.

they suffered not before for conscience-sake, but only out of pride and obstinacy, to separate from a church for those impositions, which they now judge may be lawfully obeyed? After they have so long contended for their classical ordination (not to speak of rites and ceremonies) will they at length submit to an episcopal? If they can go so far out of complaisance to their old enemies, methinks a little reason should persuade them to take another step, and see whither that would lead them.

Of the receiving this toleration thankfully I shall say no more, than that they ought, and I doubt not they will consider from what hand they received it. It is not from a Cyrus, a heathen prince, and a foreigner, but from a christian king, their native sovereign; who expects a return in specie from them, that the kindness, which he has graciously shewn them, may be retaliated on those of his own persuasion.

As for the poem in general, I will only thus far satisfy the reader, that it was neither imposed on me, nor so much as the subject given me by any man. It was written during the last winter, and the beginning of this spring; tho with long

interruptions of ill health and other hindrances. About a fortnight before I had finished it, his majesty's declaration for liberty of conscience came abroad : which, if I had so soon expected, I might have spared myself the labor of writing many things which are contained in the third part of it. But I was always in some hope, that the church of England might have been persuaded to have taken off the penal laws and the test, which was one design of the poem, when I proposed to myself the writing of it.

It is evident that some part of it was only occasional, and not first intended : I mean that defence of myself, to which every honest man is bound, when he is injuriously attacked in print : and I refer myself to the judgment of those, who have read the Answer to the Defence of the late King's Papers, and that of the Dutchess (in which last I was concerned) how charitably I have been represented there. I am now informed both of the author and supervisors of this pamphlet, and will reply, when I think he can affront me : for I am of Socrates's opinion, that all creatures cannot. In the mean time let him consider whether

he deserved not a more severe reprehension, than I gave him formerly, for using so little respect to the memory of those, whom he pretended to answer; and at his leisure, look out for some original treatise of humility, written by any Protestant in English; I believe I may say in any other tongue: for the magnified piece of Duncomb on that subject, which either he must mean, or none, and with which another of his fellows has upbraided me, was translated from the Spanish of Rodriguez; tho with the omission of the seventeenth, the twenty-fourth, the twenty-fifth, and the last chapter, which will be found in comparing of the books.

He would have insinuated to the world, that her late highness died not a Roman Catholick. He declares himself to be now satisfied to the contrary, in which he has given up the cause: for matter of fact was the principal debate betwixt us. In the mean time, he would dispute the motives of her change; how preposterously, let all men judge, when he seemed to deny the subject of the controversy, the change itself. And because I would not take up this ridiculous challenge, he tells the world I cannot argue: but he

may as well infer, that a Catholic cannot fast, because he will not take up the cudgels against Mrs. James, to confute the Protestant religion.

I have but one word more to say concerning the poem as such, and abstracting from the matters, either religious or civil, which are handled in it. The first part, consisting most in general characters and narration, I have endeavored to raise, and give it the majestic turn of heroic poesy. The second being matter of dispute, and chiefly concerning church authority, I was obliged to make as plain and perspicuous as possibly I could ; yet not wholly neglecting the numbers, tho I had not frequent occasions for the magnificence of verse. The third, which has more of the nature of domestic conversation, is, or ought to be, more free and familiar than the two former.

There are in it two episodes, or fables, which are interwoven with the main design ; so that they are properly parts of it, tho they are also distinct stories of themselves. In both of these I have made use of the common places of satire, whether true or false, which are urged by the members of the one church against the other : at

which I hope no reader of either party will be scandalized, because they are not of my invention, but as old, to my knowlege, as the times of Boccace and Chaucer on the one side, and as those of the Reformation on the other.





T H E

HIND and the PANTHER.

A Milk-white Hind, immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest rang'd;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no fin.
Yet had she oft been chas'd with horns and hounds,
And Scythian shafts ; and many winged wounds
Aim'd at her heart ; was often forced to fly,
And doom'd to death tho fated not to die.

12 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

Not so her young ; for their unequal line
Was hero's make, half human, half divine.
Their earthly mold obnoxious was to fate,
The immortal part assum'd immortal state.
Of these a slaughter'd army lay in blood,
Extended o'er the Caledonian wood,
Their native walk ; whose vocal blood arose,
And cry'd for pardon on their perjur'd foes.
Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguine seed,
Endu'd with souls, increas'd the sacred breed.
So captive Israel multiply'd in chains,
A numerous exile, and enjoy'd her pains.
With grief and gladness mix'd, the mother view'd
Her martyr'd offspring, and their race renew'd ;
Their corps to perish, but their kind to last,
So much the deathless plant the dying fruit
surpass'd.

Panting and pensive now she rang'd alone,
And wander'd in the kingdoms, once her own.
The common hunt, tho from their rage restrain'd
By sovereign power her company disdain'd ;
Grin'd as they pass'd, and with a glaring eye
Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.
'Tis true, she bounded by, and trip'd so light,
They had not time to take a steady fight.

For truth has such a face and such a mien,
As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.

The bloody bear, an independent beast,
Unlick'd to form, in groans her hate exprest.
Among the timorous kind the quaking hare
Profess'd neutrality, but would not swear.
Next her the buffoon ape as atheists use,
Mimick'd all sects, and had his own to chuse :
Still when the lion look'd his knees he bent,
And paid at church a courtier's compliment.
The bristled baptist boar, impure as he,
But whiten'd with the foam of sanctity,
With fat pollutions fill'd the sacred place,
And mountains levell'd in his furious race :
So first rebellion founded was in grace.
But since the mighty ravage, which he made
In German forests, had his guilt betray'd,
With broken tusks, and with a borrow'd name,
He shun'd the vengeance, and conceal'd the
 shame ;
So lurk'd in sects unseen. With greater guile
False reynard fed on consecrated spoil :
The graceless beast by Athanasius first
Was chas'd from Nice, then by Socinus
 nurs'd :

14 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

His impious race their blasphemy renew'd,
 And nature's king thro nature's optics view'd.
 Revers'd they view'd him lessen'd to their eye,
 Nor in an infant could a God descry,
 New swarming sects to this obliquely tend,
 Hence they began, and here they all will end.

What weight of antient witness can prevail,
 If private reason hold the public scale?
 But, gracious God, how well dost thou provide
 For erring judgments an unerring guide?
 Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light,
 A blaze of glory that forbids the fight.
 O teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd,
 And search no farther than thyself reveal'd;
 But her alone for my director take,
 Whom thou hast promis'd never to forsake!
 My thoughtless youth was wing'd with vain desires,
 My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
 Follow'd false lights; and, when their glimpse
 was gone,
 My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
 Such was I, such by nature still I am;
 Be thine the glory, and be mine the shame.
 Good life be now my task: my doubts are done:
 What more could fright my faith, than three in one?

Can I believe eternal God could lie
 Disguis'd in mortal mold and infancy ?
 That the great Maker of the world could die ?
 And after that trust my imperfect sense,
 Which calls in question his omnipotence ?
 Can I my reason to my faith compel ?
 And shall my sight, and touch, and taste rebel ?
 Superior faculties are set aside ;
 Shall their subservient organs be my guide ?
 Then let the moon usurp the rule of day,
 And winking tapers shew the sun his way ;
 For what my senses can themselves perceive,
 I need no revelation to believe.
 Can they who say the host should be descry'd
 By sense, define a body glorify'd ?
 Impassable, and penetrating parts ?
 Let them declare by what mysterious arts
 He shot that body thro the opposing might
 Of bolts and bars impervious to the light,
 And stood before his train confess'd in open
 fight.
 For since thus wonderously he pass'd, 'tis plain,
 One single place two bodies did contain.
 And sure the same omnipotence as well
 Can make one body in more places dwell.

16 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

Let reason then at her own quarry fly,
But how can finite grasp infinity?

'Tis urg'd again, that faith did first commence
By miracles, which are appeals to sense,
And thence concluded, that our sense must be
The motive still of credibility.

For latter ages must on former wait,
And what began belief must propagate.

But winnow well this thought, and you shall find
'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind.

Were all those wonders wrought by power divine,
As means or ends of some more deep design?

Most sure as means, whose end was this alone,
To prove the Godhead of the eternal son.

God thus asserted, man is to believe

Beyond what sense and reason can conceive,

And for mysterious things of faith rely

On the proponent, heaven's authority.

If then our faith we for our guide admit,

Vain is the farther search of human wit,

As when the building gains a surer stay,

We take the unuseful scaffolding away.

Reason by sense no more can understand ;

The game is play'd into another hand.

Why chuse we then like bilanders to creep
 Along the coast, and land in view to keep,
 When safely we may launch into the deep ?
 In the same vessel, which our Saviour bore,
 Himself the pilot, let us leave the shore,
 And with a better guide a better world explore.
 Could he his Godhead veil with flesh and blood,
 And not veil these again to be our food ?
 His grace in both is equal in extent,
 The first affords us life, the second nourishment.
 And if he can, why all this frantic pain
 To construe what his clearest words contain,
 And make a riddle what he made so plain ?
 To take up half on trust, and half to try,
 Name it not faith, but bungling bigotry.
 Both knave and fool the merchant we may call,
 To pay great sums and to compound the small :
 For who would break with heaven, and would
 not break for all ?
 Rest then, my soul, from endless anguish freed ;
 Nor sciences thy guide, nor sense thy creed.
 Faith is the best ensuer of thy bliss ;
 The bank above must fail before the venture
 miss.

18 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

But heaven and heaven-born faith are far from
thee,

Thou first apostate to divinity.

Unkennell'd range in thy Polonian plains ;

A fiercer foe th'infatiate wolf remains.

Too boastful Britain, please thyself no more.

That beasts of prey are banish'd from thy shore :

The bear, the boar, and every savage name,

Wild in effect, tho in appearance tame,

Lay waste thy woods, destroy thy blissful bower,

And, muzzled though they seem, the mutes
devour.

More haughty than the rest, the wolfish race

Appear with belly gaunt, and famish'd face :

Never was so deform'd a beast of grace.

His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears,

Close clap'd for shame ; but his rough crest he
rears,

And pricks up his predestinating ears.

His wild disorder'd walk, his haggard eyes,

Did all the bestial citizens surprize.

Though fear'd and hated, yet he rul'd a-while,

As captain or companion of the spoil.

Full many a year his hateful head had been

For tribute paid, nor since in Cambria seen :

The last of all the litter scap'd by chance,
 And from Geneva first infested France.
 Some authors thus his pedigree will trace,
 But others write him of an upstart race ;
 Because of Wickliff's brood no mark he brings,
 But his innate antipathy to kings.
 These last deduce him from th' Helvetian kind,
 Who near the Leman-lake his comfort lin'd :
 That fiery Zuinglius first th'affection bred,
 And meagre Calvin blest the nuptial bed.
 In Israel some believe him whelp'd long since,
 When the proud sanhedrim oppress'd the prince,
 Or, since he will be Jew, derive him higher,
 When Corah with his brethren did conspire
 From Moses' hand the sovereign sway to wrest,
 And Aaron of his ephod to divest :
 'Till opening earth made way for all to pass,
 And could not bear the burden of a class.
 The fox and he came shuffled in the dark,
 If ever they were stow'd in Noah's ark :
 Perhaps not made ; for all their barking train
 The dog (a common species) will contain.
 And some wild curs, who from their masters ran,
 Abhorring the supremacy of man,
 In woods and caves the rebel-race began.

20 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

O happy pair, how well have you increas'd !
 What ills in church and state have you redress'd ?
 With teeth untry'd, and rudiments of claws,
 Your first essay was on your native laws :
 Those having torn with ease, and trampled down, }
 Your fangs you fasten'd on the mitred crown,
 And freed from God and monarchy your town. }
 What tho your native kennel still be small,
 Bounded betwixt a puddle and a wall ;
 Yet your victorious colonies are sent
 Where the north ocean girds the continent.
 Quicken'd with fire below, your monsters breed
 In fenny Holland, and in fruitful Tweed :
 And like the first the last affects to be
 Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
 As, where in fields the fairy rounds are seen,
 A rank four herbage rises on the green ;
 So, springing where those midnight elves advance,
 Rebellion prints the footsteps of the dance.
 Such are their doctrines, such contempt they show }
 To heaven above, and to their prince below,
 As none but traitors and blasphemers know. }
 God, like the tyrant of the skies, is plac'd,
 And kings, like slaves, beneath the crowd debas'd.
 So fulsom is their food, that flocks refuse
 To bite, and only dogs for phyfic use.

As, where the lightning runs along the ground,
 No husbandry can heal the blasting wound ;
 Nor bladed grafs, nor bearded corn succeeds,
 But scales of scurf and putrefaction breeds :
 Such wars, fuch waste, fuch fiery tracks of dearth
 Their zeal has left, and fuch a teemlefs earth.

But, as the poisons of the deadliest kind
 Are to their own unhappy coasts confin'd ;
 As only Indian shades of fight deprive,
 And magic plants will but in Colchos thrive ;
 So prefbytery and pestilential zeal
 Can only flourish in a commonweal.

From Celtic woods is chas'd the wolfish crew ;
 But ah ! fome pity e'en to brutes is due :

Their native walks methinks they might enjoy,
 Curb'd of their native malice to destroy.

Of all the tyrannies on human-kind,
 The worst is that which persecutes the mind.

Let us but weigh at what offence we strike,
 'Tis but because we cannot think alike.

In punishing of this, we overthrow
 The laws of nations and of nature too,
 Beasts are the fubjects of tyrannic fway,
 Where still the stronger on the weaker prey.

Man only of a softer mold is made,
 Not for his fellow's ruin, but their aid :

22 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

Created kind, beneficent and free,
The noble image of the Deity.

One portion of informing fire was given
To brutes, th'inferior family of heaven :
The smith divine, as with a careless beat,
Struck out the mute creation at a heat ;
But when arriv'd at last to human race,
The Godhead took a deep considering space ;
And to distinguish man from all the rest,
Unlock'd the sacred treasures of his breast ;
And mercy mixt with reason did impart,
One to his head, the other to his heart ;
Reason to rule, but mercy to forgive ;
The first is law, the last prerogative.
And like his mind his outward form ap-
pear'd, }
When, issuing naked, to the wondering herd,
He charm'd their eyes ; and, for they lov'd, they }
fear'd ; }
Not arm'd with horns of arbitrary might, }
Or claws to seize their furry spoils in fight, }
Or with increase of feet t'o'ertake them in their }
flight ; }
Of easy shape, and pliant every way ; }
Confessing still the softness of his clay, }
And kind as kings upon their coronation day : }

With open hands, and with extended space
 Of arms, to satisfy a large embrace.
 Thus kneaded up with milk, the new-made man
 His kingdom o'er his kindred world began :
 Till knowlege misapply'd, misunderstood,
 And pride of empire four'd his balmy blood.
 Then, first rebelling, his own stamp he coins ;
 The murderer Cain was latent in his loins :
 And blood began its first and loudest cry,
 For differing worship of the Deity.
 Thus persecution rose, and farther space
 Produc'd the mighty hunter of his race.
 Not so the blessed Pan his flock increas'd,
 Content to fold them from the famish'd beast :
 Mild were his laws ; the sheep and harmless hind
 Were never of the persecuting kind.
 Such pity now the pious pastor shows,
 Such mercy from the British lion flows,
 That both provide protection from their foes.

Oh happy regions, Italy and Spain,
 Which never did those monsters entertain !
 The wolf, the bear, the boar, can there advance
 No native claim of just inheritance.
 And self-preserving laws, severe in show,
 May guard their fences from th'invading foe.

24. THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

Where birth has plac'd them, let them safely share
The common benefit of vital air.

Themselves unarm'd, let them live unarm'd ;
Their jaws disabled, and their claws disarm'd ;

Here, only in nocturnal howlings bold,
They dare not seize the Hind, nor leap the fold.

More powerful, and as vigilant as they,
The lion awfully forbids the prey.

Their rage repress'd, tho pinch'd with famine sore,
They stand aloof, and tremble at his roar :
Much is their hunger, but their fear is more. }

These are the chief: to number o'er the rest,
And stand, like Adam, naming every beast,

Were weary work ; nor will the muse describe
A slimy-born and sun-begotten tribe ;

Who, far from steeples and their sacred sound,
In fields their sullen conventicles found.

These gross, half-animated, lumps I leave ;
Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive.

But if they think at all, 'tis sure no higher
Than matter, put in motion, may aspire :

Souls that can scarce ferment their mass of clay :
So droffy, so divisible are they,
As would but serve pure bodies for allay : }

Such souls as shards produce, such beetle things
As only buz to heaven with evening wings ;

Strike in the dark, offending but by chance,
Such are the blindfold blows of ignorance.
They know not beings, and but hate a name ;
To them the Hind and Panther are the same.

The Panther sure the noblest, next the Hind,
And fairest creature of the spotted kind ;
Oh, could her in-born stains be wash'd away,
She were too good to be a beast of prey !
How can I praise, or blame, and not offend,
Or how divide the frailty from the friend ?
Her faults and virtues lie so mix'd, that she
Nor wholly stands condemn'd, nor wholly free.
Then, like her injur'd lion, let me speak ;
He cannot bend her, and he would not break.
Unkind already, and estrang'd in part,
The wolf begins to share her wandering heart.
Tho unpolluted yet with actual ill,
She half commits who sins but in her will.
If, as our dreaming platonists report,
There could be spirits of a middle sort,
Too black for heaven, and yet too white for hell,
Who just dropt half way down, nor lower fell ;
So pois'd, so gently she descends from high,
It seems a soft dismissal from the sky.
Her house not ancient, whatsoe'er pretence
Her clergy heralds make in her defence.

26 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

A second century not half-way run,
 Since the new honors of her blood begun.
 A lion old, obscene, and furious made
 By lust, compress'd her mother in a shade;
 Then, by a left-hand marriage, weds the dame,
 Covering adultery with a specious name:
 So schism begot; and sacrilege and she,
 A well match'd pair, got graceless heresy.
 God's and kings rebels have the same good cause,
 To trample down divine and human laws:
 Both would be call'd reformers, and their hate
 Alike destructive both to church and state:
 The fruit proclaims the plant; a lawless prince
 By luxury reform'd incontinence;
 By ruins, charity; by riots, abstinence.
 Confessions, fasts, and penance set aside;
 Oh with what ease we follow such a guide,
 Where souls are starv'd, and senses gratify'd!
 Where marriage pleasures - midnight prayer
 supply
 And matten bells, a melancholy cry,
 Are tun'd to merrier notes, Increase and mul-
 tiply.
 Religion shews a rosy-color'd face;
 Not hatter'd out with drudging works of grace:
 A down-hill reformation rolls apace.

What flesh and blood would crowd the narrow
 gate,
 Or, 'till they waste their pamper'd paunches,
 wait ?
 All would be happy at the cheapest rate.

Tho our lean faith these rigid laws has given,
 The full-fed Mussulman goes fat to heaven ;
 For his Arabian prophet with delights
 Of sense allur'd his eastern proselytes.
 The jolly Luther, reading him, began
 T' interpret scriptures by his alcoran ;
 To grub the thorns beneath our tender feet,
 And make the paths of Paradise more sweet :
 Bethought him of a wife ere half way gone,
 For 'twas uneasy travelling alone ;
 And, in this masquerade of mirth and love,
 Mistook the bliss of heaven for Bacchanals above.
 Sure he presum'd of praise, who came to stock
 Th' etherial pastures with so fair a flock,
 Burnish'd, and bat'ning on their food, to show
 Their diligence of careful herds below.

Our Panther, tho like these she chang'd her
 head,
 Yet as the mistress of a monarch's bed,
 Her front erect with majesty she bore,
 The crozier wielded, and the mitre wore.

28 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

Her upper part of decent discipline
 Shew'd affectation of an ancient line;
 And fathers, councils, church and churches head,
 Were on her reverend phylacteries read.
 But what disgrac'd and disavow'd the rest,
 Was Calvin's brand, that stigmatiz'd the beast.
 Thus, like a creature of a double kind,
 In her own labyrinth she 'lives confin'd.
 To foreign lands no sound of her is come,
 Humbly content to be despis'd at home.
 Such is her faith, where good cannot be had,
 At least she leaves the refuse of the bad :
 Nice in her choice of ill, tho not of best,
 And least deform'd, because deform'd the least.
 In doubtful points betwixt her differing friends,
 Where one for substance, one for sign contends,
 Their contradicting terms she strives to join ;
 Sign shall be substance, substance shall be sign.
 A real presence all her sons allow,
 And yet 'tis flat idolatry to bow,
 Because the Godhead's there they know not how. }
 Her novices are taught, that bread and wine }
 Are but the visible and outward sign,
 Receiv'd by those who in communion join. }
 But th' inward grace, or the thing signify'd,
 His blood and body, who to save us dy'd ;

The faithful this thing signify'd receive :
 What is't those faithful then partake or leave?
 For what is signify'd and understood,
 Is, by her own confession, flesh and blood.
 Then, by the same acknowledgment, we know
 They take the sign, and take the substance too.
 The literal sense is hard to flesh and blood,
 But nonsense never can be understood.

Her wild belief on every wave is tost ;
 But sure no church can better morals boast:
 True to her king her principles are found ;
 Oh that her practice were but half so sound !
 Stedfast in various turns of state she stood,
 And seal'd her vow'd affection with her blood :
 Nor will I meanly tax her constancy,
 That interest or obligation made the tie. }
 Bound to the fate of murder'd monarchy,
 Before the founding ax so falls the vine,
 Whose tender branches round the poplar twine,
 She chose her ruin, and resign'd her life,
 In death undaunted as an Indian wife :
 A rare example ! but some souls we see
 Grow hard, and stiffen with adversity :
 Yet these by fortune's favors are undone ;
 Resolv'd into a baser form they run, }
 And bore the wind, but cannot bear the sun.

30 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

Let this be nature's frailty, or her fate,
Or Isgrim's counsel, her new-chosen mate ;
Still she's the fairest of the fallen crew,
No mother more indulgent but the true.

Fierce to her foes, yet fears her force to try,
Because she wants innate authority ;
For how can she constrain them to obey,
Who has herself cast off the lawful sway ?
Rebellion equals all, and those, who toil
In common theft, will share the common spoil.

Let her produce the title and the right
Against her old superiors first to fight ;
If she reform by text, e'en that's as plain
For her own rebels to reform again.

As long as words a diff'rent sense will bear,
And each may be his own interpreter,
Our airy faith will no foundation find :
The word's a weathercock for every wind :
The bear, the fox, the wolf, by turns prevail ;
The most in power supplies the present gale.

The wretched Panther cries aloud for aid
To church and councils, whom she first betray'd ;
No help from fathers or tradition's train :
Those ancient guides she taught us to disdain,
And by that scripture, which she once abus'd
To reformation, stands herself accus'd.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER. 31

What bills for breach of laws can she prefer,
Expounding which she owns herself may err ;
And, after all her winding ways are try'd,
If doubts arise, she slips herself aside,
And leaves the private conscience for the guide. }
If then that conscience set th' offender free,
It bars her claim to church authority.

How can she censure, or what crime pretend,
But scripture may be construed to defend ?
E'en those, whom for rebellion she transmits
To civil power, her doctrine first acquits ;
Because no disobedience can ensue,
Where no submission to a judge is due ;
Each judging for himself by her consent,
Whom thus absolv'd she sends to punishment.
Suppose the magistrate revenge her cause,
'Tis only for transgressing human laws.

How answering to its end a church is made,
Whose power is but to counsel and persuade ?
O solid rock, on which secure she stands !
Eternal house not built with mortal hands !
O sure defence against th' infernal gate,
A patent during pleasure of the state !

Thus is the Panther neither lov'd nor fear'd,
A meer mock queen of a divided herd ;

32 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

Whom soon by lawful power she might controul,
Herself a part submitted to the whole.

Then, as the moon who first receives the light
By which she makes our nether regions bright,
So might she shine, reflecting from afar

The rays she borrow'd from a better star ;
Big with the beams, which from her mother flow,
And reigning o'er the rising tides below :

Now, mixing with a savage crowd, she goes,
And meanly flatters her invet'rate foes,
Rul'd while she rules, and losing every hour
Her wretched remnants of precarious power.

One evening, while the cooler shade she sought,
Revolving many a melancholy thought,
Alone she walk'd, and look'd around in vain,
With rueful visage, for her vanish'd train :
None of her sylvan subjects made their court ;
Levées and couchées pass'd without resort.
So hardly can usurpers manage well
Those, whom they first instructed to rebel.
More liberty begets desire of more ;
The hunger still increases with the store.
Without respect they brush'd along the wood
Each in his clan, and fill'd with loathsome food,
Ask'd no permission to the neighb'ring flood.

The Panther, full of inward discontent,
 Since they would go, before them wisely went,
 Supplying want of power by drinking first,
 As if she gave them leave to quench their thirst.
 Among the rest, the Hind, with fearful face,
 Beheld from far the common watering place,
 Nor durst approach; 'till with an awful roar
 The sovereign lion bad her fear no more.
 Encourag'd thus she brought her younglings nigh;
 Watching the motions of her patron's eye,
 And drank a sober draught; the rest amaz'd
 Stood mutely still, and on the stranger gaz'd;
 Survey'd her part by part, and sought to find
 The ten-horn'd monster in the harmless Hind,
 Such as the Wolf and Panther had design'd. }
 They thought at first they dream'd; for 'twas
 offence

With them, to question certitude of sense,
 Their guide in faith: but nearer when they drew, }
 And had the faultless object full in view,
 Lord, how they all admir'd her heavenly hue! }
 Some, who before her fellowship disdain'd,
 Scarce, and but scarce, from in-born rage re- }
 strain'd,
 Now frisk'd about her, and old kindred feign'd. }

34 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

Whether for love or interest, every sect
Of all the savage nation shew'd respect.
The viceroy Panther could not awe the herd ;
The more the company, the less they fear'd.
The surly Wolf with secret envy burst,
Yet could not howl; the Hind had seen him first:
But what he durst not speak, the Panther durst. }

For when the herd, suffic'd, did late repair
To ferny heaths, and to their forest lair,
She made a mannerly excuse to stay,
Proffering the Hind to wait her half the way :
That, since the sky was clear, an hour of talk
Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.
With much good-will the motion was embrac'd,
To chat a while on their adventures pass'd :
Nor had the grateful Hind so soon forgot
Her friend and fellow-sufferer in the plot.
Yet wondring how of late she grew estrang'd,
Her forehead cloudy, and her count'nance chang'd,
She thought this hour th' occasion would present
To learn her secret cause of discontent,
Which well she hop'd, might be with ease re-
dress'd, }

Considering her a well-bred civil beast,
And more a gentlewoman than the rest.

After some common talk what rumors ran,
The lady of the spotted-muff began.

The S E C O N D P A R T.

DAME, said the Panther, times are mended
well,

Since late among the Philistines you fell.

The toils were pitch'd, a spacious tract of
ground

With expert huntsmen was encompass'd round ;

Th' inclosure narrow'd ; the sagacious power
Of hounds and death drew nearer every hour.

'Tis true, the younger lion scap'd the snare,

But all your priestly calves lay struggling there ;

As sacrifices on their altars laid ;

While you their careful mother wisely fled,

Not trusting destiny to save your head.

For whate'er promises you have apply'd

To your unfailing church, the surer side

Is four fair legs in danger to provide.

And whate'er tales of Peter's chair you tell,

Yet, saving reverence of the miracle,

The better luck was yours to scape so well.

36 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

As I remember, said the sober Hind,
 Those toils were for your own dear self design'd,
 As well as me ; and with the self-same throw,
 To catch the quarry and the vermin too,
 Forgive the scandalous tongues that call'd you so. }
 Howe'er you take it now, the common cry
 Then ran you down for your rank loyalty.
 Besides, in Popery they thought you nurs'd,
 As evil tongues will ever speak the worst,
 Because some forms, and ceremonies some
 You kept, and stood in the main question dumb.
 Dumb you were born indeed ; but thinking long
 The test it seems at last has loos'd your tongue.
 And to explain what your forefathers meant,
 By real presence in the sacrament,
 After long fencing push'd against a wall,
 Your salvo comes, that he's not there at all :
 There chang'd your faith, and what may change }
 may fall.

Who can believe what varies every day,
 Nor ever was, nor will be at a stay ?

Tortures may force the tongue untruths to
 tell,

And I ne'er own'd myself infallible,
 Reply'd the Panther : grant such presence were,
 Yet in your sense I never own'd it there.

A real virtue we by faith receive,
 And that we in the sacrament believe.
 Then said the Hind, as you the matter state,
 Not only Jesuits can equivocate;
 For real, as you now the word expound,
 From solid substance dwindles to a sound.
 Methinks an Æsop's fable you repeat;
 You know who took the shadow for the meat;
 Your church's substance thus you change at will,
 And yet retain your former figure still.
 I freely grant you spoke to save your life;
 For then you lay beneath the butcher's knife.
 Long time you fought, redoubled battery bore,
 But, after all, against yourself you swore;
 Your former self: for every hour your form
 Is chopp'd and chang'd, like winds before a storm.
 Thus fear and interest will prevail with some;
 For all have not the gift of martyrdom.

The Panther grin'd at this, and thus reply'd:
 That men may err was never yet deny'd.
 But, if that common principle be true,
 The cannon, dame, is levell'd full at you.
 But, shunning long disputes, I fain would see
 That wond'rous wight Infallibility.

38 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

Is he from heaven, this mighty champion, come :
 Or lodg'd below in subterranean Rome ?
 First, seat him somewhere, and derive his race,
 Or else conclude that nothing has no place.

Suppose, tho I disown it, said the Hind,
 The certain mansion were not yet assign'd :
 The doubtful residence no proof can bring
 Against the plain existence of the thing.
 Because philosophers may disagree,
 If fight be emission or reception be,
 Shall it be thence inferr'd, I do not see ?
 But you require an answer positive,
 Which yet, when I demand, you dare not give ;
 For fallacies in universals live.

I then affirm that this unfailing guide
 In pope and general councils must reside ;
 Both lawful, both combin'd : what one decrees
 By numerous votes, the other ratifies :
 On this undoubted sense the church relies.
 'Tis true, some doctors in a scantier space,
 I mean, in each apart, contract the place.
 Some, who to greater length extend the line,
 The church's after-acceptation join.
 This last circumference appears too wide ;
 The church diffus'd is by the council ty'd ;

As members, by their representatives
 Oblig'd to laws, which prince and senate gives.
 Thus some contract, and some enlarge the space:
 In pope and council who denies the place,
 Affisted from above with God's unfailing grace?
 Those canons all the needful points contain;
 Their sense so obvious, and their words so plain,
 That no disputes about the doubtful text
 Have hitherto the laboring world perplex'd.
 If any should in after-times appear,
 New councils must be call'd, to make the mean-
 ing clear :

Because in them the power supreme resides;
 And all the promises are to the guides.
 This may be taught with sound and safe defence:
 But mark how sandy is your own pretence,
 Who, setting councils, pope and church aside,
 Are every man his own presuming guide.
 The sacred books, you say, are full and plain,
 And every needful point of truth contain:
 All who can read interpreters may be:
 Thus, tho' your several churches disagree,
 Yet every faint has to himself alone
 The secret of this philosophic stone:

40 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

These principles your jarring sects unite,
 When differing doctors and disciples fight.
 Tho Luther, Zuinglius, Calvin, holy chiefs,
 Have made a battle royal of beliefs ;
 Or like wild horses several ways have whirl'd
 The tortur'd text about the christian world ;
 Each Jehu lashing on with furious force,
 That Turk or Jew could not have us'd it worse ;
 No matter what dissension leaders make,
 Where ev'ry private man may save a stake :
 Rul'd by the scripture and his own advice,
 Each has a blind bye-path to Paradise ;
 Where driving in a circle slow or fast,
 Opposing sects are sure to meet at last.
 A wond'rous charity you have in store
 For all reform'd to pass the narrow door :
 So much, that Mahomet had scarcely more. }
 For he, kind prophet, was for damning none ;
 But Christ and Moses were to save their own ;
 Himself was to secure his chosen race,
 Tho reason good for Turks to take the place,
 And he allow'd to be the better man,
 In virtue of his holier Alcoran.

True, said the Panther, I shall ne'er deny
 My brethren may be fav'd as well as I :

Tho Huguenots condemn our ordination,
 Succession, ministerial vocation ;
 And Luther, more mistaking what he read,
 Misjoins the sacred body with the bread :
 Yet, lady, still remember I maintain,
 The word in needful points is only plain.

Needless, or needful, I not now contend,
 For still you have a loop-hole for a friend ;
 (Rejoin'd the matron) : but the rule you lay
 Has led whole flocks, and leads them still astray, }
 In weighty points, and full damnation's way.
 For did not Arius first, Socinus now,
 The Son's eternal God-head disavow ?
 And did not these by gospel texts alone
 Condemn our doctrine, and maintain their own ?
 Have not all hereticks the same pretence
 To plead the scriptures in their own defence ?
 How did the Nicene council then decide
 That strong debate ? was it by scripture try'd ?
 No, sure ; to that the rebel would not yield ;
 Squadrons of texts he marshal'd in the field :
 That was but civil war, an equal set,
 Where piles with piles, and eagles eagles met.
 With texts point-blank and plain he fac'd the foe
 And did not Satan tempt our Saviour so ?

The good old bishops took a simpler way ;
 Each ask'd but what he heard his father say,
 Or how he was instructed in his youth,
 And by tradition's force upheld the truth.

The Panther smil'd at this ; And when, said
 she,

Were those first councils disallow'd by me ?
 Or where did I at sure tradition strike,
 Provided still it were apostolic ?

Friend, said the Hind, you quit your former
 ground,

Where all your faith you did on scripture found :
 Now 'tis tradition join'd with holy writ ;
 But thus your memory betrays your wit.

No, said the Panther ; for in that I view,
 When your tradition's forg'd, and when 'tis true,
 I set them by the rule, and, as they square,
 Or deviate from undoubted doctrine there,
 This oral fiction, that old faith declare. }

(Hind) The council steer'd, it seems, a different
 course ;

They try'd the scripture by tradition's force ;
 But you tradition by the scripture try ;
 Pursu'd by sects, from this to that you fly,
 Nor dare on one foundation to rely. }

The word is then depos'd, and in this view,
 You rule the scripture, not the scripture you.
 Thus, said the dame, and, smiling, thus pursu'd :
 I see, tradition then is disallow'd,
 When not evinc'd by scripture to be true,
 And scripture, as interpreted by you.
 But here you tread upon unfaithful ground ;
 Unless you could infallibly expound :
 Which you reject as odious popery,
 And throw that doctrine back with scorn on me.
 Suppose we on things traditive divide,
 And both appeal to scripture to decide ;
 By various texts we both uphold our claim,
 Nay, often, ground our titles on the same :
 After long labor lost, and time's expence,
 Both grant the words, and quarrel for the sense.
 Thus all disputes for ever must depend ;
 For no dumb rule can controversies end.
 Thus, when you said, Tradition must be try'd
 By sacred writ, whose sense yourselves decide,
 You said no more, but that yourselves must be
 The judges of the scripture sense, not we.
 Against our church-tradition you declare,
 And yet your clerks would sit in Moses' chair :
 At least 'tis prov'd against your argument,
 The rule is far from plain, where all dissent.

44 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

If not by scriptures, how can we be sure
Reply'd the Panther, what tradition's pure ?
For you may palm upon us new for old :
All, as they say, that glitters is not gold.

How but by following her, reply'd the dame,
To whom deriv'd from fire to son they came ;
Where ev'ry age does on another move,
And trusts no farther than the next above ;
Where all the rounds like Jacob's ladder rise,
The lowest hid in earth, the topmost in the
 skies.

Sternly the savage did her answer mark,
Her glowing eye-balls glittering in the dark,
And said but this : Since lucre was your trade,
Succeeding times such dreadful gaps have made,
'Tis dangerous climbing : To your sons and you
I leave the ladder, and its omen too.

(Hind.) The Panther's breath was ever fam'd
 for sweet ;

But from the wolf such wishes oft I meet :
You learn'd this language from the blatant beast,
Or rather did not speak, but were possess'd.
As for your answer 'tis but barely urg'd :
You must evince tradition to be forg'd ;
Produce plain proofs ; unblemish'd authors use
As ancient as those ages they accuse ;

'Till when 'tis not sufficient to defame :
 An old possession stands, 'till elder quits the claim,
 Then for our int'rest, which is nam'd alone
 To load with envy, we retort your own.
 For when traditions in your faces fly,
 Resolving not to yield, you must decry.
 As when the cause goes hard, the guilty man
 Excepts, and thins his jury all he can ;
 So when you stand of other aid bereft,
 You to the twelve apostles would be left.
 Your friend the Wolf did with more craft provide
 To set those toys traditions quite aside ;
 And fathers too, unless when, reason spent,
 He cites them but sometimes for ornament.
 But, madam Panther, you, though more sincere,
 Are not so wise as your adulterer :
 The private spirit is a better blind,
 Than all the dodging tricks your authors find.
 For they, who left the scripture to the crowd,
 Each for his own peculiar judge allow'd ;
 The way to please them was to make them proud. }
 Thus with full sails they ran upon the shelf ;
 Who could suspect a cozenage from himself ?
 On his own reason safer 'tis to stand,
 Than be deceiv'd and damn'd at second-hand.

46 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

But you, who fathers and traditions take,
 And garble some, and some you quite forsake,
 Pretending church-authority to fix,
 And yet some grains of private spirit mix,
 Are like a mule made up of differing seed,
 And that's the reason why you never breed ;
 At least not propagate your kind abroad,
 For home dissenters are by statutes aw'd.

And yet they grow upon you every day,
 While you, to speak the best, are at a stay,
 For sects, that are extremes, abhor a middle way. }

Like tricks of state, to stop a raging flood,
 Or mollify a mad-brain'd senate's mood :
 Of all expedients never one was good. }

Well may they argue, nor can you deny,
 If we must fix on church authority,
 Best on the best, the fountain, not the flood ;
 That must be better still, if this be good.

Shall she command who has herself rebell'd ?
 Is antichrist by antichrist expell'd ?

Did we a lawful tyranny displace,
 To set aloft a bastard of the race ?

Why all these wars to win the book, if we
 Must not interpret for ourselves, but she ? }

Either be wholly slaves, or wholly free.

For purging fires traditions must not fight ;
 But they must prove episcopacy's right.
 Thus those led horses are from service freed ;
 You never mount them but in time of need.
 Like mercenaries, hir'd for home defence,
 They will not serve against their native prince.
 Against domestic foes of hierarchy
 These are drawn forth, to make fanatics fly ;
 But, when they see their countrymen at hand,
 Marching against them under church-command, }
 Straight they forsake their color, and disband. }

Thus she, nor could the Panther well enlarge
 With weak defence against so strong a charge ;
 But said : For what did Christ his word provide,
 If still his church must want a living guide ?
 And if all-saving doctrines are not there,
 Or sacred penmen could not make them clear,
 From after-ages we should hope in vain
 For truths, which men inspir'd could not explain.

Before the word was written, said the Hind,
 Our Saviour preach'd his faith to human kind :
 From his apostles the first age receiv'd
 Eternal truth, and what they taught believ'd.
 Thus by tradition faith was planted first ;
 Succeeding flocks succeeding pastors nurs'd.

48 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

This was the way our wise Redeemer chose,
 (Who sure could all things for the best dispose,
 To fence his fold from their encroaching foes. }
 He could have writ himself, but well foresaw
 Th' event would be like that of Moses' law;
 Some difference would arise, some doubts remain,
 Like those which yet the jarring Jews maintain.
 No written laws can be so plain, so pure,
 But wit may gloss and malice may obscure;
 Not those indited by his first command,
 A prophet grav'd the text, an angel held his
 hand.

Thus faith was ere the written word appear'd,
 And men believ'd not what they read but heard:
 But since th' apostles could not be confin'd
 To these, or those, but severally design'd
 Their large commission round the world to blow
 To spread their faith, they spread their labors too,
 Yet still their absent flock their pains did share;
 They hearken'd still, for love produces care.
 And as mistakes arose, or discords fell,
 Or bold seducers taught them to rebel,
 As charity grew cold, or faction hot,
 Or long neglect their lessons had forgot,

For

For all their wants they wisely did provide,
 And preaching by epistles was supply'd :
 So great physicians cannot all attend,
 But some they visit, and to some they send.
 Yet all those letters were not writ to all ;
 Nor first intended but occasional,
 Their absent sermons ; nor if they contain
 All needful doctrines, are those doctrines plain.
 Clearness by frequent preaching must be wrought ;
 They writ but seldom, but they daily taught.
 And what one saint has said of holy Paul,
 " He darkly writ," is true apply'd to all.
 For this obscurity could heaven provide
 More prudently than by a living guide,
 As doubts arose, the difference to decide ?
 A guide was therefore needful, therefore made ;
 And, if appointed, sure to be obey'd.
 Thus, with due reverence to th' apostles writ,
 By which my sons are taught, to which submit ;
 I think, those truths, their sacred works contain,
 The church alone can certainly explain ;
 That following ages, leaning on the past,
 May rest upon the primitive at last.
 Nor would I thence the word no rule infer,
 But none without the church-interpreter.

50 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

Because, as I have urg'd before, 'tis mute,
And is itself the subject of dispute.

But what th' apostles their successors taught,
They to the next, from them to us is brought,
Th' undoubted sense which is in scripture sought.
From hence the church is arm'd, when errors
rise

To stop their entrance, and prevent surprise;
And, safe entrench'd within, her foes without
defies.

By these all festering sores her councils heal,
Which time or has disclos'd, or shall reveal;
For discord cannot end without a last appeal.

Nor can a council national decide,
But with subordination to her guide:

(I wish the cause were on that issue try'd.)

Much less the scripture; for suppose debate
Betwixt pretenders to a fair estate,

Bequeath'd by some legator's last intent;
(Such is our dying Saviour's testament:)

The will is prov'd, is open'd, and is read;

The doubtful heirs their diff'ring titles plead:

All vouch the words their int'rest to maintain,

And each pretends by those his cause is plain.

Shall then the Testament award the right?

No, that's the-Hungary for which they fight;

The field of battle, subject of debate ;
 The thing contended for, the fair estate.
 The sense is intricate, 'tis only clear
 What vowels and what consonants are there.
 Therefore 'tis plain, its meaning must be try'd
 Before some judge appointed to decide.

Suppose, the fair apostate said, I grant,
 The faithful flock some living guide should want,
 Your arguments an endless chace pursue :
 Produce this vaunted leader to our view,
 This mighty Moses of the chosen crew. }

The dame, who saw her fainting foe retir'd,
 With force renew'd, to victory aspir'd ;
 And, looking upward to her kindred sky,
 As-once our Saviour own'd his Deity, }

Pronounc'd his words--"she whom ye seek am I."
 Nor less amaz'd this voice the Panther heard,
 Than were those Jews to hear a God declar'd.
 Then thus the matron modestly renew'd :
 Let all your prophets and their sects be view'd,
 And see to which of them yourselves think fit
 The conduct of your conscience to submit :
 Each proselyte would vote his doctor best,
 With absolute exclusion to the rest :
 Thus would your Polish diet disagree,
 And end as it began in anarchy :

52 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

Yourself the fairest for election stand,
 Because you seem crown-general of the land :
 But soon against your superstitious lawn
 Some presbyterian sabre would be drawn :
 In your establish'd laws of sov'reignty
 The rest some fundamental flaw would see,
 And call rebellion gospel-liberty. }
 To church-decrees your articles require
 Submission mollify'd, if not entire.
 Homage deny'd, to censures you proceed :
 But when Curtana will not do the deed,
 You lay that pointless clergy-weapon by,
 And to the laws, your sword of justice, fly.
 Now this your sects the more unkindly take
 Those prying varlets hit the blots you make,
 Because some ancient friends of yours declare,
 Your only rule of faith the scriptures are,
 Interpreted by men of judgment sound,
 Which every sect will for themselves expound ;
 Nor think less rev'rence to their doctors due
 For sound interpretation, than to you.
 If then, by able heads, are understood
 Your brother prophets, who reform'd abroad ;
 Those able heads expound a wiser way,
 That their own sheep their shepherd should
 obey.

But if you mean yourselves are only found,
 That doctrine turns the reformation round,
 And all the rest are false reformers found ;
 Because in sundry points you stand alone,
 Not in communion join'd with any one ;
 And therefore must be all the church, or none.
 Then, 'till you have agreed whose judge is best,
 Against this forc'd submission they protest :
 While sound and sound a diff'rent sense explains,
 Both play at hardhead till they break their brains;
 And from their chairs each ether's force defy,
 While unregarded thunders vainly fly.
 I pass the rest, because your church alone
 Of all usurpers best could fill the throne.
 But neither you, nor any sect beside,
 For this high office can be qualify'd,
 With necessary gifts requir'd in such a guide.
 For that, which must direct the whole, must be
 Bound in one bond of faith and unity :
 But all your several churches disagree.
 The consubstantiating church and priest
 Refuse communion to the Calvinist :
 The French reform'd from preaching you restrain,
 Because you judge their ordination vain ;
 And so they judge of yours, but donors must
 ordain.

54 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

In short, in doctrine, or in discipline,
 Not one reform'd can with another join ;
 But all from each, as from damnation, fly ;
 No union they pretend, but in Non-Popery :
 Nor, should their members in a synod meet,
 Could any church presume to mount the seat,
 Above the rest, their discords to decide ;
 None would obey, but each would be the guide ;
 And face to face diffensions would increase ;
 For only distance now preserves the peace.
 All in their turns accusers, and accus'd :
 Babel was never half so much confus'd :
 What one can plead, the rest can plead as well ;
 For amongst equals lies no last appeal,
 And all confess themselves are fallible. }
 Now since you grant some necessary guide,
 All who can err are justly laid aside :
 Because a trust so sacred to confer
 Shews want of such a sure interpreter ; }
 And how can he be needful who can err ?
 Then granting that unerring guide we want,
 That such there is you stand oblig'd to grant :
 Our Saviour else were wanting to supply
 Our needs, and obviate that necessity.
 It then remains, that church can only be
 The guide, which owns unfailing certainty ;

Or else you slip your hold, and change your side,
Relapsing from a necessary guide.

But this annex'd condition of the crown,
Immunity from errors, you disown ;
Here then you shrink, and lay your weak pre-
tensions down.

For petty royalties you raise debate ;
But this unfailing universal state
You shun ; nor dare succeed to such a glorious
weight ;

And for that cause those promises detest,
With which our Saviour did his church invest ;
But strive t' evade, and fear to find them true,
As conscious they were never meant to you :
All which the mother church asserts her own,
And with unrivall'd claim ascends the throne.

So when of old th' almighty Father sate
In council, to redeem our ruin'd state,
Millions of millions, at a distance round,
Silent the sacred consistory crown'd,
To hear what mercy, mixt with justice, could
propound :

All prompt with eager pity, to fulfil
The full extent of their creator's will.

56 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

But when the stern conditions were declar'd,
A mournful whisper thro the host was heard,
And the whole hierarchy, with heads hung down,
Submissively declin'd the pond'rous proffer'd
crown.

Then, not till then, th' eternal Son from high
Rose in the strength of all the Deity ;
Stood forth to accept the terms, and underwent
A weight which all the frame of heaven had bent,
Nor he himself could bear, but as Omnipotent,
Now, to remove the least remaining doubt,
That e'en the blear-ey'd sects may find her out,
Behold what heavenly rays adorn her brows,
What from his wardrobe her belov'd allows
To deck the wedding-day of his unspotted spouse. }
Behold what marks of majesty she brings ;
Richer than ancient heirs of eastern kings :
Her right hand holds the sceptre and the keys,
To shew whom she commands, and who obeys ;
With these to bind, or set the sinner free,
With that to assert spiritual royalty.

One in herself, not rent by schism, but sound,
Entire, one solid shining diamond ;
Not sparkles shatter'd into sects like you :
One is the church, and must be to be true :

One central principle of unity.

As undivided, so from errors free,

As one in faith, so one in sanctity.

Thus she, and none but she, the insulting rage
Of heretics oppos'd from age to age :

Still when the giant-brood invades her throne,
She stoops from heaven, and meets them half
way down,

And with paternal thunder vindicates her crown.

But like Egyptian forcerers you stand,

And vainly lift aloft your magic wand,

To sweep away the swarms of vermin from the
land :

You could like them, with like infernal force,
Produce the plague, but not arrest the course.

But when the boils and blotches, with disgrace

And public scandal sat upon the face,

Themselves attack'd, the Magi strove no more,

They saw God's finger, and their fate deplore ;

Themselves they could not cure of the dishonest
fore.

Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely spread,

Like the fair ocean from her mother-bed ;

From east to west triumphantly she rides,

All shores are water'd by her wealthy tides.

58 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

The gospel-sound, diffus'd from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, and where waves can roll,
The self-same doctrine of the sacred page
Convey'd to every clime, in every age.

Here let my sorrow give my satire place,
To raise new blushes on my British race ;
Our sailing ships like common-sewers we use,
And thro our distant colonies diffuse
The draught of dungeons, and the stench of stews. }
Whom, when their home-bred honesty is lost,
We disembogue on some far Indian coast ;
Thieves, pandars, paillards, sins of every sort ;
Those are the manufactures we export ;
And these the missionaries our zeal has made : }
For, with my country's pardon be it said,
Religion is the least of all our trade. }

Yet some improve their traffic more than we ; }
For they on gain, their only god, rely,
And set a public price on piety. }
Industrious of the needle and the chart,
They run full sail to their Japonian mart ;
Prevention fear, and, prodigal of fame, }
Sell all of Christian to the very name ; }
Nor leave enough of that, to hide their naked
shame. }

Thus, of three marks, which in the creed we
view,

Not one of all can be apply'd to you :
Much less the fourth ; in vain, alas ! you seek
The ambitious title of apostolic :
God-like descent ! 'tis well your blood can be
Prov'd noble in the third or fourth degree :
For all of ancient that you had before,
(I mean what is not borrow'd from our store) }
Was error fulminated o'er and o'er ;
Old heresies condemn'd in ages past,
By care and time recover'd from the blast.

'Tis said with ease, but never can be prov'd,
The church her old foundations has remov'd,
And built new doctrines on unstable sands :
Judge that, ye winds and rains : you prov'd her,
yet she stands.

Those ancient doctrines charg'd on her for new,
Shew, when, and how, and from what hands they
grew.

We claim no power, when heresies grow bold,
To coin new faith, but still declare the old.

How else could that obscene disease be purg'd,
When controverted texts are vainly urg'd ?

To prove tradition new, there's somewhat more
Requir'd, than saying, 'twas not us'd before.

60 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

Those monumental arms are never stirr'd,
Till schism or heresy call down Goliath's sword.

Thus, what you call corruptions, are, in
truth,

The first plantations of the gospel's youth ;
Old standard faith : but cast your eyes again,
And view those errors which new sects maintain,
Or which of old disturb'd the church's peaceful }
reign ; }

And we can point each period of the time,
When they began, and who begot the crime ;
Can calculate how long the eclipse endur'd,
Who interpos'd, what digits were obscur'd :
Of all which are already pass'd away,
We know the rise, the progress, and decay.

Despair at our foundations then to strike,
Till you can prove your faith apostolic ;
A limpid stream drawn from the native source ;
Succession lawful in a lineal course:
Prove any church, oppos'd to this our head,
So one, so pure, so unconfinn'dly spread,
Under one chief of the spiritual state,
The members all combin'd, and all subordi-
nate.

Shew such a seamless coat, from schism so free,
In no communion join'd with heresy.

If such a one you find, let truth prevail :
 Till when your weights will in the balance fail :
 A church unprincipled kicks up the scale. }

But if you cannot think (nor sure you can
 Suppose in God what were unjust in man)
 That he, the fountain of eternal grace,
 Should suffer falsehood, for so long a space,
 To banish truth, and to usurp her place : }

That seven successive ages should be lost,
 And preach damnation at their proper cost ;

That all your erring ancestors should die,
 Drown'd in the abyss of deep idolatry :

If piety forbid such thoughts to rise,

Awake, and open your unwilling eyes :

God hath left nothing for each age undone,

From this to that wherein he sent his son :

Then think but well of him, and half your work
 is done. }

See how his church, adorn'd with every grace,
 With open arms, a kind forgiving face,
 Stands ready to prevent her long-lost son's em-
 brace. }

Not more did Joseph o'er his brethren weep,

Nor less himself could from discovery keep,

When in the crowd of suppliants they were seen,

And in their crew his best-beloved Benjamin.

62 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

That pious Joseph in the church behold,
To feed your famine, and refuse your gold ;
The Joseph you exil'd, the Joseph whom you
fold.

Thus, while with heavenly charity she spoke,
A streaming blaze the silent shadows broke ;
Shot from the skies ; a cheerful azure light ;
The birds obscene to forests wing'd their flight,
And gaping graves receiv'd the wand'ring guilty
spright.

Such were the pleasing triumphs of the sky,
For James his late nocturnal victory ;
The pledge of his almighty Patron's love,
The fireworks which his angels made above.
I saw myself the lambent easy light
Gild the brown horror, and dispel the night :
The messenger with speed the tidings bore ;
News, which three laboring nations did restore ;
But heaven's own Nuntius was arriv'd before.

By this, the Hind had reach'd her lonely cell,
And vapors rose, and dews unwholsom fell.
When she, by frequent observation wise,
As one who long on heaven had fix'd her eyes,
Discern'd a change of weather in the skies.
The western borders were with crimson spread,
The moon descending look'd all-flaming red ;

She thought good manners bound her to invite
 The stranger dame to be her guest that night.
 'Tis true, coarse diet, and a short repast,
 (She said) were weak inducements to the taste
 Of one so nicely bred, and so unus'd to fast :
 But what plain fare her cottage could afford,
 A hearty welcome at a homely board,
 Was freely hers ; and, to supply the rest,
 An honest meaning, and an open breast :
 Last, with content of mind, the poor man's wealth,
 A grace-cup to their common patron's health.
 This she desir'd her to accept, and stay,
 For fear she might be wilder'd in her way,
 Because she wanted an unerring guide,
 And then the dew-drops on her filken hide
 Her tender constitution did declare,
 Too lady-like a long fatigue to bear,
 And rough inclemencies of raw nocturnal air.
 But most she fear'd that, travelling so late,
 Some evil-minded beasts might lie in wait,
 And without witness wreak their hidden hate.

The Panther, though she lent a listening ear,
 Had more of lion in her than to fear :
 Yet wisely weighing, since she had to deal
 With many foes, their numbers might prevail,

64 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

Return'd her all the thanks she could afford ;
 And took her friendly hostess at her word ;
 Who entering first her lowly roof, a shed
 With hoary moss, and winding ivy spread,
 Honest enough to hide an humble hermit's head,
 Thus graciously bespoke her welcome guest :
 So might these walls, with your fair presence blest,
 Become your dwelling-place of everlasting rest ;
 Not for a night, or quick revolving year,
 Welcome an owner, not a sojourner.
 This peaceful seat my poverty secures ;
 War seldom enters but where wealth allures :
 Nor yet despise it ; for this poor abode
 Has oft receiv'd, and yet receives a God ;
 A God victorious of a Stygian race
 Here laid his sacred limbs, and sanctify'd the
 place.

This mean retreat did mighty Pan contain :
 Be emulous of him, and pomp disdain,
 And dare not to debase your soul to gain.

The silent stranger stood amaz'd to see
 Contempt of wealth, and wilful poverty :
 And, tho ill habits are not soon controul'd,
 Awhile suspended her desire of gold.

But civilly drew in her sharpen'd paws,
Not violating hospitable laws,
And pacify'd her tail, and lick'd her frothy jaws. }

The Hind did first her country cates provide ;
Then couch'd herself securely by her side.

The T H I R D P A R T.

MUCH malice mingled with a little wit,
Perhaps, may censure this mysterious writ :
Because the muse has peopled Caledon
With Panthers, Bears, and Wolves, and beasts
unknown, }
As if we were not stock'd with monsters of our
own. }

Let Æsop answer, who has set to view
Such kinds as Greece and Phrygia never knew ;
And mother Hubbard, in her homely dress,
Has sharply blam'd a British Lioness ;
That queen, whose feast the factious rabble keep,
Expos'd obscenely naked and asleep.

Led by those great examples, may not I
The wanted organs of their words supply ?
If men transact like brutes, 'tis equal then
For brutes to claim the privilege of men.

66 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

Others our Hind of folly will indite,
 To entertain a dangerous guest by night.
 Let those remember, that she cannot die
 'Till rolling time is lost in round eternity ;
 Nor need she fear the Panther, tho untam'd,
 Because the Lion's peace was now proclaim'd :
 The wary savage would not give offence,
 To forfeit the protection of her prince ;
 But watch'd the time her vengeance to complete,
 When all her furry sons in frequent senate met,
 Mean-while she quench'd her fury at the flood,
 And with a lenten fallad cool'd her blood.
 Their commons, tho but coarse, were nothing scant,
 Nor did their minds an equal banquet want.

For now the Hind, whose noble nature strove
 T' express her plain simplicity of love,
 Did all the honors of her house so well,
 No sharp debates disturb'd the friendly meal.
 She turn'd the talk, avoiding that extreme,
 To common dangers past, a sadly-pleasing theme ;
 Remembring every storm which toss'd the state,
 When both were objects of the public hate,
 And dropt a tear betwixt for her own childrens
 fate.

Nor fail'd she then a full review to make
 Of what the Panther suffer'd for her sake :

Her loft esteem, her truth, her loyal care,
 Her faith unshaken to an exil'd heir,
 Her strength to endure, her courage to defy;
 Her choice of honorable infamy.
 On these, prolixly thankful, she enlarg'd;
 Then with acknowledgment herself she charg'd;
 For friendship, of itself an holy tie,
 Is made more sacred by adversity.
 Now should they part, malicious tongues would
 say,

They met like chance companions on the way,
 Whom mutual fear of robbers had possess'd;
 While danger lasted, kindness was profess'd;
 But that once o'er the short-liv'd union ends:
 The road divides, and there divide the friends.

The Panther nodded when her speech was done,
 And thank'd her coldly in a hollow tone:
 But said her gratitude had gone too far
 For common offices of christian care.
 If to the lawful heir she had been true,
 She paid but Cæsar what was Cæsar's due.
 I might, she added, with like praise describe
 Your suffering sons, and so return your bribe:
 But incense from my hands is poorly priz'd;
 For gifts are scorn'd where givers are despis'd.

68 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

I serv'd a turn, and then was cast away ;
 You, like the gaudy fly, your wings display,
 And sip the sweets, and bask in your great
 patron's day.

This heard, the matron was not slow to find
 What sort of malady had seiz'd her mind :
 Disdain, with gnawing envy, fell despight,
 And canker'd malice stood in open fight :
 Ambition, interest, pride without controul,
 And jealousy, the jaundice of the soul ;
 Revenge, the bloody minister of ill,
 With all the lean tormentors of the will.
 'Twas easy now to guess from whence arose
 Her new-made union with her ancient foes,
 Her forc'd civilities, her faint embrace,
 Affected kindness with an alter'd face :
 Yet durst she not too deeply probe the wound,
 As hoping still the nobler parts were sound :
 But strove with anodynes to assuage the smart,
 And mildly thus her med'cine did impart.

Complaints of lovers help to ease their pain ;
 It shows a rest of kindness to complain ;
 A friendship loth to quit its former hold ;
 And conscious merit may be justly bold.
 But much more just your jealousy would shew,
 If other's good were injury to you :

Witness, ye heavens, how I rejoice to see
 Rewarded worth and rising loyalty.
 Your warrior offspring that upheld the crown,
 The scarlet honor of your peaceful gown,
 Are the most pleasing objects I can find,
 Charms to my sight, and cordials to my mind :
 When virtue spooms before a prosperous gale,
 My heaving wishes help to fill the sail ;
 And if my prayers for all the brave were heard,
 Cæsar should still have such, and such should still
 reward.

The labor'd earth your pains have sow'd and
 till'd ;

'Tis just you reap the product of the field :
 Your's be the harvest, 'tis the beggar's gain
 To glean the fallings of the loaded wain.
 Such scatter'd ears as are not worth your care,
 Your charity for alms may safely spare,
 For alms are but the vehicles of prayer.
 My daily bread is literally implor'd ;
 I have no barns nor granaries to hoard.
 If Cæsar to his own his hand extends,
 Say which of yours his charity offends :
 You know he largely gives to more than are his
 friends.

70 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

Are you defrauded when he feeds the poor?

Our mite decreases nothing of your store.

I am but few, and by your fare you see

My crying sins are not of luxury.

some juster motive sure your mind withdraws,
And makes you break our friendship's holy laws;
For barefac'd envy is too base a cause. }

Shew more occasion for your discontent ;

Your love, the Wolf, would help you to invent :

Some German quarrel, or, as times go now,

Some French, where force is uppermost, will do.

When at the fountain's head, as merit ought

To claim the place, you take a swilling draught,

How easy 'tis an envious eye to throw,

And tax the sheep for troubling streams below ;

Or call her (when no farther cause you find)

An enemy profess'd of all your kind.

But then, perhaps, the wicked world wou'd think,

The Wolf design'd to eat as well as drink.

This last allusion gall'd the Panther more,

Because indeed it rubb'd upon the sore.

Yet seem'd she not to winch, tho shrewdly pain'd :

But thus her passive character maintain'd.

I never grudg'd, whate'er my foes report,

Your flaunting fortune in the Lion's court.

You have your day, or you are much bely'd,
But I am always on the suffering side :
You know my doctrine, and I need not say
I will not, but I cannot disobey.

On this firm principle I ever stood ;
He of my sons who fails to make it good,
By one rebellious act renounces to my blood.

Ah, said the Hind, how many sons have you,
Who call you mother, whom you never knew !
But most of them who that relation plead,
Are such ungracious youths as wish you dead.
They gape at rich revenues which you hold,
And fain would nibble at your grandame
Gold ;

Enquire into your years, and laugh to find
Your crazy temper shews you much declin'd.
Were you not dim and doted, you might see
A pack of cheats that claim a pedigree,
No more of kin to you than you to me.

Do you not know, that for a little coin,
Heralds can foist a name into the line :
They ask you blessing but for what you have,
But once possess'd of what with care you save,
The wanton boys would piss upon your grave.

72 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

Your sons of latitude that court your grace,
 Tho most resembling you in form and face,
 Are far the worst of your pretended race.
 And, but I blush your honesty to blot,
 Pray God you prove them lawfully begot ;
 For in some popish libels I have read,
 The Wolf has been too busy in your bed ;
 At least her hinder parts, the belly-piece,
 The paunch, and all that Scorpio claims, are his,
 Their malice too a fore suspicion brings ;
 For tho they dare not bark, they snarl at kings :
 Nor blame them for intruding in your line ;
 Fat bishoprics are still of right divine.

Think you your new French profelytes are come
 To starve abroad, because they starv'd at home ?
 Your benefices twinkled from afar ;
 They found the new Messiah by the star ;
 Those Swisses fight on any fidé for pay,
 And 'tis the living that conforms, not they.
 Mark with what management their tribes divide,
 Some stick to you, and some to t'other side,
 That many churches may for many mouths
 provide.

More vacant pulpits would more converts make ;
 All would have latitude enough to take :

The rest unbeneſic'd your ſects maintain ;
 For ordinations without cures are vain,
 And chamber practice is a ſilent gain. }
 Your ſons of breadth at home are much like
 theſe ;

Their ſoft and yielding metals run with eaſe :
 They melt, and take the figure of the mould ;
 But harden and preſerve it beſt in gold.

Your Delphic ſword, the Panther then reply'd,
 Is double-edg'd, and cuts on either ſide.

Some ſons of mine, who bear upon their ſhield,
 Three ſteeples argent in a fable field,
 Have ſharply tax'd your converts, who unſed
 Have follow'd you for miracles of bread ;
 Such who themſelves of no religion are,
 Allur'd with gain, for any will declare.
 Bare lies with bold aſſertions they can face ;
 But dint of argument is out of place.

The grim logician puts them in a fright ;
 'Tis eaſier far to flouriſh than to fight.

Thus our eighth Henry's marriage they deſame ; }
 They ſay the ſchiſm of beds began the game,
 Divorcing from the church to wed the dame : }
 Tho largely prov'd, and by himſelf profeſs'd,
 That conſcience, conſcience would not let him

reſt :

74 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

I mean, not till possess'd of her he lov'd,
And old, uncharming Catherine was remov'd.
For sundry years before he did complain,
And told his ghostly confessor his pain.

With the same impudence, without a ground,
They say, that look the reformation round,
No treatise of humility is found.

But if none were, the gospel does not want ;
Our Saviour preach'd it, and I hope you grant,
The sermon on the mount was protestant.

No doubt, reply'd the Hind, as sure as all
The writings of Saint Peter and Saint Paul :
On that decision let it stand or fall.

Now for my converts, who, you say, unfed
Have follow'd me for miracles of bread ;
Judge not by hearsay, but observe at least,
If since their change their loaves have been increas'd.

The Lion buys no converts ; if he did,
Beasts would be sold as fast as he could bid.

Tax those of interest who conform for gain,
Or stay the market of another reign :

Your broad-way sons would never be too nice
To close with Calvin, if he paid their price ;
But rais'd three steeples higher would change their
note,

And quit the cassock for the canting-coat.

Now, if you damn this censure, as too bold,
 Judge by yourselves, and think not others fold:
 Mean-time my sons accus'd, by fame's report,
 Pay small attendance at the Lion's court,
 Nor rise with early crowds, nor flatter late;
 For silently they beg who daily wait.
 Preferment is bestow'd that comes unfought;
 Attendance is a bribe, and then 'tis bought.
 How they should speed, their fortune is untry'd;
 For not to ask, is not to be deny'd.
 For what they have, their God and king they bless,
 And hope they should not murmur, had they less.
 But if reduc'd subsistence to implore,
 In common prudence they would pass your door.
 Unpity'd Hudibras, your champion friend,
 Has shewn how far your charities extend.
 This lasting verse shall on his tomb be read,
 "He sham'd you living, and upbraids you dead."

With odious atheist names you load your foes;
 Your liberal clergy why did I expose?
 It never fails in charities like those.
 In climes where true religion is profess'd,
 That imputation were no laughing jest.
 But imprimatur, with a chaplain's name,
 Is here sufficient licence to defame.

76 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

What wonder is't that black detraction thrives ;
 The homicide of names is less than lives ;
 And yet the perjur'd murderer survives. }

This said, she paus'd a little, and suppress'd
 The boiling indignation of her breast.
 She knew the virtue of her blade, nor would
 Pollute her satire with ignoble blood :
 Her panting foe she saw before her eye,
 And back she drew the shining weapon dry.
 So when the generous Lion has in fight
 His equal match, he rouses for the fight ;
 But when his foe lies prostrate on the plain,
 He sheaths his paws, uncurls his angry mane,
 And, pleas'd with bloodless honors of the day,
 Walks over and disdains th' inglorious prey.
 So James, if great with less we may compare,
 Arrests his rolling thunder-bolts in air ;
 And grants ungrateful friends a lengthen'd space,
 T' implore the remnants of long-suffering grace.

This breathing-time the matron took ; and then
 Resum'd the thread of her discourse again.
 Be vengeance wholly left to powers divine,
 And let heaven judge betwixt your sons and mine :
 If joys hereafter must be purchas'd here
 With loss of all that mortals hold so dear,

Then welcome infamy and public shame,
 And, last, a long farewell to worldly fame.
 'Tis said with ease, but, oh, how hardly try'd
 By haughty souls to human honor ty'd !
 O sharp convulsive pangs of agonizing pride !
 Down then thou rebel, never more to rise,
 And what thou didst and dost so dearly prize,
 That fame, that darling fame, make that thy
 sacrifice.

'Tis nothing thou hast given, then add thy tears
 For a long race of unrepenting years :
 'Tis nothing yet, yet all thou hast to give :
 Then add those may-be years thou hast to live :
 Yet nothing still ; then poor, and naked come :
 Thy father will receive his unthrift home,
 And thy blest Saviour's blood discharge the
 mighty sum.

Thus (the pursu'd) I discipline a son,
 Whose uncheck'd fury to revenge would run :
 He champs the bit, impatient of his loss,
 And starts aside, and flounders at the cross.
 Instruct him better, gracious God, to know,
 As thine is vengeance, so forgiveness too :
 That, suffering from ill tongues, he bears no more
 Than what his sov'reign bears, and what his Sa-
 viour bore.

78 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

It now remains for you to school your child,
 And ask why God's anointed he revil'd ;
 A king and prince's dead ! did Shimei worse ?
 The curser's punishment should fright the curse :
 Your son was warn'd, and wisely gave it o'er,
 But he who counsell'd him has paid the score :
 The heavy malice could no higher tend,
 But woe to him on whom the weights descend.
 So to permitted ills the dæmon flies ;
 His rage is aim'd at him who rules the skies :
 Constrain'd to quit his cause, no succor found,
 The foe discharges every tire around,
 In clouds of smoke abandoning the fight ;
 But his own thundering peals proclaim his flight.

In Henry's change his charge as ill succeeds ;
 To that long story little answer needs :
 Confront but Henry's words with Henry's deeds. }
 Were space allow'd, with ease it might be prov'd,
 What springs his blessed reformation mov'd.

The dire effects appear'd in open fight,
 Which from the cause he calls a distant flight,
 And yet no larger leap than from the sun to light. }

Now last your sons a double pæan sound,
 A treatise of humility is found.
 'Tis found, but better it had ne'er been fought,
 Than thus in protestant procession brought.

The fam'd original thro Spain is known,
 Rodriguez' work, my celebrated son,
 Which yours, by ill-translating, made his own;
 Conceal'd its author, and usurp'd the name,
 The basest and ignoblest theft of fame.
 My altars kindled first that living coal ;
 Restore or practise better what you stole :
 That virtue could this humble verse inspire,
 'Tis all the restitution I require.

Glad was the Panther that the charge was clos'd.
 And none of all her fav'rite sons expos'd.
 For laws of arms permit each injur'd man,
 To make himself a savor where he can.
 Perhaps the plunder'd merchant cannot tell
 The names of pirates in whose hands he fell ;
 But at the den of thieves he justly flies,
 And every Algerine is lawful prize.
 No private person in the foe's estate
 Can plead exemption from the public fate.
 Yet christian laws allow not such redress ;
 Then let the greater supersede the less.
 But let the abettors of the Panther's crime
 Learn to make fairer wars another time.
 Some characters may sure be found to write
 Among her sons ; for 'tis no common sight,
 A spotted dam, and all her offspring white.

80 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

The savage, tho she saw her plea controul'd,
 Yet would not wholly seem to quit her hold,
 But offer'd fairly to compound the strife,
 And judge conversion by the convert's life.
 'Tis true, she said, I think it somewhat strange,
 So few should follow profitable change :
 For present joys are more to flesh and blood,
 Than a dull prospect of a distant good.
 'Twas well alluded by a son of mine,
 (I hope to quote him is not to purloin)
 Two magnets, heaven and earth, allure to bliss ;
 The larger loadstone that, the nearer this :
 The weak attraction of the greater fails ;
 We nod a while, but neighbourhood prevails :
 But when the greater proves the nearer too,
 I wonder more your converts come so slow.
 Methinks in those who firm with me remain,
 It shows a nobler principle than gain.

Your inference would be strong (the Hind re-
 ply'd)

If yours were in effect the suffering side :
 Your clergy's sons their own in peace possess,
 Nor are their prospects in reversion less.
 My proselytes are struck with awful dread ;
 Your bloody comet-laws hang blazing o'er their
 head ;

The

The respite they enjoy but only lent,
 The best they have to hope, protracted punishment.
 Be judge yourself if interest may prevail,
 Which motives, yours or mine, will turn the scale.
 While pride and pomp allure, and plenteous ease,
 That is, till man's predominant passions cease,
 Admire no longer at my slow increase. }

By education most have been misled ;
 So they believe, because they so were bred.
 The priest continues what the nurse began,
 And thus the child imposes on the man.
 The rest I nam'd before, nor need repeat:
 But interest is the most prevailing cheat,
 The sly seducer both of age and youth ;
 They study that, and think they study truth.

When interest fortifies an argument,
 Weak reason serves to gain the will's assent ;
 For souls, already warp'd, receive an easy bent. }

Add long prescription of establish'd laws,
 And pique of honor to maintain a cause,
 And shame of change, and fear of future ill,
 And zeal, the blind conductor of the will ;
 And chief among the still-mistaking crowd,
 The fame of teachers obstinate and proud,
 And more than all the private judge allow'd ; }

82 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

Disdain of fathers which the dance began,
And last, uncertain whose the narrower span,
The clown unread, and half-read gentleman. }

To this the Panther, with a scornful smile :
Yet still you travel with unwearied toil,
And range around the realm without controul, }
Among my sons for proselytes to prowl,
And here and you snap some silly soul. }
You hinted fears of future change in state ;
Pray heaven you did not prophesy your fate.
Perhaps, you think your time of triumph near, }
But may mistake the season of the year ; }
The Swallow's fortune gives you cause to fear. }

For charity, reply'd the matron, tell
What sad mischance those pretty birds beset.

Nay, no mischance, the savage dame reply'd, }
But want of wit in their unerring guide, }
And eager haste, and gaudy hopes, and giddy pride. }
Yet wishing timely warning may prevail,
Make you the moral, and I'll tell the tale.

The Swallow, privileg'd above the rest
Of all the birds, as man's familiar guest,
Pursues the sun in summer brisk and bold,
But wisely shuns the persecuting cold :
Is well to chancels and to chimnies known,
Tho 'tis not thought she feeds on smoke alone.

From hence she has been held of heavenly line,
 Endu'd with particles of soul divine:
 This merry chorister had long possess'd
 Her summer seat, and feather'd well her nest:
 Till frowning skies began to change their chear,
 And time turn'd up the wrong side of the year;
 The shedding trees began the ground to strow
 With yellow leaves, and bitter blasts to blow.
 Sad auguries of winter thence she drew,
 Which by instinct, or prophecy, she knew:
 When prudence warn'd her to remove betimes,
 And seek a better heaven, and warmer climes.

Her sons were summon'd on a steeple's height,
 And call'd in common council, vote a flight;
 The day was nam'd, the next that should be fair:
 All to the general rendezvous repair,
 They try their fluttering wings and trust them-
 selves in air.

But whether upward to the moon they go,
 Or dream the winter out in caves below,
 Or hawk at flies elsewhere, concerns us not to
 know.

Southwards, you may be sure, they bent their
 flight,
 And harbour'd in a hollow rock at night:

84 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER:

Next morn they rose, and set up every sail;
 The wind was fair, but blew a Mackrel gale:
 The sickly young fat shivering on the shore,
 Abhor'd salt-water never seen before,
 And pray'd their tender mothers to delay
 The passage, and expect a fairer day.

With these the Martin readily concurr'd,
 A church-begot, and church-believing bird;
 Of little body, but of lofty mind,
 Round-belly'd, for a dignity design'd,
 And much a dunce, as Martins are by kind.
 Yet often quoted canon-laws, and Code,
 And fathers which he never understood:
 But little learning needs in noble blood.
 For, sooth to say, the Swallow brought him in,
 Her household chaplain, and her next of kin:
 In superstition silly to excess,
 And casting schemes by planetary guests:
 In fine, short-wing'd, unfit himself to fly,
 His fear foretold foul weather in the sky.

Besides, a Raven from a wither'd oak,
 Left of their lodging, was observ'd to croak.
 That omen lik'd him not; so his advice
 Was present safety, bought at any price;
 A seeming pious care, that cover'd cowardice.

To strengthen this he told a boding dream,
 Of rising waters, and a troubled stream,
 Sure signs of anguish, dangers and distress,
 With something more, not lawful to express :
 By which he slyly seem'd to intimate
 Some secret revelation of their fate.

For he concluded, once upon a time,
 He found a leaf inscrib'd with sacred rhyme,
 Whose antique characters did well denote
 The Sibyl's hand of the Cumæan grot :

The mad divinerefs had plainly writ,
 A time should come, but many ages yet,
 In which, sinister destinies ordain,

A dame should drown with all her feather'd
 train,

And seas from thence be call'd the Chelidonian
 main.

At this, some shook for fear, the more devout
 Arose, and blest'd themselves from head to foot.

'Tis true, some stagers of the wiser sort
 Made all these idle wonderments their sport :

They said, their only danger was delay,
 And he, who heard what every fool could say,
 Would never fix his thought, but trim his time
 away.

86 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

The passage yet was good ; the wind 'tis true,
Was somewhat high, but that was nothing new,
No more than usual equinoxes blew.

The sun, already from the scales declin'd,
Gave little hopes of better days behind,
But change from bad to worse of weather and
of wind.

Nor need they fear the dampness of the sky
Should flag their wings, and hinder them to fly,
'Twas only water thrown on sails too dry.

But, least of all, philosophy presumes
Of truth in dreams, from melancholy fumes :
Perhaps the Martin hous'd in holy ground,
Might think of ghosts that walk their midnight
round,

'Till grosser atoms tumbling in the stream
Of fancy, madly met, and clubb'd into a dream :
As little weight his vain presages bear,
Of ill effect to such alone who fear :
Most prophecies are of a piece with these,
Each Nostradamus can foretel with ease :
Not naming persons and confounding times,
One casual truth supports a thousand lying rhymes.

Th' advice was true ; but fear had seiz'd the
most,

And all good counsel is on cowards lost.

The question crudely put to shun delay,
 'Twas carry'd by the major part to stay.

His point thus gain'd, Sir Martin dated thence
 His power, and from a priest became a prince.

He order'd all things with a busy care,
 And cells and refectories did prepare,
 And large provisions laid of winter fare :

But now and then let fall a word or two
 Of hope, that heaven some miracle might show,
 And for their sakes the sun should backward go ;

Against the laws of nature upward climb,
 And mounted on the Ram, renew the prime :

For which two proofs in sacred story lay,
 Of Ahaz' dial, and of Joshua's day.

In expectation of such times as these,
 A chapel hous'd them, truly call'd of ease :

For Martin much devotion did not ask ;
 They pray'd sometimes and that was all their task.

It happen'd, as beyond the reach of wit
 Blind prophecies may have a lucky hit,

That this accomplish'd, or at least in part,
 Gave great repute to their new Merlin's art.

Some Swifts, the giants of the Swallow kind,
 Large-limb'd, stout-hearted, but of stupid mind,
 (For Swiftes, or for Gibeonites design'd,)

88 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

These lubbers, peeping thro a broken pane,
To suck fresh air, survey'd the neighboring
plain ;

And saw (but scarcely could believe their eyes)
New blossoms flourish, and new flowers arise ;
As God had been abroad, and, walking there,
Had left his footsteps, and reform'd the year :
The sunny hills from far were seen to glow
With glittering beams, and in the meads below
The burnish'd brooks appear'd with liquid gold
to flow.

At last they heard the foolish Cuckow sing,
Whose note proclaim'd the holy-day of spring.

No longer doubting, all prepare to fly,
And repossess their patrimonial sky.

The priest before them did his wings display ;
And that good omens might attend their way,
As luck would have it, 'twas St. Martin's day.

Who but the Swallow now triumphs alone ?
The canopy of heaven is all her own :
Her youthful offspring to their haunts repair,
And glide along in glades, and skim in air,
And dip for insects in the purling springs,
And stoop on rivers to refresh their wings.
Their mothers think a fair provision made,
That ev'ry son can live upon his trade :

And, now the careful charge is off their hands,
 Look out for husbands, and new nuptial bands :
 The youthful widow longs to be supply'd ;
 But first the lover is by lawyers ty'd
 To settle jointure-chimnies on the bride. }

So thick they couple in so short a space,
 That Martin's marriage-offerings rise apace.
 Their ancient houses running to decay,
 Are furbish'd up and cemented with clay ;
 They teem already ; store of eggs are laid,
 And brooding mothers call Lucina's aid.
 Fame spreads the news, and foreign fowls appear
 In flocks to greet the new returning year,
 To bless the founder, and partake the cheer. }

And now 'twas time (so fast their numbers rise)
 To plant abroad and people colonies.

The youth drawn forth, as Martin had desir'd,
 (For so their cruel destiny requir'd)
 Were sent far off on an ill-fated day ;
 The rest would needs conduct them on their way,
 And Martin went, because he fear'd alone to stay. }

So long they flew with inconsiderate haste,
 That now their afternoon began to waste ;
 And, what was ominous, that very morn
 The sun was enter'd into Capricorn ;

90 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

Which by their bad astronomer's account,
 That week the virgin balance should remount.
 An infant moon eclips'd him in his way,
 And hid the small remainders of his day.
 The crowd, amaz'd, pursu'd no certain mark ;
 But birds met birds, and jostled in the dark :
 Few mind the public in a panic fright ;
 And fear increas'd the horror of the night.
 Night came, but unattended with repose ;
 Alone she came, no sleep their eyes to close :
 Alone, and black she came; no friendly stars
 arose.

What should they do, beset with dangers round,
 No neighboring dorp, no lodging to be found,
 But bleak plains, and bare unhospitable ground.
 The latter brood, who just began to fly,
 Sick-feather'd, and unpractis'd in the sky,
 For succor to their helpless mother call ;
 She spread her wings ; some few beneath them
 crawl ;

She spread them wider yet, but could not cover all.
 T' augment their woes, the winds began to move
 Debate in air for empty fields above,
 'Till Boreas got the skies, and pour'd amain
 His rattling hailstones mix'd with snow and rain.

The joyless morning late arose, and found
 A dreadful desolation reign around,
 Some bury'd in the snow, some frozen to the
 ground.

The rest were struggling still with death, and lay
 The Crows and Ravens rights, an undefended prey:
 Excepting Martin's race; for they and he
 Had gain'd the shelter of a hollow tree:

But soon discover'd by a sturdy clown,
 He headed all the rabble of a town,
 And finish'd them with bats, or poll'd them down.
 Martin himself was caught alive, and try'd
 For treas'nous crimes, because the laws provide
 No Martin there in winter shall abide.

High on an oak, which never leaf shall bear,
 He breath'd his last, expos'd to open air;
 And there his corps unblest'd, is hanging still,
 To show the change of winds with his prophetic
 bill.

The patience of the Hind did almost fail;
 For well she mark'd the malice of the tale:
 Which ribbald art their church to Luther owes;
 In malice it began, by malice grows;
 He sow'd the Serpent's teeth, an iron-harvest
 rose.

92 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

But most in Martin's character and fate,
She saw her slander'd sons, the Panther's hate,
The people's rage, the persecuting state :
Then said, I take th' advice in friendly part ;
You clear your conscience, or at least your
heart :

Perhaps you fail'd in your foreseeing skill,
For Swallows are unlucky birds to kill :
As for my sons, the family is blest'd,
Whose ev'ry child is equal to the rest :
No church reform'd can boast a blameless line ;
Such Martins build in yours, and more than
mine :

Or else an old fanatic author lies,
Who summ'd their scandals up by centuries.
But thro' your parable I plainly see
The bloody laws, the crowd's barbarity ;
The sun-shine that offends the purblind sight :
Had some their wishes, it would soon be night.
Mistake me not ; the charge concerns not you :
Your sons are malecontents, but yet are true,
As far as non-resistance makes them so ;
But that's a word of neutral sense you know,
A passive term, which no relief will bring,
But trims betwixt a rebel and a king.

Rest well assur'd, the Pardelis reply'd,
My sons would all support the regal side,
Tho heaven forbid the cause by battle should
be try'd.

The matron answer'd with a loud Amen,
And thus pursu'd her argument again.
If as you say, and as I hope no less,
Your sons will practise what yourselves pro-
fess,

What angry power prevents our present peace?
The Lion, studious of our common good,
Desires (and kings desires are ill withstood)
To join our nations in a lasting love ;
The bars betwixt are easy to remove ;
For sanguinary laws were never made above.
If you condemn that prince of tyranny,
Whose mandate forc'd your Gallic friends to
fly,

Make not a worse example of your own ;
Or cease to rail at causeless rigor shown ;
And let the guiltless person throw the stone.
His blunted sword your suff'ring brotherhood
Have seldom felt ; he stops it short of blood :
But you have ground the persecuting knife.
And set it to a razor edge on life.

94 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

Curs'd be the wit, which cruelty refines,
Or to his father's rod the scorpion's joins ;
Your finger is more gross than the great monarch's loins.

But you, perhaps, remove that bloody note,
And stick it on the first reformers coat.
Oh let their crime in long oblivion sleep :
'Twas theirs indeed to make, 'tis yours to keep.
Unjust, or just, is all the question now ;
'Tis plain, that not repealing you allow.

To name the test would put you in a rage ;
You charge not that on any former age,
But smile to think how innocent you stand,
Arm'd by a weapon put into your hand.
Yet still remember, that you wield a sword
Forg'd by your foes against your sov'reign lord ;
Design'd to hew th' imperial cedar down,
Defraud succession, and disheir the crown.
T' abhor the makers, and their laws approve,
Is to hate traitors, and the treason love.
What means it else, which now your children say,
We made it not, nor will we take away ?

Suppose some great oppressor had by slight
Of law, disseis'd your brother of his right,
Your common fire surrendering a fright ;

Would you to that unrighteous title stand,
 Left by the villain's will to heir the land?
 More just was Judas, who his Saviour sold;
 The sacrilegious bribe he could not hold,
 Nor hang in peace, before he render'd back the
 gold.

What more could you have done, than now you do,
 Had Oates and Bedlow, and their plot been true?
 Some specious reasons for those wrongs were
 found;

Their dire magicians threw their mists around,
 And wise men walk'd as on enchanted ground.

But now when time has made th'imposture plain,
 (Late tho he follow'd truth, and limping held
 her train)

What new delusion charms your cheated eyes
 again?

The painted harlot might a while bewitch,
 But why the hag uncas'd, and all obscene with itch?

The first reformers were a modest race;
 Our peers possess'd in peace their native place;
 And when rebellious arms o'erturn'd the state,
 They suffer'd only in the common fate:
 But now the sov'reign mounts the regal chair,
 And mitred seats are full, yet David's bench is
 bare.

96 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

Your answer is, they were not dispossess'd ;
 They need but rub their mettle on the test
 To prove their ore : 'twere well if gold alone
 Were touch'd and try'd on your discerning stone ;
 But that unfaithful test unsound will pass
 The dross of atheists, and sectarian brass :
 As if th' experiment were made to hold
 For base production, and reject the gold.
 Thus men ungodded may to places rise,
 And sects may be preferr'd without disguise :
 No danger to the church or state from these ;
 The papist only has his writ of ease.

No gainful office gives him the pretence
 To grind the subject, or defraud the prince.
 Wrong conscience, or no conscience, may deserve
 To thrive, but ours alone is privileg'd to starve.

Still thank yourselves, you cry ; your noble race
 We banish not, but they forsake the place ;
 Our doors are open : true, but ere they come,
 You toss your 'censing test, and fume the room ;
 As if 'twere Toby's rival to expel,
 And fright the fiend who could not bear the smell.

To this the Panther sharply had reply'd ;
 But having gain'd a verdict on her side,
 She wisely gave the loser leave to chide ;

Well

Well satisfy'd to have the But and Peace,
 And for the plaintiff's cause she car'd the less,
 Because she su'd in forma pauperis ;
 Yet thought it decent something should be said ;
 For secret guilt by silence is betray'd.

So neither granted all, nor much deny'd,
 But answer'd with a yawning kind of pride.

Methinks such terms of proffer'd peace you
 bring,

As once Æneas to th'Italian king :
 By long possession all the land is mine ;
 You strangers come with your intruding line,
 To share my sceptre, which you call to join.

You plead like him an ancient pedigree,
 And claim a peaceful seat by fate's decree.

In ready pomp your sacrificer stands,
 T' unite the Trojan and the Latin bands,
 And, that the league more firmly may be ty'd,
 Demand the fair Lavinia for your bride.

Thus plausibly you veil th'intended wrong,
 But still you bring your exil'd gods along ;
 And will endeavor, in succeeding space,
 Those household puppets on our hearths to place.
 Perhaps some barb'rous laws have been preferr'd ;
 I spake against the test, but was not heard ;

98 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

These to rescind, and peerage to restore,
My gracious sov'reign would my vote implore :
I owe him much, but owe my conscience more. }

Conscience is then your plea, reply'd the dame,
Which well inform'd will ever be the same.
But yours is much of the camelion hue,
To change the die with every distant view.
When first the Lion sat with awful sway,
Your conscience taught your duty to obey :
He might have had your statutes and your test ;
No conscience but of subjects was profess'd.
He found your temper, and no farther try'd,
But on that broken reed your church rely'd.
In vain the sects assay'd their utmost art,
With offer'd treasure to espouse their part ;
Their treasures were a bribe too mean to move
his heart. }

But when by long experience you had prov'd,
How far he could forgive, how well he lov'd ;
A goodness that excell'd his godlike race,
And only short of heaven's unbounded grace ;
A flood of mercy that o'erflow'd our isle,
Calm in the rise, and fruitful as the Nile ;
Forgetting whence your Egypt was supply'd,
You thought your sov'reign bound to send the
tide :

Nor upward look'd on that immortal spring,
 But vainly deem'd, he durst not be a king :
 Then Conscience, unrestrain'd by fear, began
 To stretch her limits, and extend the span ;
 Did his indulgence as her gift dispose,
 And make a wise alliance with her foes.
 Can Conscience own th' associating name,
 And raise no blushes to conceal her shame ?
 For sure she has been thought a bashful dame. }
 But if the cause by battle should be try'd, }
 You grant she must espouse the regal side : }
 O Proteus conscience, never to be ty'd !
 What Phœbus from the Tripod shall disclose,
 Which are, in last resort, your friends or foes ?
 Homer, who learn'd the language of the sky,
 The seeming Gordian knot would soon untie ;
 Immortal powers the term of Conscience know,
 But Interest is her name with men below.

Conscience or Interest be't, or both in one,
 (The Panther answer'd in a surly tone)
 The first commands me to maintain the crown,
 The last forbids to throw my barriers down.
 Our penal laws no sons of yours admit,
 Our test excludes your tribe from benefit.

100 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

These are my banks your ocean to withstand,
Which proudly rising overlooks the land ;
And once let in, with unresisted sway,
Would sweep the pastors and their flocks
away.

Think not my judgment leads me to comply
With laws unjust, but hard necessity :
Imperious need, which cannot be withstood,
Makes ill authentic, for a greater good.
Possess your soul with patience, and attend :
A more auspicious planet may ascend ;
Good fortune may present some happier time,
With means to cancel my unwilling crime ;
(Unwilling, witness all ye powers above)
To mend my errors, and redeem your love :
That little space you safely may allow ;
Your all-dispensing power protects you now.

Hold, said the Hind, 'tis needless to explain ;
You would postpone me to another reign ;
'Till when you are content to be unjust :
Your part is to possess, and mine to trust.
A fair exchange propos'd of future chance,
For present profit and inheritance.
Few words will serve to finish our dispute ;
Who will not now repeal, would persecute.

To ripen green revenge your hopes attend,
 Wishing that happier planet would ascend.
 For shame let Conscience be your plea no more :
 To will hereafter, proves she might before ;
 But she's a bawd to gain, and holds the door. }

Your care about your banks infers a fear
 Of threatning floods and inundations near ;
 If so, a just reprise would only be
 Of what the land usurp'd upon the sea ;
 And all your jealousies but serve to show,
 Your ground is, like your neighbor-nation, low.
 T'intrench in what you grant unrighteous laws,
 Is to distrust the justice of your cause ;
 And argues that the true religion lies
 In those weak adversaries you despise.

Tyrannic force is that which least you fear ;
 The sound is frightful in a christian's ear :
 Avert it, heaven ! nor let that plague be sent
 To us from the dispeopled continent.

But piety commands me to refrain ;
 Those prayers are needless in this monarch's
 reign.

Behold ! how he protects your friends oppress'd,
 Receives the banish'd, succors the distress'd :
 Behold, for you may read an honest open breast. }

102 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

He stands in day-light, and disdains to hide
 An act, to which by honor he is ty'd,
 A generous, laudable, and kingly pride.
 Your Test he would repeal, his peers restore;
 This when he says he means, he means no more.

Well, said the Panther, I believe him just,
 And yet —

And yet, 'tis but because you must;
 You would be trusted, but you would not trust.
 The Hind thus briefly; and disdain'd t' inlarge
 On power of kings, and their superior charge,
 As heaven's trustees before the people's choice:
 Tho' sure the Panther did not much rejoice
 To hear those echos given of her once loyal
 voice.

The matron woo'd her kindness to the last,
 But could not win; her hour of grace was past.
 Whom, thus persisting, when she could not bring
 To leave the Wolf, and to believe her king,
 She gave her up, and fairly wish'd her joy
 Of her late treaty with her new ally:
 Which well she hop'd would more successful
 prove,

Than was the Pigeon's and the Buzzard's love.
 The Panther ask'd, what concord there could be
 Betwixt two kinds whose natures disagree?

The dame reply'd : 'Tis sung in ev'ry street,
 The common chat of goffips when they meet :
 But, since unheard by you, 'tis worth your while
 To take a wholesome tale, tho told in homely style.

A plain good man, whose name is understood,
 (So few deserve the name of plain and good)
 Of three fair lineal lordships stood possess'd,
 And liv'd, as reason was, upon the best.
 Inur'd to hardships from his early youth,
 Much had he done, and suffer'd for his truth :
 At land and sea, in many a doubtful fight,
 Was never known a more advent'rous knight,
 Who oftner drew his sword, and always for the
 right.

As fortune would (his fortune came, tho late)
 He took possession of his just estate :
 Nor rack'd his tenants with increase of rent ;
 Nor liv'd too sparing, nor too largely spent ;
 But overlook'd his Hinds ; their pay was just,
 And ready, for he scorn'd to go on trust :
 Slow to resolve, but in performance quick ;
 So true, that he was awkward at a trick.
 For little souls on little shifts rely,
 And cowards arts of mean expedients try ;
 The noble mind will dare do any thing but lye.

False friends, his deadliest foes, could find no way
 But shows of honest bluntness, to betray :
 That unsuspected plainness he believ'd ;
 He look'd into himself; and was deceiv'd.
 Some lucky planet sure attends his birth,
 Or heaven would make a miracle on earth ;
 For prosp'rous honesty is seldom seen
 To bear so dead a weight, and yet to win.
 It looks as fate with nature's law would strive,
 To shew plain-dealing once an age may thrive :
 And, when so tough a frame she could not bend,
 Exceeded her commission to befriend.

This grateful man, as heaven increas'd his store,
 Gave God again, and daily fed his poor.
 His house with all convenience was purvey'd ;
 The rest he found, but rais'd the fabric where he
 pray'd ;

And in that sacred place his beauteous wife
 Employ'd her happiest hours of holy life.

Nor did their alms extend to those alone,
 Whom common faith more strictly made their
 own ;

A sort of Doves were hous'd too near their hall,
 Who cross the proverb, and abound with gall.
 Tho some, 'tis true, are passively inclin'd,
 The greater part degenerate from their kind ;

Voracious birds that hotly bill and breed,
And largely drink, because on salt they feed.
Small gain from them their bounteous owner
draws ;

Yet, bound by promise, he supports their cause,
As corporations privileg'd by laws.

That house which harbour to their kind affords,
Was built, long since, God knows, for better birds;
But fluttering there they nestle near the throne,
And lodge in habitations not their own,
By their high crops and corny gizzards known.
Like Harpies they could scent a plenteous board,
Then to be sure they never fail'd their lord :
The rest was form, and bare attendance paid ;
They drunk, and eat, and grudgingly obey'd.
The more they fed, they raven'd still for more ;
They drain'd from Dan, and left Beersheba poor.
All this they had by law, and none repin'd ;
The pref'rence was but due to Levi's kind :
But when some lay-preferment fell by chance,
The Goutmands made it their inheritance.
When once possess'd they never quit their claim ;
For then 'tis sanctify'd to heaven's high name ;
And hallow'd thus, they cannot give consent,
The gift should be prophan'd by worldly manage-
ment.

Their flesh was never to the table serv'd ;
 Tho 'tis not thence inferr'd the birds were
 starv'd ;

But that their master did not like the food,
 As rank, and breeding melancholy blood.
 Nor did it with his gracious nature suit,
 E'en tho they were not doves, to persecute :
 Yet he refus'd (nor could they take offence)
 Their glutton kind should teach him abstinence.
 Nor consecrated grain their wheat he thought,
 Which new from treading in their bills they
 brought :

But left his Hinds each in his private power,
 That those who like the bran might leave the
 flower.

He for himself, and not for others, chose,
 Nor would he be impos'd on, nor impose ;
 But in their faces his devotion paid,
 And sacrifice with solemn rites was made,
 And sacred incense on his altars laid.

Besides these jolly birds, whose corps impure
 Repaid their commons with their salt-manure ;
 Another farm he had behind his house,
 Not overstock'd, but barely for his use :
 Wherein his poor domestic poultry fed,
 And from his pious hands receiv'd their bread.

Our pamper'd Pigeons, with malignant eyes,
 Beheld these inmates, and their nurseries :
 Tho hard their fare, at evening, and at morn,
 A cruise of water and an ear of corn ;
 Yet still they grudg'd that modicum, and thought
 A sheaf in every single grain was brought.
 Fain would they filch that little food away,
 While unrestrain'd those happy gluttons prey.
 And much they griev'd to see so nigh their hall,
 The bird that warn'd St. Peter of his fall ;
 That he should raise his mitred crest on high,
 And clap his wings, and call his family
 To sacred rites ; and vex th' etherial powers
 With midnight mattins at uncivil hours :
 Nay more, his quiet neighbors should molest,
 Just in the sweetness of their morning rest.
 Beast of a bird, supinely when he might
 Lie snug and sleep, to rise before the light !
 What if his dull forefathers us'd that cry,
 Could he not let a bad example die ?
 The world was fallen into an easier way ;
 This age knew better than to fast and pray.
 Good sense in sacred worship would appear
 So to begin, as they might end the year.
 Such feats in former times had wrought the falls
 Of crowing Chanticleers in cloyster'd walls.

108 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

Expell'd for this, and for their lands, they fled ;
 And sister Partlet with her hooded head
 Was hooted hence, because she would not pray
 a-bed. }

The way to win the restiff world to God,
 Was to lay by the disciplining rod,
 Unnatural fasts, and foreign forms of prayer :
 Religion frights us with a mien severe.
 'Tis prudence to reform her into ease,
 And put her in undress to make her please :
 A lively faith will bear aloft the mind,
 And leave the luggage of good works behind.

Such doctrines in the pigeon-house were taught:
 You need not ask how wond'rously they wrought;
 But sure the common cry was all for these,
 Whose life and precepts both encourag'd ease.
 Yet fearing those alluring baits might fail,
 And holy deeds o'er all their arts prevail ;
 For vice, tho frontless, and of harden'd face,
 Is daunted at the sight of awful grace,
 An hideous figure of their foes they drew,
 Nor lines, nor looks, nor shades, nor colors true ;
 And this grotesque design expos'd to public view. }
 One would have thought it some Egyptian piece, }
 With garden-gods, and barking deities, }
 More thick than Ptolemy has stuck the skies. }

All so perverse a draught, so far unlike,
 It was no libel where it meant to strike.
 Yet still the daubing pleas'd, and great and small
 To view the monster-crowded Pigeon-hall:
 There Chanticleer was drawn upon his knees
 Adorning shrines, and stocks of fainted trees;
 And by him, a mishapen, ugly race;
 The curse of God was seen on every face:
 No Holland emblem could that malice mend,
 But still the worse the look, the fitter for a fiend.

The master of the farm, displeas'd to find
 So much of rancor in so mild a kind,
 Enquir'd into the cause, and came to know,
 The passive church had struck the foremost blow;
 With groundless fears, and jealousies possess'd,
 As if this troublesome intruding guest
 Would drive the birds of Venus from their nest. }
 A deed his inborn equity abhorr'd;
 But interest will not trust, tho God should plight
 his word.

A law, the source of many future harms,
 Had banish'd all the poultry from the farms;
 With loss of life, if any should be found
 To crow or peck on this forbidden ground.
 That bloody statute chiefly was design'd
 For Chanticleer the white, of clergy kind;

110 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

But after-malice did not long forget
 The lay that wore the robe and coronet.
 For them, for their inferiors and allies,
 Their foes a deadly Shibboleth devise :
 By which unrighteously it was decreed,
 That none to trust, or profit should succeed,
 Who would not swallow first a poisonous wicked
 weed :

Or that, to which old Socrates was curs'd,
 Or henbane juice to swell them till they burst.

The patron (as in reason) thought it hard
 To see this inquisition in his yard,
 By which the sovereign was of subjects use
 debarr'd.

All gentle means he try'd, which might withdraw
 Th'effects of so unnatural a law :

But still the dove-house obstinately stood
 Deaf to their own, and to their neighbors good ;
 And which was worse, if any worse could be,
 Repented of their boasted loyalty :

Now made the champions of a cruel cause,
 And drunk with fumes of popular applause ;
 For those whom God to ruin has design'd,
 He fits for fate, and first destroys their mind.

New doubts indeed they daily strove to raise,
 Suggested dangers, interpos'd delays ;

And emissary Pigeons had in store,
 Such as the Meccan prophet us'd of yore,
 To whisper counsels in their patron's ear;
 And veil'd their false advice with zealous fear.
 The master smil'd to see them work in vain,
 To wear him out, and make an idle reign:
 He saw, but suffer'd their protractive arts,
 And strove by mildness to reduce their hearts:
 But they abus'd that grace to make allies,
 And fondly clos'd with former enemies;
 For fools are doubly fools, endeav'ring to be wise.

After a grave consult what course were best,
 One, more mature in folly than the rest,
 Stood up, and told them with his head aside,
 That desp'rate cures must be to desp'rate ills ap-
 ply'd:

And therefore, since their main impending fear
 Was from th'increasing race of Chanticleer,
 Some potent bird of prey they ought to find,
 A foe profess'd to him, and all his kind:
 Some haggard Hawk, who had her eyry nigh,
 Well pounc'd to fasten, and well wing'd to fly;
 One they might trust, their common wrongs to
 wreak:

The Musquet, and the Coystrel were too weak,

112 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

Too fierce the Falcon ; but, above the rest,
The noble Buzzard ever pleas'd me best ;
Of small renown, 'tis true ; for, not to lye,
We call him but a Hawk by courtesy.
I know he hates the Pigeon-house and Farm,
And more, in time of war, has done us harm :
But all his hate on trivial points depends ;
Give up our forms, and we shall soon be friends.
For Pigeons flesh he seems not much to care ;
Cram'd chickens are a more delicious fare.
On this high potentate, without delay,
I wish you would confer the sov'reign sway :
Petition him t'accept the government,
And let a splendid embassy be sent.

This pithy speech prevail'd, and all agreed,
Old enmities forgot, the Buzzard should succeed.

Their welcome suit was granted soon as heard,
His lodgings furnish'd, and a train prepar'd,
With B's upon their breast, appointed for his
guard.

He came, and crown'd with great solemnity,
God save king Buzzard, was the general cry.

A portly prince, and goodly to the sight,
He seem'd a son of Anach for his height :

Like

• THE HIND AND THE PANTHER. 113

Like those whom stature did to crowns prefer :
Black-brow'd, and bluff, like Homer's Jupiter :
Broad-back'd, and brawny-built for love's delight ;
A prophet form'd to make a female profelyte.
A theologue more by need than genial bent ;
By breeding sharp, by nature confident.
Interest in all his actions was discern'd ;
More learn'd than honest, more a wit than learn'd :
Or forc'd by fear, or by his profit led,
Or both conjoin'd, his native clime he fled :
But brought the virtues of his heaven along ;
A fair behaviour, and a fluent tongue.
And yet with all his arts he could not thrive ;
The most unlucky parasite alive.
Loud praises to prepare his paths he sent,
And then himself pursu'd his compliment ;
But by reverse of fortune chas'd away,
His gifts no longer than their author stay :
He shakes the dust against th' ungrateful race,
And leaves the stench of ordures in the place.
Oft has he flatter'd and blasphem'd the same ;
For in his rage he spares no sov'reign's name :
The hero and the tyrant change their style
By the same measure that they frown or smile.

VOL. II.

I

114 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

When well receiv'd by hospitable foes,
 The kindness he returns, is to expose :
 For courtesies, tho undeserv'd and great,
 No gratitude in felon-minds beget ;
 As tribute to his wit, the churl receives the treat. }
 His praise of foes is venomously nice ;
 So touch'd, it turns a virtue to a vice : }
 " A Greek, and bountiful, forewarns us twice." }
 Seven sacraments he wisely does disown,
 Because he knows confession stands for one ;
 Where sins to sacred silence are convey'd,
 And not for fear, or love, to be betray'd :
 But he, uncall'd, his patron to controul,
 Divulg'd the secret whispers of his soul ;
 Stood forth th' accusing Satan of his crimes,
 And offer'd to the Moloch of the times.
 Prompt to assail, and careless of defence,
 Invulnerable in his impudence,
 He dares the world ; and eager of a name,
 He thrusts about, and jostles into fame.
 Frontless, and satire-proof, he scow'rs the streets,
 And runs an Indian-muck at all he meets.
 So fond of loud report, that not to miss
 Of being known (his last and utmost bliss) }
 He rather would be known for what he is. }

Such was, and is the captain of the test,
Tho half his virtues are not here express'd ;
The modesty of fame conceals the rest. }

The spleenful Pigeons never could create
A prince more proper to revenge their hate :
Indeed, more proper to revenge, than save ;
A king, whom in his wrath th' Almighty gave :
For all the grace the landlord had allow'd,
But made the Buzzard and the Pigeons proud ;
Gave time to fix their friends, and to seduce
the crowd. }

They long their fellow-subjects to inthral,
Their patron's promise into question call,
And vainly think he meant to make them lords
of all. }

False fears their leaders fail'd not to suggest,
As if the Doves were to be dispossest'd ;
Nor sighs, nor groans, nor gogling eyes did want ;
For now the Pigeons too had learn'd to cant.
The house of prayer is stock'd with large increase ;
Nor doors, nor windows can contain the press :
For birds of every feather fill th' abode ;
E'en atheists out of envy own a God :
And reeking from the stews adulterers come,
Like Goths and Vandals to demolish Rome.

116 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

That Conscience, which to all their crimes was
mute,

Now calls aloud, and cries to persecute :

No rigor of the laws to be releas'd,

And much the less, because it was their Lord's
request :

They thought it great their sovereign to controul,
And nam'd their pride, nobility of soul.

'Tis true, the Pigeons, and their prince elect,
Were short of power, their purpose to effect :
But with their quills did all the hurt they could,
And cuff'd the tender Chickens from their food:
And much the Buzzard in their cause did stir,
Tho naming not the patron, to infer
With all respect, he was a gross idolater. }

But when th' imperial owner did espy,
That thus they turn'd his grace to villany,
Not suff'ring wrath to discompose his mind,
He strove a temper for th' extremes to find. }
So to be just, as he might still be kind ;
Then, all maturely weigh'd, pronounc'd a doom
Of sacred strength for every age to come.
By this the doves their wealth and state possess,
No rights infring'd, but licence to oppress :
Such power have they as factious lawyers long
crowns ascrib'd, that kings can do no wrong.

But since his own domestic birds have try'd
 The dire effects of their destructive pride,
 He deems that proof a measure to the rest,
 Concluding well within his kingly breast,
 His fowls of nature too unjustly were oppress'd.
 He therefore makes all birds of every sect
 Free of his farm, with promise to respect,
 Their several kinds alike, and equally protect.
 His gracious edict the same franchise yields
 To all the wild increase of woods and fields,
 And who in rocks aloof, and who in steeples
 builds :

To Crows the like impartial grace affords,
 And Choughs and Daws, and such republic birds :
 Secur'd with ample privilege to feed,
 Each has his district, and his bounds decreed :
 Combin'd in common int'rest with his own,
 But not to pass the Pigeons Rubicon.

Here ends the reign of his pretended Dove ;
 All prophecies accomplish'd from above,
 For Shiloh comes the sceptre to remove.
 Reduc'd from her imperial high abode,
 Like Dionysius to a private rod,
 The passive church, that with pretended grace
 Did her distinctive mark in duty place,
 Now touch'd, reviles her Maker to his face.

118 THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

What after happen'd is not hard to guess :
 The small beginnings had a large increase,
 And arts and wealth succeed the secret spoils
 of peace.

'Tis said, the Doves repented, tho too late,
 Become the smiths of their own foolish fate :
 Nor did their owner hasten their ill hour ;
 But, sunk in credit, they decreas'd in power :
 Like snows in warmth that mildly pass away,
 Dissolving in the silence of decay.

The Buzzard, not content with equal place,
 Invites the feather'd Nimrods of his race ;
 To hide the thinness of their flock from sight,
 And all together make a seeming goodly flight :
 But each have sep'rate int'rests of their own ;
 Two Czars are one too many for a throne.
 Nor can th' usurper long abstain from food ;
 Already he has tasted Pigeons blood :
 And may be tempted to his former fare,
 When this indulgent lord shall late to heaven
 repair.

Bare bending times, and moulting months may
 come,

When, lagging late, they cannot reach their home ;
 Or rent in schism (for so their fate decrees)
 Like the tumultuous college of the bees,

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER. 119

They fight their quarrel, by themselves oppress;
The tyrant smiles below, and waits the falling
feast.

Thus did the gentle Hind her fable end,
Nor would the Panther blame it, nor commend;
But, with affected yawnings at the close,
Seem'd to require her natural repose:
For now the streaky light began to peep;
And setting stars admonish'd both to sleep.
The dame withdrew, and, wishing to her guest
The peace of heaven, betook herself to rest,
Ten thousand angels on her slumbers wait,
With glorious visions of her future state.



BRITANNIA REDIVIVA:

A

POEM on the PRINCE,

Born on the Tenth of JUNE, 1688;

OUR vows are heard betimes, and heaven
takes care

To grant, before we can conclude the prayer:
Preventing angels met it half the way,
And sent us back to praise, who came to pray.

Just on the day, when the high-mounted sun
Did farthest in its northern progress run,
He bended forward, and even stretch'd the sphere
Beyond the limits of the lengthen'd year,
To view a brighter sun in Britain born;
That was the business of his longest morn;
The glorious object seen, 'twas time to turn.

Departing Spring could only stay to shed
Her gloomy beauties on the genial bed,
But left the manly summer in her stead,
With timely fruit the longing land to cheer,
And to fulfil the promise of the year.
Betwixt two seasons comes th' auspicious heir,
This age to blossom, and the next to bear.

Last solemn sabbath saw the Church attend,
 The Paraclete in fiery pomp descend ;
 But when his wond'rous octave roll'd again,
 He brought a royal infant in his train.
 So great a blessing to so good a king,
 None but th' Eternal Comforter could bring.

Or did the mighty Trinity conspire,
 As once in council to create our fire ?
 It seems as if they sent the new-born guest
 To wait on the procession of their feast ;
 And on their sacred anniverse decreed
 To stamp their image on the promis'd seed.
 Three realms united, and on one bestow'd,
 An emblem of their mystic union show'd :
 The mighty trine the triple empire shar'd,
 As every person would have one to guard.

Hail son of prayers ! by holy violence
 Drawn down from heaven ; but long be banish'd
 thence,

And late to thy paternal skies retire :
 To mend our crimes whole ages would require ;
 To change th' inveterate habit of our sins,
 And finish what thy godlike fire begins.
 Kind heaven, to make us Englishmen again,
 No less can give us than a patriarch's reign.

The sacred cradle to your charge receive,
 Ye seraphs, and by turns the guard relieve;
 Thy father's angel, and thy father join,
 To keep possession, and secure the line;
 But long defer the honors of thy fate:
 Great may they be like his, like his be late;
 That James his running century may view,
 And give this son an auspice to the new.

Our wants exact at least that moderate stay:
 For see the dragon winged on his way,
 To watch the travail, and devour the prey.
 Or, if allusions may not rise so high
 Thus, when Alcides rais'd his infant cry,
 The snakes besieg'd his young divinity:
 But vainly with their forked tongues they threat;
 For opposition makes a hero great.
 To needful succor all the good will run,
 And Jove assert the godhead of his son.

O still repining at your present state,
 Grudging yourselves the benefits of fate,
 Look up, and read in characters of light
 A blessing sent you in your own despatch.
 The manna falls, yet that celestial bread
 Like Jews you munch, and murmur while you
 feed.

May not your fortune be like theirs, exil'd,
 Yet forty years to wander in the wild :
 Or if it be, may Moses live at least,
 To lead you to the verge of promis'd rest.

Tho poets are not prophets, to foreknow
 What plants will take the blight, and what will
 grow,

By tracing heaven his footsteps may be found :
 Behold ! how awfully he walks the round !
 God is abroad, and, wond'rous in his ways,
 The rise of empires, and their fall surveys ;
 More, might I say, than with an usual eye,
 He sees his bleeding church in ruin lie,
 And hears the souls of saints beneath his altar
 cry.

Already has he lifted high the sign,
 Which crown'd the conquering arms of Con-
 stantine :

The moon grows pale at that presaging sight,
 And half her train of stars have lost their light.

Behold another Sylvester, to bless
 The sacred standard, and secure success ;
 Large of his treasures, of a soul so great,
 As fills and crowds his universal seat.
 Now view at home a second Constantine ;
 (The former too was of the British line)

Has not his healing balm your breaches clos'd,
 Whose exile many fought, and few oppos'd ?
 O, did not heaven by its eternal doom
 Permit those evils, that this good might come ?
 So manifest, that e'en the moon-ey'd sects
 See whom and what this Providence protects.
 Methinks, had we within our minds no more
 Than that one shipwreck on the fatal ore,
 That only thought may make us think again,
 What wonders God reserves for such a reign.
 To dream that chance his preservation wrought,
 Were to think Noah was preserv'd for nought ;
 Or the surviving eight were not design'd
 To people earth, and to restore their kind.

When humbly on the royal babe we gaze,
 The manly lines of a majestic face
 Give awful joy : 'tis paradise to look
 On the fair frontispiece of Nature's book :
 If the first opening page so charms the sight,
 Think how th' unfolded volume will delight !
 See how the venerable infant lies
 In early pomp ; how thro the mother's eyes
 The father's soul, with an undaunted view,
 Looks out, and takes our homage as his due.
 See on his future subjects how he smiles,
 Nor meanly flatters, nor with craft beguiles ;

But with an open face, as on his throne,
 Affures our birthrights, and assumes his own :
 Born in broad day-light, that th' ungrateful rout
 May find no room for a remaining doubt ;
 Truth, which itself is light, does darkness shun,
 And the true eaglet safely dares the sun.

Fain would the fiends have made a dubious
 birth,

Loth to confess the Godhead cloth'd in earth :
 But sicken'd after all their baffled lies,
 To find an heir apparent in the skies :
 Abandon'd to despair, still may they grudge,
 And, owning not the Saviour, prove the judge.

Not great Æneas stood in plainer day,
 When the dark mantling mist dissolv'd away,
 He to the Tyrians shew'd his sudden face,
 Shining with all his goddess mother's grace :
 For she herself had made his count'nance bright,
 Breath'd honor on his eyes, and her own purple
 light.

If our victorious Edward, as they say,
 Gave Wales a prince on that propitious day,
 Why may not years revolving with his fate
 Produce his like, but with a longer date ?
 One, who may carry to a distant shore
 The terror that his fam'd forefather bore.

126 BRITANNIA REDIVIVA.

But why should James or his young hero stay
 For slight presages of a name or day ?
 We need no Edward's fortune to adorn
 That happy moment when our prince was born :
 Our prince adorns this day, and ages hence
 Shall wish his birth-day for some future prince.

Great Michael, prince of all th'ætherial hosts,
 And whate'er inborn saints our Britain boasts ;
 And thou, th'adopted patron of our isle,
 With chearful aspects on this infant smile :
 The pledge of heaven, which, dropping from
 above,

Secures our bliss, and reconciles his love.

Enough of ills our dire rebellion wrought,
 When to the dregs we drank the bitter draught ;
 Then airy atoms did in plagues conspire,
 Nor did th'avenging angel yet retire, }
 But purg'd our still-increasing crimes with fire. }
 Then perjur'd plots, the still impending test,
 And worse---but charity conceals the rest :
 Here stop the current of the sanguine flood ;
 Require not, gracious God, thy martyrs blood ;
 But let their dying pangs, their living toil,
 Spread a rich harvest thro their native soil :
 A harvest ripening for another reign,
 Of which this royal babe may reap the grain.

Enough of early saints one womb has given ;
 Enough increas'd the family of heaven :
 Let them for his, and our atonement go ;
 And reigning blest above, leave him to rule below.

Enough already has the year foreshow'd
 His wonted course, the sea has overflow'd,
 The meads were floated with a weeping spring,
 And frighten'd birds in woods forgot to sing :
 The strong-limb'd steed beneath his harness faints,
 And the same shivering sweat his lord attaints.
 When will the minister of wrath give o'er ?
 Behold him at Araunah's threshing-floor :
 He stops, and seems to sheath his flaming brand,
 Pleas'd with burnt incense from our David's hand.
 David has bought the Jebusite's abode,
 And rais'd an altar to the living God.

Heaven, to reward him, makes his joys sincere ;
 No future ills nor accidents appear,
 To fully and pollute the sacred infant's year. }
 Five months to discord and debate were given :
 He sanctifies the yet remaining seven.
 Sabbath of months ! henceforth in him be blest,
 And prelude to the realms perpetual rest !

Let his baptismal drops for us atone ;
 Lustrations for offences not his own.

128 BRITANNIA REDIVIVA.

Let Conscience, which is Int'rest ill disguis'd,
In the same font be cleans'd, and all the land
baptiz'd.

Un-nam'd as yet ; at least unknown to fame :
Is there a strife in heaven about his name ;
Where every famous predecessor vies,
And makes a faction for it in the skies ?
Or must it be reserv'd to thought alone ?
Such was the sacred Tetragrammaton.
Things worthy silence must not be reveal'd :
Thus the true name of Rome was kept conceal'd,
To shun the spells and forceries of those,
Who durst her infant majesty oppose.
But when his tender strength in time shall rise
To dare ill tongues, and fascinating eyes ;
This isle, which hides the little thunderer's fame,
Shall be too narrow to contain his name :
Th' artillery of heaven shall make him known ;
Crete could not hold the God, when Jove was
grown.

As Jove's increase, who from his brain was born,
Whom arms and arts did equally adorn,
Free of the breast was bred, whose milky taste
Minerva's name to Venus had debas'd ;

So

So this imperial babe rejects the food
 That mixes monarch's with plebeian blood :
 Food that his inborn courage might controul,
 Extinguish all the father in his soul,
 And for his Estian race, and Saxon strain,
 Might reproduce some second Richard's reign.
 Mildness he shares from both his parents blood :
 But kings too tame are despicably good :
 Be this the mixture of this regal child,
 By nature manly, but by virtue mild.

Thus far the furious transport of the news
 Had to prophetic madness fir'd the muse ;
 Madness ungovernable, uninspir'd,
 Swift to foretel whatever she desir'd.
 Was it for me the dark abyss to tread,
 And read the book which angels cannot read ?
 How was I punish'd when the sudden blast,
 The face of heaven, and our young sun o'ercast !
 Fame, the swift ill, increasing as she roll'd,
 Disease, despair, and death, at three reprises told :
 At three insulting strides she stalk'd the town,
 And, like contagion, struck the loyal down.
 Downfell the winnow'd wheat; but mounted high,
 The whirlwind bore the chaff, and hid the sky.

Here black rebellion shooting from below
 (As earth's gigantic brood by moments grow)
 And here the sons of God are petrified with woe:
 An apoplex of grief! so low were driven
 The saints, as hardly to defend their heaven.

As, when pent vapors run their hollow round,
 Earthquakes, which are convulsions of the ground,
 Break bellowing forth, and no confinement brook,
 Till the third settles what the former shook;
 Such heavings had our souls; till, slow and late,
 Our life with his return'd, and faith prevail'd on
 fate.

By prayers the mighty blessing was implor'd,
 To prayers was granted, and by prayers restor'd.

So ere the Shunamite a son conceiv'd,
 The prophet promis'd, and the wife believ'd.
 A son was sent, the son so much desir'd;
 But soon upon the mother's knees expir'd.
 The troubled seer approach'd the mournful door,
 Ran, pray'd, and sent his past'ral staff before,
 Then stretch'd his limbs upon the child and
 mourn'd,

'Till warmth, and breath, and a new soul return'd.

Thus mercy stretches out her hand, and saves
 Desponding Peter sinking in the waves.

As when a sudden storm of hail and rain
 Beats to the ground the yet unbearded grain,
 Think not the hopes of harvest are destroy'd
 On the flat field, and on the naked void ;
 The light, unloaded stem, from tempest freed,
 Will raise the youthful honors of his head ;
 And soon restor'd by native vigor, bear
 The timely product of the bounteous year.

Nor yet conclude all fiery trials past :
 For heaven will exercise us to the last ;
 Sometimes will check us in our full career,
 With doubtful blessings, and with mingled fear ;
 That, still depending on his daily grace,
 His every mercy for an alms may pass,
 With sparing hands will diet us to good ;
 Preventing surfeits of our pamper'd blood.
 So feeds the mother bird her craving young
 With little morsels, and delays them long.

True, this last blessing was a royal feast ;
 But where's the wedding-garment on the guest ?
 Our manners, as religion were a dream,
 Are such as teach the nations to blaspheme.
 In lusts we wallow, and with pride we swell,
 And injuries with injuries repel ;

Prompt to revenge, not daring to forgive,
 Our lives unteach the doctrine we believe.
 Thus Israel sinn'd, impenitently hard,
 And vainly thought the present ark their guard ;
 But when the haughty Philistines appear,
 They fled, abandon'd to their foes and fear ;
 Their God was absent, tho his ark was there :
 Ah ! lest our crimes should snatch this pledge away,
 And make our joys the blessings of a day !
 For we have sinn'd him hence, and that he lives,
 God to his promise, not our practice gives.
 Our crimes would soon weigh down the guilty
 scale,

But James and Mary, and the church prevail.
 Nor Amalek can rout the chosen bands,
 While Hur and Aaron hold up Moses' hands.

By living well, let us secure his days,
 Moderate in hopes, and humble in our ways.
 No force the free-born spirit can constrain,
 But charity, and great examples gain.
 Forgiveness is our thanks for such a day.
 'Tis god-like God in his own coin to pay.

But you, propitious queen, translated here,
 From your mild heaven, to rule our rugged sphere,
 Beyond the sunny walks, and circling year :

You, who your native climate have bereft
 Of all the virtues, and the vices left ;
 Whom piety and beauty make their boast,
 Tho beautiful is well in pious lost ;
 So lost as star-light is dissolv'd away,
 And melts into the brightness of the day ;
 Or gold about the royal diadem,
 Lost to improve the lustre of the gem.
 What can we add to your triumphant day ?
 Let the great gift the beauteous giver pay.
 For should our thanks awake the rising sun,
 And lengthen, as his latest shadows run,
 That tho the longest day would soon, too soon
 be done.

Let angels voices with their harps conspire,
 But keep th' auspicious infant from the choir ;
 Late let him sing above, and let us know,
 No sweeter music than his cries below.

Nor can I wish to you, great monarch, more
 Than such an annual income to your store ;
 The day which gave this unit, did not shine
 For a less omen, than to fill the trine.
 After a prince, an admiral beget ;
 The Royal Sov'reign wants an anchor yet.

Our isle has younger titles still in store,
 And when th'exhausted land can yield no more,
 Your line can force them from a foreign shore. }

The name of great your martial mind will suit;
 But justice is your darling attribute:
 Of all the Greeks, 'twas but one hero's due,
 And, in him, Plutarch prophecy'd of you.
 A prince's favors but on few can fall,
 But justice is a virtue shar'd by all.

Some kings the name of conqu'rors have as-
 sum'd,
 Some to be great, some to be Gods presum'd;
 But boundless power, and arbitrary lust
 Made tyrants still abhor the name of just;
 They shun'd the praise this godlike virtue gives,
 And fear'd a title that reproach'd their lives.

The power, from which all kings derive their
 state,
 Whom they pretend, at least, to imitate,
 Is equal both to punish and reward;
 For few would love their God, unless they fear'd.
 Resistless force and immortality
 Make but a lame, imperfect, deity:
 Tempests have force unbounded to destroy,
 And deathless being even the damn'd enjoy;

And yet heaven's attributes, both last and first,
 One without life, and one with life accurst :
 But justice is heaven's self, so strictly he,
 That could it fail, the Godhead could not be.
 This virtue is your own ; but life and state
 Are one to fortune subject, one to fate :
 Equal to all, you justly frown or smile ;
 Nor hopes nor fears your steady hand beguile ;
 Yourself our balance hold, the world's our isle. }





MAC FLECKNOE.

ALL human things are subject to decay,
And when fate summons, monarchs must
obey.

This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young
Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long ;
In prose and verse, was own'd, without dispute,
Thro all the realms of Nonsense, absolute.
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
And blest with issue of a large increase ;
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the state :

And, pond'ring, which of all his sons was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,
Cry'd, 'tis resolv'd; for nature pleads, that he
Should only rule, who most resembles me.
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dullness from his tender years:
Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he,
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike thro, and make a lucid interval;
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty:
Thoughtless as monarch oaks, that shade the plain,
And spread in solemn state supinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
Thou last great prophet of tautology.
Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way;
And, coarsely clad in Norwich druggot, came
To teach the nations in thy greater name.
My warbling lute, the lute I whilom strung,
When to king John of Portugal I sung,

Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way,
With well-tim'd oars before the royal barge,
Swell'd with the pride of thy celestial charge;
And big with hymn, commander of an host,
The like was ne'er in Epsom blankets tost.
Methinks I see the new Arion fail,
The lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well-sharpen'd thumb from shore to shore
The trebles squeak for fear, the bases roar:
Echoes from Piffing-Alley Shadwell call,
And Shadwell they resound from Aston-Hall.
About thy boat the little fishes throng,
As at the morning toast that floats along.
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
Thou weild'st thy papers in thy threshing hand.
St. Andre's feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not ev'n the feet of thy own Psyche's rhyme:
Tho they in number as in sense excel;
So just, so like tautology, they fell,
That, pale with envy, Singleton forswore
The lute and sword, which he in triumph bore,
And vow'd he ne'er would act Villerius more. }

Here stopt the good old fire, and wept for joy,
In filest raptures of the hopeful boy.

All arguments, but most his plays, persuade,
That for anointed dulness he was made.

Close to the walls which fair Augusta bind,
(The fair Augusta much to fears inclin'd)
An ancient fabric rais'd t'inform the sight,
There stood of yore, and Barbican it hight:
A watch-tower once; but now so fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains:
From its old ruins brothel-houses rise,
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,
Wherethere vast courts the mother-strumpets keep,
And, undisturb'd by watch, in silence sleep.
Near these a nursery erects its head,
Where queens are form'd, and future heroes bred;
Where unfledg'd actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant punks their tender voices try,
And little Maximins the gods defy. }
Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,
Nor greater Jonson dar's in socks appear;
But gentle Simkin just reception finds
Amidst this monument of vanish'd minds:
Pure clinches the suburban muse affords,
And Panton waging harmless war with words.
Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well known,
Ambitiously design'd his Shadwell's throne.

For ancient Decker prophesy'd long since,
That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
Born for a scourge of wit, and flail of sense :
To whom true dulness should some Psysches owe,
But worlds of misers from his pen should flow ;
Humorists and hypocrites it should produce,
Whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce.

Now empress fame had publish'd the renown
Of Shadwell's coronation thro the town.
Rouz'd by report of fame, the nations meet,
From near Bunhill, and distant Watling-street.
No Persian carpets spread th' imperial way,
But scatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay :
From dusty shops neglected authors come,
Martyrs of pies, and reliques of the bum.
Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby there lay,
But loads of Shadwell almost chok'd the way.
Bilk'd stationers for yeomen stood prepar'd,
And Herringman was captain of the guard.
The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,
High on a throne of his own labors rear'd.
At his right hand our young Ascanius fate,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the state.
His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent dulness plaid around his face.

As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Swore by his fire, a mortal foe to Rome ;
So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow be vain,
That he till death true dulness would maintain ;
And, in his father's right, and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense.
The king himself the sacred unction made,
As king by office, and as priest by trade.
In his sinister hand, instead of ball,
He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale ;
Love's kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his sceptre, and his rule of sway ;
Whose righteous lore the prince had practis'd
young,

And from whose loins recorded Psyche sprung.
His temples, last, with poppies were o'erspread,
That nodding seem'd to consecrate his head.
Just at the point of time, if fame not lye,
On his left hand twelve reverend owls did fly.
So Romulus, 'tis sung, by Tyber's brook,
Prefage of sway from twice six vultures took.
Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.
The fire then shook the honors of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed

Full on the filial dulness: long he stood,
Repelling from his breast the raging God;
At length burst out in this prophetic mood.

Heavens bless my son, from Ireland let him
reign

To far Barbadoes on the western main;
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond Love's kingdom let him stretch his pen!---
He paus'd, and all the people cry'd Amen.
Then thus continu'd he: My son, advance
Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
Success let others teach, learn thou from me
Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.
Let virtuosos in five years be writ;
Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.
Let gentle George in triumph tread the stage,
Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage;
Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
And in their folly shew the writers wit.
Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence,
And justify their author's want of sense.
Let them be all by thy own model made
Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid;
That they to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own.

Nay, let thy men of wit too be the same,
All full of thee, and diff'ring but in name.
But let no alien Sedley interpose,
To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose.
And when false flowers of rhetoric thou would'st
cull,

Trust nature, do not labor to be dull;
But write thy best, and top; and, in each line,
Sir Formal's oratory will be thine :
Sir Formal, tho unsought, attends thy quill,
And does thy northern dedications fill.
Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating Jonson's hostile name.
Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praise,
And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.
Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no part :
What share have we in nature or in art ?
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not understand ?
Where made he love in prince Nicander's vein,
Or swept the dust in Psyche's humble strain ?
Where sold he bargains, whip-stitch, kifs my arse,
Promis'd a play, and dwindled to a farce ?
When did his muse from Fletcher scenes purloin,
As thou whole Eth'ridge dost transfuse to thine ?

But

But so transfus'd, as oil and waters flow,
His always floats above, thine sinks below.
This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,
New humors to invent for each new play :
This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
By which, one way, to dulness 'tis inclin'd :
Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence
Of likeness ; thine's a tympany of sense.
A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ,
But sure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep ;
Thy tragic muse gives smiles, thy comic sleep.
With whate'er gall thou sett'st thyself to write,
Thy inoffensive fatires never bite.
In thy felonious heart tho venom lies,
It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.
Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
In keen iambics, but mild anagram.
Leave writing plays, and choose for thy command,
Some peaceful province in Acrostic land.
There thou may'st wings display and altars raise,
And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.

Or if thou would'st thy diff'rent talents suit,
Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute.

He said; but his last words were scarcely heard: }
For Bruce and Longvil had a trap prepar'd, }
And down they sent the yet declaiming bard. }
Sinking he left his drugget robe behind,
Born upwards by a subterranean wind.
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
With double portion of his father's art.





E P I S T L E S.



L 2

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EPISTLE the FIRST.
TO MY HONORED FRIEND
Sir ROBERT HOWARD,
ON HIS
EXCELLENT POEMS.

AS there is music uninform'd by art
In those wild notes, which with a merry heart
The birds in unfrequented shades express,
Who, better taught at home, yet please us less:

So in your verse a native sweetness dwells,
Which shames compofure, and its art excels.
Singing no more can your soft numbers grace,
Than paint adds charms unto a beauteous face.
Yet as, when mighty rivers gently creep,
Their even calmness does suppose them deep;
Such is your muse : no metaphor swell'd high
With dangerous boldness lifts her to the sky :
Those mounting fancies, when they fall again,
Shew sand and dirt at bottom do remain.
So firm a strength, and yet withal so sweet,
Did never but in Samson's riddle meet.
'Tis strange each line so great a weight should bear,
And yet no sign of toil, no sweat appear.
Either your art hides art, as stoics feign
Then least to feel, when most they suffer pain ;
And we, dull souls, admire, but cannot see
What hidden springs within the engine be :
Or 'tis some happiness that still pursues
Each act and motion of your graceful muse.
Or is it fortune's work, that in your head
The curious net that is for fancies spread,
Lets thro its meshes every meaner thought,
While rich ideas there are only caught ?
Sure that's not all ; this is a piece too fair
To be the child of chance, and not of care.

No atoms casually together hurl'd
Could e'er produce so beautiful a world.
Nor dare I such a doctrine here admit,
As would destroy the providence of wit.
'Tis your strong genius then which does not feel
Those weights, would make a weaker spirit reel.
To carry weight, and run so lightly too,
Is what alone your Pegasus can do.
Great Hercules himself could ne'er do more,
Than not to feel those heavens and gods he bore.
Your easier odes, which for delight were penn'd,
Yet our instruction make their second end :
We're both enrich'd and pleas'd, like them that woe
At once a beauty, and a fortune too.
Of moral knowlege poesy was queen,
And still she might, had wanton wits not been ;
Who, like ill guardians, liv'd themselves at large,
And, not content with that, debauch'd their
charge.

Like some brave captain, your successful pen
Restores the exil'd to her crown again :
And gives us hope, that having seen the days
When nothing flourish'd but fanatic bays,
All will at length in this opinion rest,
" A sober prince's government is best."

This is not all ; your art the way has found ,
To make th'improvement of the richest ground,
That soil which those immortal laurels bore,
That once the sacred Maro's temples wore.
Elisa's griefs are so express'd by you,
They are too eloquent to have been true.
Had she so spoke, Æneas had obey'd
What Dido, rather than what Jove had said.
If funeral rites can give a ghost repose,
Your muse so justly has discharged those,
Elisa's shade may now its wandring cease,
And claim a title to the fields of peace.
But if Æneas be oblig'd, no less
Your kindness great Achilles doth confess ;
Who, dress'd by Statius in too bold a look,
Did ill become those virgin robes he took.
To understand how much we owe to you,
We must your numbers, with your author's, view :
Then we shall see his work was lamely rough,
Each figure stiff, as if design'd in buff :
His colors laid so thick on every place,
As only shew'd the paint, but hid the face.
But as in perspective we beauties see,
Which in the glass, not in the picture, be ;
So here our sight obligingly mistakes
That wealth, which his your bounty only makes.

Thus vulgar dishes are, by cooks disguis'd,
More for their dressing, than their substance
priz'd.

Your curious notes so search into that age,
When all was fable but the sacred page,
That, since in that dark night we needs must stray,
We are at least misled in pleasant way.

But what we most admire, your verse no less
The prophet than the poet doth confess.

Ere our weak eyes discern'd the doubtful streak
Of light, you saw great Charles his morning break.

So skilful seamen ken the land from far,
Which shews like mists to the dull passenger.

To Charles your muse first pays her duteous love,
As still the antients did begin from Jove.

With Monk you end, whose name preserv'd shall be,
As Rome recorded Rufus' memory,

Who thought it greater honor to obey
His country's interest, than the world to sway.

But to write worthy things of worthy men,
Is the peculiar talent of your pen :

Yet let me take your mantle up, and I
Will venture in your right to prophesy.

“ This work, by merit first of fame secure,

“ Is likewise happy in its geniture :

“ For, since ’tis born when Charles ascends the
throne,

“ It shares at once his fortune and its own.”



E P I S T L E the SECOND.

TO MY HONORED FRIEND

Dr. C H A R L E T O N,

ON HIS

Learned and Useful WORKS ; but more particularly his Treatise of STONE-HENGE, by him restor’d to the true Founder.

THE longest tyranny that ever sway’d,
Was that wherein our ancestors betray’d
Their free-born reason to the Stagyrte,
And made his torch their universal light.
So truth, while only one supply’d the state,
Grew scarce, and dear, and yet sophisticate.
Still it was bought, like emp’ric wares, or charms,
Hard words seal’d up with Aristotle’s arms.
Columbus was the first that shook his throne;
And found a temp’rate in a torrid zone :

The fev'rish air fann'd by a cooling breeze,
The fruitful vales fet round with shady trees ;
And guiltless men, who danc'd away their time,
Fresh as their groves, and happy as their clime.
Had we still paid that homage to a name,
Which only God and nature justly claim ;
The western seas had been our utmost bound,
Where poets still might dream the sun was drown'd :
And all the stars that shine in southern skies,
Had been admir'd by none but savage eyes.

Among th' asserters of free reason's claim,
Our nation's not the least in worth or fame.
The world to Bacon does not only owe
Its present knowledge, but its future too.
Gilber shall live, 'till loadstones cease to draw,
Or British fleets the boundless ocean awe.
And noble Boyle, not less in nature seen,
Than his great brother read in states and men.
The circling streams, once thought but pools, of
blood

(Whether life's fuel, or the body's food)
From dark oblivion Harvey's name shall save ;
While Ent keeps all the honor that he gave.
Nor are you, learned friend, the least renown'd ;
Whose fame, not circumscrib'd with English
ground,

Flies like the nimble journies of the light ;
And is, like that, unspent too in its flight.
Whatever truths have been, by art or chance,
Redeem'd from error, or from ignorance,
Thin in their authors, like rich veins of ore,
Your works unite, and still discover more.
Such is the healing virtue of your pen,
To perfect cures on books, as well as men.
Nor is this work the least : you well may give
To men new vigor, who make stones to live.
Thro you, the Danes, their short dominion lost,
A longer conquest than the Saxons boast.
Stonehenge, once thought a temple, you have found
A throne, where kings, our earthly gods, were
crown'd ;

Where by their wond'ring subjects they were seen,
Joy'd with their stature, and their princely mien.
Our sovereign here above the rest might stand,
And here be chose again to rule the land.

These ruins shelter'd once his sacred head,
When he from Wor'ster's fatal battle fled ;
Watch'd by the genius of this royal place,
And mighty visions of the Danish race.
His refuge then was for a temple shown :
But, he restor'd, 'tis now become a throne.



EPISTLE the THIRD.
 TO THE
 LADY CASTLEMAIN,
 Upon her encouraging his first PLAY.

AS seamen, shipwreck'd on some happy shore,
 Discover wealth in lands unknown before ;
 And, what their art had labor'd long in vain,
 By their misfortunes happily obtain :
 So my much-envy'd muse, by storms long tost,
 Is thrown upon your hospitable coast,
 And finds more favor by her ill success,
 Than she could hope for by her happiness.
 Once Cato's virtue did the gods oppose ;
 While they the victor, he the vanquish'd chose :
 But you have done what Cato could not do,
 To choose the vanquish'd, and restore him too.
 Let others still triumph, and gain their cause
 By their deserts, or by the world's applause ;
 Let merit crowns, and justice laurels give,
 But let me happy by your pity live.
 True poets empty fame and praise despise,
 Fame is the trumpet, but your smile the prize.

You fit above, and see vain men below
Contend for what you only can bestow :
But those great actions others do by chance,
Are, like your beauty, your inheritance :
So great a soul, such sweetness join'd in one,
Could only spring from noble Grandison.
You, like the stars, not by reflection bright,
Are born to your own heaven, and your own light;
Like them are good, but from a nobler cause,
From your own knowlege, not from nature's laws.
Your power you never use, but for defence,
To guard your own, or other's innocence :
Your foes are such, as they, not you, have made,
And virtue may repel, tho not invade.
Such courage did the antient heroes show,
Who, when they might prevent, would wait the
blow :

With such assurance as they meant to say,
We will o'ercome, but scorn the safest way.
What further fear of danger can there be ?
Beauty, which captives all things, sets me free.
Posterity will judge by my success,
I had the Grecian poet's happiness,
Who, waving plots, found out a better way ;
Some God descended, and preserv'd the play.

When first the triumphs of your sex were sung
 By those old poets, beauty was but young,
 And few admir'd the native red and white,
 Till poets dress'd them up to charm the sight;
 So beauty took on trust, and did engage
 For fums of praises till she came to age.
 But this long-growing debt to poetry
 You, justly, madam, have discharg'd to me,
 When your applause and favor did infuse
 New life to my condemn'd and dying muse.



EPISTLE the FOURTH.

T O

Mr. L E E, on his A L E X A N D E R.

THE blast of common censure could I fear,
 Before your play my name should not appear;
 For 'twill be thought, and with some color too,
 I pay the bribe I first receiv'd from you;
 That mutual vouchers for our fame we stand,
 And play the game into each other's hand;
 And as cheap pen'orths to ourselves afford,
 As Bessus and the brothers of the sword.

Such libels private men may well endure,
When states and kings themselves are not secure :
For ill men, conscious of their inward guilt,
Think the best actions on by-ends are built.
And yet my silence had not 'scap'd their spite ;
Then, envy had not suffer'd me to write ;
For, since I could not ignorance pretend,
Such merit I must envy or commend.
So many candidates there stand for wit,
A place at court is scarce so hard to get :
In vain they crowd each other at the door ;
For e'en reversions are all begg'd before :
Desert, how known so'er, is long delay'd ;
And then too fools and knaves are better pay'd.
Yet, as some actions bear so great a name,
That courts themselves are just, for fear of shame ;
So has the mighty merit of your play
Extorted praise, and forc'd itself away.
'Tis here as 'tis at sea ; who farthest goes,
Or dares the most, makes all the rest his foes.
Yet when some virtue much outgrows the rest,
It shoots too fast, and high, to be express ;
As his heroic worth struck envy dumb,
Who took the Dutchman, and who cut the boom.
Such

Such praise is yours, while you the passions move,
That 'tis no longer feign'd, 'tis real love,
Where nature triumphs over wretched art;
We only warm the head, but you the heart.
Always you warm; and if the rising year,
As in hot regions, brings the sun too near,
'Tis but to make your fragrant spices blow,
Which in our cooler climates will not grow.
They only think you animate your theme
With too much fire, who are themselves all phlegm.
Prizes would be for lags of slowest pace,
Were cripples made the judges of the race.
Despise those drones, who praise, while they accuse
The too much vigor of your youthful muse.
That humble style which they your virtue make,
Is in your power; you need but stoop and take.
Your beauteous images must be allow'd
By all, but some vile poets of the crowd.
But how should any sign-post dawber know
The worth of Titian or of Angelo?
Hard features every bungler can command;
To draw true beauty shews a master's hand.



EPISTLE the FIFTH.
 TO THE
 EARL of ROSCOMMON,
 ON HIS
 Excellent Essay on TRANSLATED VERSE.

WHether the fruitful Nile, or Tyrian shore,
 The seeds of arts and infant science bore,
 'Tis sure the noble plant, translated first,
 Advanc'd its head in Grecian gardens nurst.
 The Grecians added verse : their tuneful tongue
 Made nature first, and nature's God their song.
 Nor stopt translation here : for conqu'ring Rome,
 With Grecian spoils, brought Grecian numbers
 home ;

Enrich'd by those Athenian muses more,
 Than all the vanquish'd world could yield before.
 'Till barb'rous nations, and more barb'rous times,
 Debas'd the majesty of verse to rhimes ;
 Those rude at first : a kind of hobbling prose,
 That limp'd along, and tinkled in the close.
 But Italy, reviving from the trance
 Of Vandal, Goth, and Monkish ignorance,

With pauses, cadence, and well-vowell'd words,
And all the graces a good ear affords,
Made rhyme an art, and Dante's polish'd page
Restor'd a silver, not a golden age.
Then Petrarch follow'd, and in him we see,
What rhyme improv'd in all its height can be :
At best a pleasing sound, and fair barbarity. }
The French pursu'd their steps ; and Britain, last,
In manly sweetness all the rest surpass'd.
The wit of Greece, the gravity of Rome,
Appear exalted in the British loom :
The Muses empire is restor'd again,
In Charles his reign, and by Roscommon's pen.
Yet modestly he does his work survey,
And calls a finish'd Poem an Essay ;
For all the needful rules are scatter'd here ;
Truth smoothly told, and pleasantly severe ;
So well is art disguis'd, for nature to appear. }
Nor need those rules to give translation light :
His own example is a flame so bright ;
That he who but arrives to copy well,
Unguided will advance, unknowing will excel.
Scarce his own Horace could such rules ordain,
Or his own Virgil sing a nobler strain.

How much in him may rising Ireland boast,
How much in gaining him has Britain lost !
Their island in revenge has ours reclaim'd ;
The more instructed we, the more we still are
sham'd.

'Tis well for us his generous blood did flow
Deriv'd from British channels long ago,
That here his conqu'ring ancestors were nurs'd ;
And Ireland but translated England first :
By this reprisal we regain our right,
Else must the two contending nations fight ;
A nobler quarrel for his native earth,
Than what divided Greece for Homer's birth.
To what perfection will our tongue arrive,
How will invention and translation thrive,
When authors nobly born will bear their part,
And not disdain th'inglorious praise of art !
Great generals thus, descending from command,
With their own toil provoke the soldiers hand.
How will sweet Ovid's ghost be pleas'd to hear
His fame augmented by an English peer ;
How he embellishes his Helen's loves,
Outdoes his softness, and his sense improves ?
When these translate, and teach translators too,
Nor firstling kid, nor any vulgar vow,

Should at Apollo's grateful altar stand :

Roscommon writes ; to that auspicious hand,
Muse, feed the bull that spurns the yellow sand. }

Roscommon, whom both court and camps commend,

True to his prince, and faithful to his friend ;

Roscommon first in fields of honor known, }

First in the peaceful triumphs of the gown ;

Who both Minervas justly makes his own. }

Now let the few belov'd by Jove, and they

Whom infus'd Titan form'd of better clay,

On equal terms with ancient wit engage,

Nor mighty Homer fear, nor sacred Virgil's page :

Our English palace opens wide in state ;

And without stooping they may pass the gate.





EPISTLE the SIXTH,
TO THE
DUTCHESS of YORK,
ON HER

Return from SCOTLAND in the Year 1682.

WHEN factious rage to cruel exile drove
The queen of beauty, and the court of love,
The Muses droop'd, with their forsaken arts,
And the sad Cupids broke their useleſs darts :
Our fruitful plains to wilds and deſarts turn'd,
Like Eden's face, when baniſh'd man it mourn'd,

Love was no more, when loyalty was gone,
The great supporter of his awful throne.
Love could no longer after beauty stay,
But wander'd northward to the verge of day,
As if the sun and he had lost their way. }
But now th'illustrious nymph, return'd again,
Brings every grace triumphant in her train.
The wond'ring Nereids, tho they rais'd no storm,
Foreflow'd her passage, to behold her form :
Some cry'd, A Venus ; some, A Thetis past ;
But this was not so fair, nor that so chaste.
Far from her sight flew Faction, Strife, and Pride ;
And Envy did but look on her, and dy'd.
Whate'er we suffer'd from our sullen fate,
Her sight is purchas'd at an easy rate.
Three gloomy years against this day were set ;
But this one mighty sum has clear'd the debt :
Like Joseph's dream, but with a better doom,
The famine past, the plenty still to come.
For her the weeping heavens become serene ;
For her the ground is clad in cheerful green :
For her the nightingales are taught to sing,
And Nature has for her delay'd the spring.
The Muse resumes her long-forgotten lays,
And Love restor'd his ancient realm surveys, }
Recals our beauties, and revives our plays ; }

His waste dominions peoples once again,
And from her presence dates his second reign.
But awful charms on her fair forehead sit,
Dispensing what she never will admit :
Pleasing, yet cold, like Cynthia's silver beam,
The people's wonder, and the poet's theme.
Distemper'd Zeal, Sedition, canker'd Hate,
No more shall vex the church, and tear the state :
No more shall Faction civil discords move,
Or only discords of too tender love :
Discord, like that of music's various parts ;
Discord, that makes the harmony of hearts ;
Discord, that only this dispute shall bring,
Who best shall love the duke, and serve the king.



EPISTLE the SEVENTH.

A

LETTER to Sir GEORGE ETHEREDGE.

TO you who live in chill degree,
As map informs, of fifty-three,
And do not much for cold atone,
By bringing thither fifty-one,
Methinks all climes should be alike,
From tropic e'en to pole artique ;
Since you have such a constitution
As no where suffers diminution.
You can be old in grave debate,
And young in love-affairs of state ;
And both to wives and husbands show
The vigor of a plenipò.
Like mighty missionary you come
“ Ad Partes Infidelium.”
A work of wond'rous merit sure,
So far to go, so much t'endure ;
And all to preach to German dame,
Where sound of Cupid never came.
Lest had you done, had you been sent
As far as Drake or Pinto went,

For cloves or nutmegs to the line-a,
Or e'en for oranges to China.
That had indeed been charity;
Where love-sick ladies helpless lie,
Chapt, and for want of liquor dry.
But you have made your zeal appear
Within the circle of the Bear.
What region of the earth's so dull,
That is not of your labors full?
Triptolemus (so sung the Nine)
Strew'd plenty from his cart divine.
But spite of all these fable-makers,
He never sow'd on Almain acres:
No, that was left by fate's decree,
To be perform'd and sung by thee.
Thou break'st thro forms with as much ease
As the French king thro articles.
In grand affairs thy days are spent,
In waging weighty compliment,
With such as monarchs represent.
They, whom such vast fatigues attend,
Want some soft minutes to unbend,
To shew the world that now and then
Great ministers are mortal men.
Then Rhenish rummers walk the round;
In bumpers ev'ry king is crown'd;

Besides three holy mitred Hectors,
And the whole college of Electors.
No health of potentate is sunk,
That pays to make his envoy drunk.
These Dutch delights, I mention'd last,
Suit not, I know, your English taste :
For wine to leave a whore or play
Was ne'er your excellency's way,
Nor need this title give offence,
For here you were your excellence,
For gaming, writing, speaking, keeping,
His excellence for all but sleeping.
Now if you tope in form, and treat,
'Tis the four sauce to the sweet meat,
The fine you pay for being great.
Nay, here's a harder imposition,
Which is indeed the court's petition,
That setting worldly pomp aside,
Which poet has at font deny'd,
You would be pleas'd in humble way
To write a trifle call'd a Play.
This truly is a degradation,
But would oblige the crown and nation
Next to your wise negotiation.



If you pretend, as well you may,
Your high degree, your friends will say,
The duke St. Aignon made a play.
If Gallic wit convince you scarce,
His grace of Bucks has made a farce,
And you, whose comic wit is terse all,
Can hardly fall below Rehearsal.
Then finish what you have began ;
But scribble faster if you can :
For yet no George, to our discerning,
Has writ without a ten years warning.



EPISTLE the EIGHTH.

T O

Mr. S O U T H E R N E,

O N H I S

COMEDY call'd, The WIVES EXCUSE.

SURE there's a fate in plays, and 'tis in vain
 To write, while these malignant planets reign.
 Some very foolish influence rules the pit,
 Not always kind to sense, or just to wit :
 And whilst it lasts, let buffoonry succeed,
 To make us laugh ; for never was more need.
 Farce, in itself, is of a nasty scent ;
 But the gain smells not of the excrement.
 The Spanish nymph, a wit and beauty too,
 With all her charms, bore but a single show :
 But let a monster Muscovite appear,
 He draws a crowded audience round the year.
 May be thou hast not pleas'd the box and pit ;
 Yet those who blame thy tale applaud thy wit :
 So Terence plotted, but so Terence writ.
 Like his thy thoughts are true, thy language clean ;
 E'en lewdness is made moral in thy scene.

The hearers may for want of Nokes repine ;
But rest secure, the readers will be thine.
Nor was thy labor'd drama damn'd or hiss'd,
But with a kind civility dismiss'd ;
With such good manners, as the Wife did use,
Who, not accepting, did but just refuse.
There was a glance at parting ; such a look,
As bids thee not give o'er, for one rebuke.
But if thou wouldst be seen, as well as read,
Copy one living author, and one dead :
The standard of thy style let Etherege be ;
For wit, th'immortal spring of Wycherly :
Learn, after both, to draw some just design,
And the next age will learn to copy thine.



EPISTLE the NINTH.

T O

H E N R Y H I G D E N, Esq;

O N H I S

Translation of the Tenth Satire of JUVENAL.

THE Grecian wits, who Satire first began,
 Were pleasant Pasquins on the life of man ;
 At mighty villains, who the state oppress'd,
 They durst not rail, perhaps; they lash'd, at least, }
 And turn'd them out of office with a jest.
 No fool could peep abroad, but ready stand
 The drolls to clap a bauble in his hand.
 Wise legislators never yet could draw
 A fop within the reach of common law ;
 For posture, dress, grimace and affectation,
 Tho foes to sense, are harmless to the nation.
 Our last redress is dint of verse to try,
 And Satire is our court of Chancery.
 This way took Horace to reform an age,
 Not bad enough to need an author's rage.
 But yours, who liv'd in more degenerate times,
 Was forc'd to fasten deep, and worry crimes.
 Yet you, my friend, have temper'd him so well,
 You make him smile in spite of all his zeal :

An art peculiar to yourself alone,
To join the virtues of two styles in one.

Oh! were your author's principle receiv'd,
Half of the lab'ring world would be reliev'd :
For not to wish is not to be deceiv'd. }

Revenge would into charity be chang'd,
Because it costs too dear to be reveng'd :
It costs our quiet and content of mind,
And when 'tis compass'd leaves a sting behind.
Suppose I had the better end o'th' staff,
Why should I help th' ill-natur'd world to laugh?
'Tis all alike to them, who get the day ;
They love the spite and mischief of the fray.
No; I have cur'd myself of that disease ;
Nor will I be provok'd, but when I please :
But let me half that cure to you restore ;
You give the salve, I laid it to the sore.

Our kind relief against a rainy day,
Beyond a tavern, or a tedious play,
We take your book, and laugh our spleen away. }
If all your tribe, too studious of debate,
Would cease false hopes and titles to create,
Led by the rare example you begun,
Clients would fail, and lawyers be undone.

EPISTLE the TENTH.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND

Mr. CONGREVE,

ON HIS

COMEDY call'd, The DOUBLE DEALER.

WELL then, the promis'd hour is come at last,
 The present age of wit obscures the past :
 Strong were our fires, and as they fought they writ,
 Conqu'ring with force of arms, and dint of wit :
 Theirs was the giant race, before the flood ;
 And thus, when Charles return'd, our empire stood.
 Like Janus hé the stubborn soil manur'd,
 With rules of husbandry the rankness cur'd ;
 Tam'd us to manners, when the stage was rude ;
 And boistrous English wit with art indu'd.
 Our age was cultivated thus at length ;
 But what we gain'd in skill we lost in strength.
 Our builders were with want of genius curst ;
 The second temple was not like the first :
 Till you, the best Vitruvius, come at length ;
 Our beauties equal, but excel our strength.

VOL. II,

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Firm Doric pillars found your solid base :
 The fair Corinthian crowns the higher space :
 Thus all below is strength, and all above is grace. }

In easy dialogue is Fletcher's praise ;
 He mov'd the mind, but had not power to raise.
 Great Johnson did by strength of judgment please ;
 Yet, doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his ease.

In diff'ring talents both adorn'd their age ;
 One for the study, t'other for the stage.
 But both to Congreve justly shall submit,
 One match'd in judgment, both o'ermatch'd in wit.

In him all beauties of this age we see,
 Etherege his courtship, Southern's purity,
 The satire, wit, and strength of manly Wycherly. }

All this in blooming youth you have atchiev'd :
 Nor are your foil'd contemporaries griev'd.
 So much the sweetness of your manners move,
 We cannot envy you, because we love.

Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he saw
 A beardless consul made against the law,
 And join his suffrage to the votes of Rome ;
 Though he with Hannibal was overcome.
 Thus old Romano bow'd to Raphael's fame,
 And scholar to the youth he taught became.

O that your brows my laurel had sustain'd !
 Well had I been depos'd, if you had reign'd :

The father had descended for the son ;
 For only you are lineal to the throne.
 Thus, when the state one Edward did depose,
 A greater Edward in his room arose.
 But now, not I, but poetry is curs'd ;
 For Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.
 But let them not mistake my patron's part,
 Nor call his charity their own desert.
 Yet this I prophesy ; thou shalt be seen,
 (Tho with some short parenthesis between)
 High on the throne of wit, and, seated there,
 Not mine, that's little, but thy laurel wear.
 Thy first attempt an early promise made ;
 That early promise this has more than paid.
 So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,
 That your least praise is to be regular.
 Time, place, and action, may with pains bewrought ;
 But genius must be born, and never can be taught.
 This is your portion ; this your native store ;
 Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
 To Shakespear gave as much ; she could not
 give him more.

Maintain your post : That's all the fame you
 need ;
 For 'tis impossible you should proceed.

Already I am worn with cares and age,
 And just abandoning th' ungrateful stage :
 Unprofitably kept at heaven's expence,
 I live a rent-charge on his providence :
 But you, whom every muse and grace adorn,
 Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
 Be kind to my remains ; and O defend,
 Against your judgment, your departed friend !
 Let not th' insulting foe my fame pursue,
 But shade those laurels which descend to you :
 And take for tribute what these lines express :
 You merit more ; nor could my love do less.



E P I S T L E the ELEVENTH.

T O

Mr. GRANVILLE,

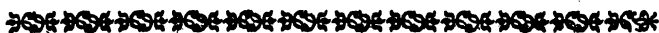
ON HIS

Excellent Tragedy call'd, HEROIC LOVE.

Auspicious poet, wert thou not my friend,
 How could I envy, what I must commend !
 But since 'tis nature's law in love and wit,
 That youth should reign, and withering age submit,

With less regret those laurels I resign,
Which, dying on my brows, revive on thine.
With better grace an ancient chief may yield
The long contended honors of the field,
Than venture all his fortune at a cast,
And fight, like Hannibal, to lose at last.
Young princes, obstinate to win the prize,
Tho yearly beaten, yearly yet they rise :
Old monarchs, tho successful, still in doubt,
Catch at a peace, and wisely turn devout.
Thine be the laurel then ; thy blooming age
Can best, if any can, support the stage ;
Which so declines, that shortly we may see
Players and plays reduc'd to second infancy.
Sharp to the world, but thoughtless of renown,
They plot not on the stage, but on the town,
And, in despair their empty pit to fill,
Set up some foreign monster in a bill.
Thus they jog on, still tricking, never thriving,
And murd'ring plays, which they miscall reviving.
Our sense is nonsense, thro their pipes convey'd ;
Scarce can a poet know the play he made ;
'Tis so disguis'd in death ; nor thinks 'tis he
That suffers in the mangled tragedy.

Thus Itys first was kill'd, and after drefs'd
 For his own fire, the chief invited guest.
 I say not this of thy successful scenes,
 Where thine was all the glory, theirs the gains.
 With length of time, much judgment, and more toil,
 Not ill they acted, what they could not spoil.
 Their setting-sun still shoots a glimmering ray,
 Like ancient Rome, majestic in decay :
 And better gleanings their worn soil can boast,
 Than the crab-vintage of the neighb'ring coast.
 This difference yet the judging world will see ;
 Thou copieſt Homer, and they copy thee.



EPISTLE the TWELFTH.

TO MY FRIEND

Mr. M O T T E U X,

ON HIS

TRAGEDY call'd, BEAUTY IN DISTRESS.

'TIS hard, my friend, to write in such an age,
 As damns, not only poets, but the stage.
 That sacred art, by heaven itself infus'd,
 Which Moses, David, Solomon have us'd,

Is now to be no more : the muses' foes
Would sink their Maker's praises into prose.
Were they content to prune the lavish vine
Of straggling branches, and improve the wine,
Who, but a madman, would his thoughts defend ?
All would submit ; for all but fools will mend.
But when to common sense they give the lye,
And turn distorted words to blasphemy.
They give the scandal ; and the wise discern,
Their glosses teach an age, too apt to learn.
What I have loosely, or prophanely, writ,
Let them to fires, their due desert, commit :
Nor, when accus'd by me, let them complain :
Their faults, and not their function, I arraign.
Rebellion, worse than witchcraft, they pursu'd ;
The pulpit preach'd the crime, the people ru'd.
The stage was silenc'd ; for the saints would see
In fields perform'd their plotted tragedy.
But let us first reform, and then so live,
That we may teach our teachers to forgive :
Our desk be plac'd below their lofty chairs ;
Ours be the practice, as the precept theirs.
The moral part, at least, we may divide,
Humility reward, and punish pride ;

Ambition, int'rest, avarice, accuse :

These are the province of a tragic muse.

These hast thou chosen ; and the public voice
Has equall'd thy performance with thy choice.

Time, action, place, are so preserv'd by thee,

That e'en Cornëille might with envy see

Th' alliance of his Tripled Unity.

Thy incidents, perhaps, too thick are sown ;

But too much plenty is thy fault alone.

At least but two can that good crime commit,

Thou in design, and Wycherly in wit.

Let thy own Gauls condemn thee, if they dare ;

Contented to be thinly regular :

Born there, but not for them, our fruitful soil

With more increase rewards thy happy toil.

Their tongue, enfeebled, is refin'd too much ;

And, like pure gold, it bends at ev'ry touch :

Our sturdy Teuton yet will art obey,

More fit for manly thought, and strengthen'd with
allay.

But whence art thou inspir'd, and thou alone,

To flourish in an idiom not thy own ?

It moves our wonder, that a foreign guest

Should over-match the most, and match the
best.

In under-praising thy deserts, I wrong ;
 Here find the first deficiency of our tongue :
 Words, once my stock, are wanting, to commend
 So great a poet, and so good a friend.



EPISTLE the THIRTEENTH.

TO MY HONOURED KINSMAN,

J O H N D R Y D E N,

O F

CHESTERTON, in the County of HUN-
 TINGDON, Esq;

HOW bless'd is he, who leads a country life,
 Unvex'd with anxious cares, and void of
 strife !

Who studying peace, and shunning civil rage,
 Enjoy'd his youth, and now enjoys his age :
 All who deserve his love, he makes his own ;
 And, to be lov'd himself, needs only to be known.

Just, good and wise, contending neighbors	}
come,	
From your award to wait their final doom ;	
And, foes before, return in friendship home.	

Without their cost, you terminate the cause ;
 And save th' expence of long litigious laws :
 Where suits are travers'd ; and so little won,
 That he who conquers, is but last undone :
 Such are not your decrees ; but so design'd,
 The sanction leaves a lasting peace behind ;
 Like your own soul, serene ; a pattern of your mind. }

Promoting concord, and composing strife,
 Lord of yourself, uncumber'd with a wife ;
 Where, for a year, a month, perhaps a night,
 Long penitence succeeds a short delight :
 Minds are so hardly match'd, that ev'n the first,
 Tho pair'd by heaven, in Paradise were curs'd,
 For man and woman, tho in one they grow,
 Yet, first or last, return again to two.
 He to God's image, she to his was made ;
 So, farther from the fount the stream at-random
 stray'd.

How could he stand, when, put to double pain,
 He must a weaker than himself sustain !
 Each might have stood perhaps ; but each alone ;
 Two wrestlers help to pull each other down.

Not that my verse would blemish all the fair ;
 But yet if some be bad, 'tis wisdom to beware ;
 And better shun the bait, than struggle in the
 snare. }

Thus have you shunn'd, and shun the marry'd state,
Trusting as little as you can to fate.

No porter guards the passage of your door,
T'admit the wealthy, and exclude the poor ;
For God, who gave the riches, gave the heart,
To sanctify the whole, by giving part ;
Heaven, who foresaw the will, the means has
wrought,

And to the second son a blessing brought ;
The first-begotten had his father's share :
But you, like Jacob, are Rebecca's heir.

So may your stores, and fruitful fields increase ;
And ever be you blest'd, who live to bless.
As Ceres sow'd, where-e'er her chariot flew ;
As heaven in deserts rain'd the bread of dew ;
So free to many, to relations most,
You feed with manna your own Israel host.

With crowds attended of your ancient race,
You seek the champion sports, or sylvan chace :
With well-breath'd beagles you surround the wood,
Ev'n then, industrious of the common good :
And often have you brought the wily fox
To suffer for the firstlings of the flocks ;
Chas'd even amid the folds ; and made to bleed,
Like felons, where they did the murd'rous deed.

This fiery game your active youth maintain'd ;
 Not yet by years extinguish'd, tho restrain'd :
 You season still with sports your serious hours :
 For age but tastes of pleasures, youth devours.
 The hare in pastures or in plains is found,
 Emblem of human life, who runs the round ;
 And, after all his wand'ring ways are done,
 His circle fills, and ends where he begun,
 Just as the setting meets the rising sun.

Thus princes ease their cares ; but happier he,
 Who seeks not pleasure thro necessity,
 Than such as once on slipp'ry thrones were
 plac'd ;

And chafing, sigh to think themselves are chas'd.

So liv'd our fires, ere doctors learn'd to kill,
 And multiply'd with theirs the weekly bill.

The first physicians by debauch were made :

Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade,

Pity the gen'rous kind their cares bestow

To search forbidden truths ; (a sin to know :))

To which if human science could attain,

The doom of death, pronounc'd by God, were
 vain.

In vain the leech would interpose delay ;

Fate fastens first, and vindicates the prey.

What help from art's endeavors can we have? }
 Gibbons but guesses, nor is sure to save : }
 But Maurus sweeps whole parishes, and peoples }
 every grave ; }

And no more mercy to mankind will use,
 Than when he robb'd and murder'd Maro's muse.
 Would'it thou be soon dispatch'd, and perish whole,
 Trust Maurus with thy life, and Milbourn with
 thy soul.

Bychace our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food;
 Toil strung the nerves, and purify'd the blood:
 But we their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
 Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
 Better to hunt in fields, for health unbought,
 Than see the doctor for a nauseous draught.
 The wise, for cure, on exercise depend ;
 God never made his work, for man to mend.

The tree of knowlege, once in Eden plac'd,
 Was easy found, but was forbid the taste :
 O, had our grandfire walk'd without his wife,
 He first had sought the better plant of life !
 Now both are lost : yet, wand'ring in the dark,
 Physicians, for the tree, have found the bark :
 They, lab'ring for relief of human kind,
 With sharpen'd sight some remedies may find ; }
 Th' apothecary-train is wholly blind. }

From files a random recipe they take,
And many deaths of one prescription make.
Garth, gen'rous as his muse, prescribes and gives ;
The shopman sells ; and by destruction lives :
Ungrateful tribe ! who, like the viper's brood,
From med'cine issuing, suck their mother's blood !
Let these obey ; and let the learn'd prescribe ;
That men may die, without a double bribe :
Let them, but under their superiors, kill ;
When doctors first have sign'd the bloody bill :
He scapes the best, who, nature to repair,
Draws physic from the fields, in draughts of vital air.

You hoard not health, for your own private use ;
But on the public spend the rich produce.
When, often urg'd, unwilling to be great,
Your country calls you from your lov'd retreat,
And sends to senates, charg'd with common care,
Which none more shuns ; and none can better bear :
Where could they find another form'd so fit,
To poise, with solid sense, a sprightly wit !
Were these both wanting, as they both abound,
Where could so firm integrity be found ?
Well born, and wealthy, wanting no support,
You steer betwixt the country and the court :
Nor gratify whate'er the great desire,
Nor grudging give, what public needs require.

Part must be left, a fund when foes invade ;
And part employ'd to roll the watry trade :
Ev'n Canaan's happy land, when worn with toil,
Requir'd a sabbath-year to mend the meagre soil.

Good senators (and such as you) so give,
That kings may be supply'd, the people thrive.
And he, when want requires, is truly wise,
Who flights not foreign aids, nor over-buys ;
But on our native strength, in time of need, relies. }
Munster was bought, we boast not the success ;
Who fights for gain, for greater makes his peace.

Our foes, compell'd by need, have peace
embrac'd :

The peace both parties want, is like to last :
Which if secure, securely we may trade ;
Or, not secure, should never have been made.
Safe in ourselves, while on ourselves we stand,
The sea is ours, and that defends the land.
Be, then, the naval stores the nation's care,
New ships to build, and batter'd to repair.

Observe the war, in ev'ry annual course ;
What has been done, was done with British force :
Namur subdu'd, is England's palm alone ;
The rest besieg'd ; but we constrain'd the town :
We saw th' event that follow'd our success ;
France, tho pretending arms, pursu'd the peace ;

Oblig'd, by one sole treaty, to restore
 What twenty years of war had won before.
 Enough for Europe has our Albion fought :
 Let us enjoy the peace our blood has bought.
 When once the Persian king was put to flight,
 The weary Macedons refus'd to fight :
 Themselves their own mortality confess'd ;
 And left the son of Jove, to quarrel for the rest.

Ev'n victors are by victories undone ;
 Thus Hannibal, with foreign laurels won,
 To Carthage was recall'd, too late to keep his own. }
 While sore of battle, while our wounds are green,
 Why should we tempt the doubtful dye agen ?
 In wars renew'd, uncertain of success ;
 Sure of a share, as umpires of the peace.

A patriot both the king and country serves :
 Prerogative, and privilege, preserves :
 Of each our laws the certain limit show ;
 One must not ebb, nor t'other overflow :
 Betwixt the prince and parliament we stand ;
 The barriers of the state on either hand : }
 May neither overflow, for then they drown the
 land.

When both are full, they feed our bless'd abode ;
 Like those that water'd once the paradise of God.

Some

Some overpoise of sway, by turns, they share ;
 In peace the people, and the prince in war :
 Consuls of mod'rate power in calms were made ;
 When the Gauls came, one sole dictator sway'd.

Patriots, in peace, assert the people's right ;
 With noble stubbornness resisting might :
 No lawless mandates from the court receive,
 Nor lend by force, but in a body give.
 Such was your gen'rous grandfire ; free to grant
 In parliaments, that weigh'd their prince's want :
 But so tenacious of the common cause,
 As not to lend the king against his laws.
 And, in a loathsome dungeon doom'd to lie,
 In bonds retain'd his birthright liberty,
 And sham'd oppression, till it set him free. }

O true descendent of a patriot line,
 Who, while thou shar'st their lustre, lend'st them
 thine,

Vouchsafe this picture of thy soul to see ;
 'Tis so far good, as it resembles thee :
 The beauties to th' original I owe ;
 Which when I miss, my own defects I show :
 Nor think the kindred muses thy disgrace :
 A poet is not born in ev'ry race.

VOL. II.

O

Two of a house few ages can afford ;
 One to perform, another to record.
 Praise-worthy actions are by thee embrac'd ;
 And 'tis my praise, to make thy praises last.
 For ev'n when death dissolves our human frame,
 The soul returns to heaven from whence it came ;
 Earth keeps the body, verse preserves the fame. }



EPISTLE the FOURTEENTH.

T O

Sir GODFREY KNELLER,

Principal PAINTER to his MAJESTY.

ONCE I beheld the fairest of her kind,
 And still the sweet idea charms my mind :
 True, she was dumb ; for nature gaz'd so long,
 Pleas'd with her work, that she forgot her tongue ;
 But, smiling, said, She still shall gain the prize ;
 I only have transferr'd it to her eyes.
 Such are thy pictures, Kneller : such thy skill,
 That nature seems obedient to thy will ;

Comes out, and meets thy pencil in the draught;
Lives there, and wants but words to speak her
thought.

At least thy pictures look a voice; and we
Imagine sounds, deceiv'd to that degree,
We think 'tis somewhat more than just to see. }

Shadows are but privations of the light;
Yet, when we walk, they shoot before the sight;
With us approach, retire, arise, and fall;
Nothing themselves, and yet expressing all.
Such are thy pieces, imitating life.

So near, they almost conquer in the strife;
And from their animated canvass came,
Demanding souls, and loosen'd from the frame.

Prometheus, were he here, would cast away
His Adam, and refuse a soul to clay;
And either would thy noble work inspire,
Or think it warm enough, without his fire.

But vulgar hands may vulgar likeness raise;
This is the least attendant on thy praise:
From hence the rudiments of art began;
A coal, or chalk, first imitated man:
Perhaps the shadow, taken on a wall,
Gave outlines to the rude original;

Ere canvass yet was strain'd, before the grace
Of blended colors found their use and place,
Or cypress tablets first receiv'd a face.

By slow degrees the godlike art advanc'd;
As man grew polish'd, picture was enhanc'd :
Greece added posture, shade, and perspective ;
And then the mimic piece began to live.
Yet perspective was lame, no distance true,
But all came forward in one common view :
No point of light was known, no bounds of art ;
When light was there, it knew not to depart,
But glaring on remoter objects play'd ;
Not languish'd, and insensibly decay'd.

Rome rais'd not art, but barely kept alive,
And with old Greece unequally did strive :
Till Goths, and Vandals, a rude northern race,
Did all the matchless monuments deface.
Then all the Muses in one ruin lie,
And rhyme began t'enervate poetry.
Thus, in a stupid military state,
The pen and pencil find an equal fate.
Flat faces, such as would disgrace a skreen,
Such as in Bantam's embassy were seen,
Unrais'd, unrounded, were the rude delight
Of brutal nations, only born to fight.

Long time the sister arts, in iron sleep,
A heavy sabbath did supinely keep :
At length, in Raphael's age, at once they rise,
Stretch all their limbs, and open all their eyes.

Thence rose the Roman, and the Lombard line :
One color'd best, and one did best design.
Raphael's, like Homer's, was the nobler part,
But Titian's painting look'd like Virgil's art.

Thy genius gives thee both ; where true design,
Postures unforc'd, and lively colors join.
Likeness is ever there ; but still the best,
Like proper thoughts in lofty language drest :
Where light, to shades descending, plays, not
strives,

Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives.
Of various parts a perfect whole is wrought :
Thy pictures think, and we divine their thought.

Shakespear, thy gift, I place before my sight ;
With awe, I ask his blessing ere I write ;
With reverence look on his majestic face ;
Proud to be less, but of his godlike race.
His soul inspires me, while thy praise I write,
And I, like Teucer, under Ajax fight :
Bids thee, thro me, be bold ; with dauntless breast
Contemn the bad, and emulate the best.

Like his, thy critics in th' attempt are lost :
When most they rail, know then, they envy
most.

In vain they snarl aloof; a noisy croud,
Like womens anger, impotent and loud,
While they their barren industry deplore,
Pass on secure, and mind the goal before.
Old as she is, my muse shall march behind,
Bear off the blast, and intercept the wind.
Our arts are sisters, tho not twins in birth ;
For hymns were sung in Eden's happy earth :
But oh, the painter muse, tho last in place,
Has seiz'd the blessing first, like Jacob's race.
Apelles' art an Alexander found ;
And Raphael did with Leo's gold abound ;
But Homer was with barren laurel crown'd. }
Thou hadst thy Charles a while, and so had I ;
But pass we that unpleasing image by.
Rich in thyself, and of thyself divine ;
All pilgrims come and offer at thy shrine.
A graceful truth thy pencil can command ;
The fair themselves go mended from thy hand.
Likeness appears in every lineament ;
But likeness in thy work is eloquent.
Tho nature there her true resemblance bears,
A nobler beauty in thy piece appears.

So warm thy work, so glows the gen'rous frame,
 Flesh looks less living in the lovely dame.
 Thou paint'st as we describe, improving still,
 When on wild nature we ingraft our skill;
 But not creating beauties at our will.

But poets are confin'd in narrower space,
 To speak the language of their native place:
 The painter widely stretches his command;
 Thy pencil speaks the tongue of every land.
 From hence, my friend, all climates are your own,
 Nor can you forfeit, for you hold of none.
 All nations all immunities will give
 To make you theirs, where'er you please to live;
 And not seven cities, but the world would strive.

Sure some propitious planet then did smile,
 When first you were conducted to this isle:
 Our genius brought you here, t'Enlarge our fame;
 For your good stars are ev'ry where the same.
 Thy matchless hand, of ev'ry region free,
 Adopts our climate, not our climate thee.

Great Rome and Venice early did impart
 To thee th'examples of their wond'rous art.
 Those masters then, but seen, not understood,
 With generous emulation fir'd thy blood:
 For what in nature's dawn the child admir'd,
 The youth endeavor'd, and the man acquir'd.

If yet thou hast not reach'd their high degree,
'Tis only wanting to this age, not thee.

Thy genius, bounded by the times, like mine,
Drudges on petty draughts, nor dare design
A more exalted work, and more divine, }

For what a song, or senseless opera
Is to the living labor of a play;
Or what a play to Virgil's work would be,
Such is a single piece to history.

But we, who life bestow, ourselves must live :
Kings cannot reign, unless their subjects give ;
And they, who pay the taxes, bear the rule :
Thus thou, sometimes, art forc'd to draw a fool :
But so his follies in thy posture sink,
The senseless idiot seems at last to think.

Good heaven ! that fots and knaves should be so
vain,

To wish their vile resemblance may remain !
And stand recorded, at their own request,
To future days, a libel or a jest !

Else should we see your noble pencil trace
Our unities of action, time, and place :
A whole compos'd of parts, and those the best,
With every various character exprest :
Heroes at large, and at a nearer view ;
Less, and at distance, an ignobler crew.

While all the figures in one action join,
 As tending to complete the main design,
 More cannot be by mortal art exprest ;
 But venerable age shall add the rest.
 For time shall with his ready pencil stand ;
 Retouch your figures with his ripening hand ;
 Mellow your colors, and imbrown the teint ;
 Add every grace, which time alone can grant ;
 To future ages shall your fame convey,
 And give more beauties than he takes away.



EPISTLE the FIFTEENTH.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO

Mr. J U L I A N,

SECRETARY of the MUSES.

THOU common shore of this poetic town,
 Where all the excrements of wit are thrown,
 For sonnet, satyr, bawdry, blasphemy,
 Are emptied, and disburden'd all in thee :
 The cholerick wight untruffing all in rage
 Finds thee, and lays his load upon thy page :

Thou Julian, or thou wife Vespasian rather,
 Dost from this dung thy well pickt guineas gather,
 All mischief's thine, transcribing thou wilt stoop,
 From lofty Middlesex to lowly Scroop.

What times are these, when in the hero's room,
 Bow-bending Cupid doth with ballads come,
 And little Aston offers to the bum ?

Can two such pigmies such a weight support,
 Two such Tom-Thumbs of satyr in a court ?
 Poor George grows old, his muse worn out of
 fashion,

Hoarsly he sung Ephelia's lamentation.

Less art thou help'd by Dryden's bed-rid age,
 That drone has lost his sting upon the stage :

Resolve me, poor apostate, this my doubt,
 What hope hast thou to rub this winter out ?
 Know, and be thankful then, for Providence
 By me hath sent thee this intelligence.

A knight there is, if thou can'st gain his grace,
 Known by the name of the hard-favor'd face,
 For prowess of the pen renown'd is he,
 From Don Quixote descended lineally,
 And tho like him unfortunate he prove,
 Undaunted in attempts of wit and love.
 Of his unfinish'd face, what shall I say ?
 But that 'twas made of Adam's own red clay,

That much much oaker was on it bestow'd,
God's image 'tis not, but some Indian god :
Our christian earth can no resemblance bring
But ware of Portugal for such a thing ;
Such carbuncles his fiery face confests,
As no Hungarian water can redress.
A face which should he see (but heaven was kind,
And to indulge his self, Love made him blind.)
He durst not stir abroad for fear to meet
Curfes of teeming women in the street :
The best could happen from this hideous fight,
Is that they should miscarry with the fright—
Heaven guard them from the likeness of the
knight.

Such is our charming Strephon's outward man,
His inward parts let those disclose who can :
One while he honoreth Birtha with his flame,
And now he chants no less Lovisa's name ;
For when his passion hath been bubbling long,
The scum at last boils up into a song ;
And sure no mortal creature at one time,
Was e'er so far o'ergone with love and rhyme.
To his dear self of poetry he talks,
His hands and feet are scanning as he walks ;
His writhing looks his pangs of wit accuse,
The airy symptoms of a breeding muse,

And all to gain the great Lovisa's grace,
But never pen did pimp for such a face ;
There's not a nymph in city, town, or court,
But Strephon's billet-doux has been their sport.
Still he loves on, yet still he's sure to miss,
As they who wash an Ethiop's face, or his.
What fate unhappy Strephon does attend?
Never to get a mistress, nor a friend,
Strephon alike both wits and fools detest,
'Cause he's like Esop's batt, half bird half beast ;
For fools to poetry have no pretence,
And common wit supposes common sense,
Not quite so low as fool, nor quite a top,
He hangs between them both, and is a fop.
His morals like his wit are motley too,
He keeps from arrant knave with much ado.
But vanity and lying so prevail,
That one grain more of each would turn the scale :
He would be more a villain had he time,
But he's so wholly taken up with rhyme,
That he mistakes his talent ; all his care
Is to be thought a poet fine and fair.
Small-beer, and gruel, are his meat and drink,
The diet he prescribes himself to think ;
Rhyme next his heart he takes at the morn peep,
Some love-epistles at the hour of sleep ;

So betwixt elegy and ode we see
Strephon is in a course of poetry :
This is the man ordain'd to do thee good,
The pelican to feed thee with his blood ;
Thy wit, thy poet, nay thy friend, for he
Is fit to be a friend to none but thee.
Make sure of him, and of his muse betimes,
For all his study is hung round with rhimes.
Laugh at him, juggle him, yet still he writes,
In rhyme he challenges, in rhyme he fights ;
Charg'd with the last, and basest infamy,
His business is to think what rhymes to lye,
Which found in fury he retorts again,
Strephon's a very dragon at his pen ;
His brother murder'd, and his mother's whor'd,
His mistress lost, and yet his pen's his sword.





E L E G I E S

A N D

E P I T A P H S.



TO THE
MEMORY of Mr. OLDHAM.

FAREWEL, too little, and too lately known,
 Whom I began to think, and call my own :
 For sure our souls were near allied, and thine
 Cast in the same poetic mould with mine.
 One common note on either lyre did strike,
 And knaves and fools we both abhorr'd alike.
 To the same goal did both our studies drive ;
 The last set out, the soonest did arrive.
 Thus Nisus fell upon the slipp'ry place,
 Whilst his young friend perform'd, and won the
 race.

O early ripe ! to thy abundant store
 What could advancing age have added more ?
 It might (what nature never gives the young)
 Have taught the smoothness of thy native tongue,
 But satire needs not those, and wit will shine
 Thro the harsh cadence of a rugged line.
 A noble error, and but seldom made,
 When poets are by too much force betray'd.

Thy gen'rous fruits, tho gather'd ere their prime,
 Still shew'd a quickness; and maturing time
 But mellows what we write, to the dull sweets
 of rhyme.

Once more, hail, and farewell; farewell, thou young,
 But ah too short, Marcellus of our tongue!
 Thy brows with ivy, and with laurels bound;
 But fate and gloomy night encompass thee around.



TO THE

PIOUS MEMORY of the accomplished young Lady

Mrs. ANNE KILLIGREW,

Excellent in the Two SISTER-ARTS of
 POESY and PAINTING.

A N O D E.

I.

THOU youngest virgin-daughter of the skies,
 Made in the last promotion of the blest;
 Whose pawns, new pluck'd from paradise,
 In spreading branches more sublimely rise,

Rich with immortal green above the rest :
 Whether, adopted to some neighb'ring star,
 Thou roll'st above us, in thy wand'ring race,
 Or, in procession fix'd and regular,
 Mov'd with the heaven's majestic pace ;
 Or, call'd to more superior bliss,
 Thou tread'st, with seraphims, the vast abyfs :
 Whatever happy region is thy place,
 Cease thy celestial song a little space ;
 Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
 Since heaven's eternal year is thine.
 Hear then a mortal muse thy praise rehearse,
 In no ignoble verse ;
 But such as thy own voice did practise here,
 When thy first fruits of Poesy were given ;
 To make thyself a welcome inmate there :
 While yet a young probationer,
 And candidate of heaven.

II.

If by traduction came thy mind,
 Our wonder is the less to find
 A soul so charming from a stock so good ;
 Thy father was transfus'd into thy blood :
 So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,
 An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.

But if thy pre-existing soul
 Was form'd, at first, with myriads more,
 It did thro all the mighty poets roll,
 Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
 And was that Sappho last, which once it was
 before.

If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-born
 mind !

Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore :
 Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find,
 Than was the beauteous frame she left behind :
 Return to fill or mend the choir of thy celestial
 kind.

III.

May we presume to say, that, at thy birth,
 New joy was sprung in heaven, as well as here on
 earth.

For sure the milder planets did combine
 On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,
 And e'en the most malicious were in trine.

Thy brother-angels at thy birth
 Strung each his lyre, and tun'd it high,
 That all the people of the sky
 Might know a poetess was born on earth.
 And then, if ever, mortal ears
 Had heard the music of the spheres.

And if no clust'ring swarm of bees
 On thy sweet mouth distill'd their golden dew,
 'Twas that such vulgar miracles
 Heaven had not leisure to renew ;
 For all thy blest fraternity of love
 Solemniz'd there thy birth, and kept thy holy-day
 above,

IV.

O gracious God ! how far have we
 Prophan'd thy heavenly gift of poesy ?
 Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
 Debas'd to each obscene and impious use,
 Whose harmony was first ordain'd above
 For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love ?
 O wretched we ! why were we hurry'd down

This lubrique and adult'rate age,
 (Nay added fat pollutions of our own)
 T'increase the streaming ordures of the stage ?
 What can we say t'excuse our second fall ?
 Let this thy vestal, heaven, atone for all :
 Her Arethusian stream remains unsoil'd,
 Unmix'd with foreign filth, and undefil'd ;
 Her wit was more than man, her innocence a
 child.

V.

Art she had none, yet wanted none ;
For nature did that want supply :
So rich in treasures of her own,
She might our boasted stores defy :
Such noble vigor did her verse adorn,
That it seem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only born.
Her morals too were in her bosom bred,
By great examples daily fed,
What in the best of books, her father's life, she read.
And to be read herself she need not fear ;
Each test, and every light, her muse will bear,
Tho Epictetus with his lamp were there.
E'en love (for love sometimes her muse exprest)
Was but a lambent flame which play'd about her
breast :

Light as the vapors of a morning dream,
So cold herself, whilst she such warmth exprest,
'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

VI.

Born to the spacious empire of the Nine,
One would have thought, she should have been
content
To manage well that mighty government ;
But what can young ambitious souls confine ?

To the next realm she stretch'd her sway,
 For Painture near adjoining lay,
 A plenteous province, and alluring prey.

A Chamber of Dependencies was fram'd.
 (As conquerors will never want pretence,

When arm'd, to justify th' offence)
 And the whole fief, in right of poetry, she claim'd.
 The country open lay without defence :

For poets frequent inroads there had made,
 And perfectly could represent

The shape, the face, with every lineament ;
 And all the large domains which the Dumb Sister
 sway'd.

All bow'd beneath her government,
 Receiv'd in triumph wheresoe'r she went.
 Her pencil drew, whate'er her soul design'd,
 And oft the happy draught surpass'd the image in
 her mind.

The sylvan scenes of herds and flocks,
 And fruitful plains and barren rocks,
 Of shallow brooks that flow'd so clear,
 The bottom did the top appear ;
 Of deeper too and ampler floods,
 Which, as in mirrors, shew'd the woods ;
 Of lofty trees, with sacred shades,
 And perspectives of pleasant glades,

Where nymphs of brightest form appear,

And shaggy satyrs standing near,

Which them at once admire and fear.

The ruins too of some majestic piece,

Boasting the power of ancient Rome or Greece,

Whose statues, freezes, columns broken lie,

And, tho defac'd, the wonder of the eye ;

What nature, art, bold fiction e'er durst frame,

Her forming hand gave feature to the name.

So strange a concourse ne'er was seen before,

But when the peopl'd ark the whole creation bore.

VII.

The scene then chang'd, with bold erected look

Our martial king the sight with rev'rence strook ;

For not content t'express his outward part,

Her hand call'd out the image of his heart :

His warlike mind, his soul devoid of fear,

His high-designing thoughts were figur'd there,

As when, by magic, ghosts are made appear.

Our phoenix queen was pourtray'd too so bright,

Beauty alone could beauty take so right :

Her dress, her shape, her matchless grace,

Were all observ'd, as well as heavenly face.

With such a peerless majesty she stands,

As in that day she took the crown from sacred
hands :

Before a train of heroines was seen,
In beauty foremost, as in rank, the queen.

Thus nothing to her genius was deny'd,
But like a ball of fire the further thrown,
Still with a greater blaze she shone,
And her bright soul broke out on ev'ry side.
What next she had design'd, heaven only knows:
To such immod'rate growth her conquest rose,
That fate alone its progress could oppose.

VIII.

Now all those charms, that blooming grace,
The well-proportion'd shape, and beauteous face,
Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes;
In earth the much-lamented virgin lies.

Not wit, nor piety could fate prevent;
Nor was the cruel destiny content
To finish all the murder at a blow,
To sweep at once her life, and beauty too;
But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
To work more mischievously slow,
And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd.

O double sacrilege on things divine,
To rob the relick, and deface the shrine!

But thus Orinda dy'd:

Heaven, by the same disease, did both translate;
As equal were their souls, so equal was their fate.

IX.

Mean-time her warlike brother on the seas
 His waving streamers to the winds displays,
 And vows for his return, with vain devotion, pays.

Ah, generous youth, that wish forbear,
 The winds too-foon will waft thee here !

Slack all thy sails, and fear to come,
 Alas, thou know'st not, thou art wreck'd at
 home !

No more shalt thou behold thy sister's face,
 Thou hast already had her last embrace,
 But look aloft, and if thou ken'st from far
 Among the Pleiads a new-kindled star,
 If any sparkles, than the rest more bright ;
 'Tis she that shines in that propitious light.

X.

When in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,
 To raise the nations under ground ;
 When in the valley of Jehosaphat,
 The judging God shall close the book of fate ;
 And there the last assizes keep,
 For those who wake, and those who sleep :
 When rattling bones together fly,
 From the four corners of the sky ;
 When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread,
 Those cloth'd with flesh, and life inspires the
 dead ;

The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
 And foremost from the tomb shall bound,
 For they are cover'd with the lightest ground ;
 And straight, with in-born vigor, on the wing,
 Like mounting larks, to the new morning sing.
 There thou, sweet saint, before the quire shall go,
 As harbinger of heaven, the way to show,
 The way which thou so well hast learnt below.



Upon the DEATH of the
EARL of DUNDEE.

OH last and best of Scots ! who didst maintain
Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign ;
New people fill the land now thou art gone,
New gods the temples, and new kings the throne.
Scotland and thee did each in other live ;
Nor would'st thou her, nor could she thee survive.
Farewel, who dying didst support the state,
And couldst not fall but with thy country's fate.



ELEONORA:

A

PANEGYRICAL POEM,

Dedicated to the MEMORY of the Late

COUNTESS of ABINGDON.

To the RIGHT HONORABLE the
EARL of ABINGDON, &c.

MY LORD,

THE commands, with which you honored me some months ago, are now performed : they had been sooner ; but betwixt ill health, some business, and many troubles, I was forced to defer them till this time. Ovid, going to his banishment, and writing from on shipboard to his friends, excused the faults of his poetry by his misfortunes ; and told them, that good verses never flow, but from a serene and composed spirit. Wit, which is a kind of Mercury, with wings fastened to his head and heels, can fly but slowly in a damp air. I therefore chose rather to obey you late than ill : if at least I am capable of writing any thing, at any time, which is worthy your perusal and your patronage. I cannot say that I have escaped from a shipwreck ; but have only gained a rock by hard swimming ; where I may pant a while and gather breath : for the doctors give me a sad assurance, that my disease never took its leave of any man, but with a purpose to return. However, my lord, I have laid hold on

the interval, and managed the small stock, which age has left me, to the best advantage, in performing this inconsiderable service to my lady's memory. We, who are priests of Apollo, have not the inspiration when we please ; but must wait till the God comes rushing on us, and invades us with a fury, which we are not able to resist : which gives us double strength while the fit continues, and leaves us languishing and spent, at its departure. Let me not seem to boast, my lord, for I have really felt it on this occasion, and prophesied beyond my natural power. Let me add, and hope to be believed, that the excellency of the subject contributed much to the happiness of the execution ; and that the weight of thirty years was taken off me, while I was writing. I swam with the tide, and the water under me was buoyant. The reader will easily observe, that I was transported by the multitude and variety of my similitudes ; which are generally the product of a luxuriant fancy, and the wantonness of wit. Had I called in my judgment to my assistance, I had certainly retrenched many of them. But I defend them not ; let them pass for beautiful faults amongst the better sort of critics : for the

whole poem, tho written in that which they call Heroic verse, is of the Pindaric nature, as well in the thought as the expression; and, as such, requires the same grains of allowance for it. It was intended, as your lordship sees in the title, not for an elegy, but a panegyric: a kind of hypothesis, indeed, if a heathen word may be applied to a christian use. And on all occasions of praise, if we take the ancients for our patterns, we are bound by prescription to employ the magnificence of words, and the force of figures, to adorn the sublimity of thoughts. Isocrates amongst the Grecian orators, and Cicero, and the younger Pliny, amongst the Romans, have left us their precedents for our security: for I think I need not mention the inimitable Pindar, who stretches on these pinions out of sight, and is carried upward, as it were, into another world.

This, at least, my lord, I may justly plead, that, if I have not perform'd so well as I think I have, yet I have used my best endeavors to excel myself. One disadvantage I have had; which is, never to have known or seen my lady: and to draw the lineaments of her mind, from the description, which I have received from others, is

for a painter to set himself at work without the living original before him : which, the more beautiful it is, will be so much the more difficult for him to conceive, when he has only a relation given him of such and such features by an acquaintance or a friend, without the nice touches, which give the best resemblance, and make the graces of the picture. Every artist is apt enough to flatter himself (and I amongst the rest) that their own ocular observations would have discovered more perfections, at least others, than have been delivered to them : tho I have received mine from the best hands, that is, from persons who neither want a just understanding of my lady's worth, nor a due veneration for her memory.

Doctor Donne, the greatest wit, tho not the greatest poet of our nation, acknowledges, that he had never seen Mrs. Drury, whom he has made immortal in his admirable Anniversaries. I have had the same fortune, tho I have not succeeded to the same genius. However, I have followed his footsteps in the design of his panegyric ; which was to raise an emulation in the living, to copy out the example of the dead. And therefore it was, that I once intended to have called

this poem, *The Pattern*: and tho, on a second consideration, I changed the title into the name of the illustrious person, yet the design continues, and Eleonora is still the pattern of charity, devotion, and humility; of the best wife, the best mother, and the best of friends.

And now, my lord, tho I have endeavored to answer your commands, yet I could not answer it to the world, nor to my conscience, if I gave not your lordship my testimony of being the best husband now living: I say my testimony only; for the praise of it is given you by yourself. They, who despise the rules of virtue both in their practice and their morals, will think this a very trivial commendation. But I think it the peculiar happiness of the Countess of Abington, to have been so truly loved by you, while she was living, and so gratefully honored, after she was dead. Few there are who have either had, or could have, such a loss; and yet fewer who carried their love and constancy beyond the grave. The exteriors of mourning, a decent funeral, and black habits, are the usual stints of common husbands: and perhaps their wives deserve no better than to be mourned with hypocrisy, and forgot

with ease. But you have distinguished yourself from ordinary lovers, by a real and lasting grief for the deceased; and by endeavoring to raise for her the most durable monument, which is that of verse. And so it would have proved, if the workman had been equal to the work, and your choice of the artificer as happy as your design. Yet, as Phidias, when he had made the statue of Minerva, could not forbear to engrave his own name, as author of the piece: so give me leave to hope, that, by subscribing mine to this poem, I may live by the goddess, and transmit my name to posterity by the memory of hers. 'Tis no flattery to assure your lordship, that she is remembered, in the present age, by all who have had the honor of her conversation and acquaintance; and that I have never been in any company since the news of her death was first brought me, where they have not extoll'd her virtues, and even spoken the same things of her in prose, which I have done in verse.

I therefore think myself obliged to thank your lordship for the commission which you have given me: how I have acquitted myself of it, must be left to the opinion of the world, in spite of any protestation which I can enter against the pre-

sent age, as incompetent or corrupt judges. For my comfort, they are but Englishmen, and, as such, if they think ill of me to-day, they are inconstant enough to think well of me to-morrow. And after all, I have not much to thank my fortune that I was born amongst them. The good of both sexes are so few, in England, that they stand like exceptions against general rules : and tho one of them has deserved a greater commendation than I could give her, they have taken care that I should not tire my pen with frequent exercise on the like subjects ; that praises, like taxes, should be appropriated, and left almost as individual as the person. They say, my talent is satire : if it be so, 'tis a fruitful age, and there is an extraordinary crop to gather. But a single hand is insufficient for such a harvest : they have sown the dragons teeth themselves, and 'tis but just they should reap each other in lampoons. You, my lord, who have the character of honor, tho 'tis not my happiness to know you, may stand aside, with the small remainders of the English nobility, truly such, and, unhurt yourselves, behold the mad combat. If I have pleased you, and some few others, I have obtained my end.

You see I have disabled myself, like an elected speaker of the house: yet like him I have undertaken the charge, and find the burden sufficiently recompensed by the honor. Be pleased to accept of these my unworthy labors, this paper-monument; and let her pious memory, which I am sure is sacred to you, not only plead the pardon of my many faults, but gain me your protection, which is ambitiously sought by,

My LORD,

Your lordship's

Most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

E L E O N O R A :

A PANEGYRICAL POEM,

Dedicated to the MEMORY of the Late

COUNTESS of ABINGDON.

AS when some great and gracious monarch dies,
Soft whispers, first, and mournful murmurs
rise

Among the sad attendants; then the sound
Soon gathers voice, and spreads the news around,
Thro town and country, till the dreadful blast
Is blown to distant colonies at last;
Who, then, perhaps, were offering vows in vain,
For his long life, and for his happy reign :
So slowly, by degrees, unwilling fame
Did matchless Eleonora's fate proclaim,
Till public as the loss the news became. }

The nation felt it in th' extremest parts,
With eyes o'erflowing, and with bleeding hearts;
But most the poor, whom daily she supply'd,
Beginning to be such, but when she dy'd,

For, while she liv'd, they slept in peace by night,
 Secure of bread, as of returning light ;
 And with such firm dependence on the day,
 That need grew pamper'd, and forgot to pray :
 So sure the dole, so ready at their call,
 They stood prepar'd to see the manna fall.

Such multitudes she fed, she cloth'd, she nurs'd,
 That she herself might fear her wanting first.
 Of her five talents, other five she made ;
 Heaven, that had largely given, was largely paid ;
 And in few lives, in wond'rous few, we find
 A fortune better fitted to the mind,
 Nor did her alms from ostentation fall,
 Or proud desire of praise ; the soul gave all :
 Unbrib'd it gave ; or, if a bribe appear,
 No less than heaven, to heap huge treasures there,

Want pass'd for merit at her open door :
 Heaven saw, he safely might increase his poor,
 And trust their sustenance with her so well,
 As not to be at charge of miracle.
 None could be needy, whom she saw, or knew ;
 All in the compass of her sphere she drew :
 He, who could touch her garment, was as sure,
 As the first Christians of th' apostles' cure.
 The distant heard, by fame, her pious deeds,
 And laid her up for their extremest needs ;

A future cordial for a fainting mind ;
 For, what was ne'er refus'd, all hop'd to find,
 Each in his turn : the rich might freely come,
 As to a friend ; but to the poor, 'twas home.

As to some holy house the afflicted came,
 The hunger-starv'd, the naked and the lame ;
 Want and diseases fled before her name.

For zeal like her's her servants were too slow ;
 She was the first, where need requir'd, to go ;
 Herself the foundress and attendant too.

Sure she had guests sometimes to entertain,
 Guests in disguise, of her great Master's train :
 Her Lord himself might come, for ought we know ;
 Since in a servant's form he liv'd below :
 Beneath her roof he might be pleas'd to stay ;
 Or some benighted angel, in his way,
 Might ease his wings, and, seeing heaven appear
 In its best work of mercy, think it there :
 Where all the deeds of charity and love
 Were in as constant method, as above,
 All carry'd on ; all of a piece with theirs ;
 As free her alms, as diligent her cares ;
 As loud her praises, and as warm her pray'rs.

Yet was she not profuse ; but fear'd to waste,
 And wisely manag'd, that the stock might last ;

That all might be supply'd, and she not grieve,
 When crowds appear'd, she had not to relieve :
 Which to prevent, she still increas'd her store ;
 Laid up, and spar'd, that she might give the
 more.

So Pharaoh, or some greater king than he,
 Provided for the seventh necessity :
 Taught from above his magazines to frame ;
 That famine was prevented ere it came.
 Thus heaven, tho all-sufficient, shews a thrift
 In his oeconomy, and bounds his gift :
 Creating, for our day, one single light ;
 And his reflection too supplies the night :
 Perhaps a thousand other worlds, that lie
 Remote from us, and latent in the sky,
 Are lighten'd by his beams, and kindly nurst ;
 Of which our earthly dunghil is the worst.

Now, as all virtues keep the middle line,
 Yet somewhat more to one extreme incline,
 Such was her soul ; abhorring avarice,
 Bounteous, but almost bounteous to a vice :
 Had she given more, it had profusion been,
 And turn'd th' excess of goodness into sin.

These virtues rais'd her fabric to the sky ;
 For that, which is next heaven, is charity.

But, as high turrets, for their airy steep,
 Require foundations, in proportion deep;
 And lofty cedars as far upward shoot,
 As to the nether heavens they drive the root :
 So low did her secure foundation lie,
 She was not humble, but humility.
 Scarcely she knew that she was great, or fair,
 Or wise, beyond what other women are,
 Or, which is better, knew, but never durst
 compare.

For to be conscious of what all admire,
 And not be vain, advances virtue higher.
 But still she found, or rather thought she found,
 Her own worth wanting, others to abound;
 Ascrib'd above their due to ev'ry one,
 Unjust and scanty to herself alone.

Such her devotion was, as might give rules
 Of speculation to disputing schools,
 And teach us equally the scales to hold
 Betwixt the two extremes of hot and cold;
 That pious heat may moderately prevail,
 And we be warm'd, but not be scorch'd with zeal;
 Business might shorten, not disturb, her prayer;
 Heaven had the best, if not the greater share.
 An active life long oraisons forbids;
 Yet still she pray'd, for still she pray'd by deeds.

Her ev'ry day was sabbath ; only free
 From hours of prayer, for hours of charity.
 Such as the Jews from servile toil releas'd ;
 Where works of mercy were a part of rest ;
 Such as blest angels exercise above,
 Vary'd with sacred hymns and acts of love :
 Such sabbaths as that one she now enjoys,
 E'en that perpetual one, which she employs,
 (For such vicissitudes in heaven there are)
 In praise alternate, and alternate prayer.
 All this she practis'd here ; that when she
 sprung

Amidst the choirs, at the first sight she sung :
 Sung, and was sung herself in angels lays ;
 For, praising her, they did her Maker praise.
 All offices of heaven so well she knew,
 Before she came, that nothing there was new :
 And she was so familiarly receiv'd,
 As one returning, not as one arriv'd.

Muse, down again precipitate thy flight :
 For how can mortal eyes sustain immortal
 light ?

But as the sun in water we can bear,
 Yet not the sun, but his reflexion there,
 So let us view her, here, in what she was,
 And take her image in this wat'ry glass :

Yet look not every lineament to see ;
 Some will be cast in shades, and some will be
 So lamely drawn, you'll scarcely know, 'tis she. }
 For where such various virtues we recite, }
 'Tis like the milky-way, all over bright,
 But sown so thick with stars, 'tis undistinguish'd
 light. }

Her virtue, not her virtues let us call ;
 For one heroic comprehends them all :
 One, as a constellation is but one, }
 Tho 'tis a train of stars, that, rolling on,
 Rise in their turn, and in the zodiac run : }
 Ever in motion ; now 'tis faith ascends,
 Now hope, now charity, that upward tends, }
 And downwards with diffusive good descends. }

As in perfumes compos'd with art and cost,
 'Tis hard to say what scent is uppermost ;
 Nor this part musk or civet can we call,
 Or amber, but a rich result of all ;
 So she was all a sweet, whose ev'ry part,
 In due proportion mix'd, proclaim'd the Maker's
 art.

No single virtue we could most commend,
 Whether the wife, the mother, or the friend ;
 For she was all, in that supreme degree,
 That as no one prevail'd, so all was she.

The several parts lay hidden in the piece ;
Th' occasion but exerted that, or this.

A wife as tender, and as true withal,
As the first woman was before her fall :
Made for the man, of whom she was a part ;
Made, to attract his eyes, and keep his heart.
A second Eve, but by no crime accurst ;
As beauteous, not as brittle as the first.
Had she been first, still Paradise had been,
And death had found no entrance by her sin.
So she not only had preserv'd from ill
Her sex and ours, but liv'd their pattern still.

Love and obedience to her lord she bore ;
She much obey'd him, but she lov'd him more :
Not aw'd to duty by superior sway,
But taught by his indulgence to obey.

Thus we love God, as author of our good ;
So subjects love just kings, or so they should.

Nor was it with ingratitude return'd ;
In equal fires the blissful couple burn'd ;
One joy possess'd them both, and in one grief
they mourn'd.

His passion still improv'd ; he lov'd so fast,
As if he fear'd each day would be her last.
Too true a prophet to foresee the fate
That should so soon divide their happy state :

When he to heaven entirely must restore
That love, that heart, where he went halves before.
Yet as the soul is all in ev'ry part,
So God and he might each have all her heart.

So had her children too ; for charity
Was not more fruitful, or more kind than she :
Each under other by degrees they grew ;
A goodly perspective of distant view.
Anchises look'd not with so pleas'd a face,
In numb'ring o'er his future Roman race,
And marshalling the heroes of his name,
As, in their order, next, to light they came.
Nor Cybele, with half so kind an eye,
Survey'd her sons and daughters of the sky ;
Proud, shall I say, of her immortal fruit ?
As far as pride with heavenly minds may suit.
Her pious love excell'd to all she bore ;
New objects only multiply'd it more.
And as the chosen found the pearly grain
As much as ev'ry vessel could contain ;
As in the blissful vision each shall share
As much of glory as his soul can bear ;
So did she love, and so dispense her care.
Her eldest thus, by consequence, was best,
As longer cultivated than the rest.

The babe had all that infant care beguiles,
 And early knew his mother in her smiles :
 But when dilated organs let in day
 - To the young soul, and gave it room to play,
 At his first aptness, the maternal love
 These rudiments of reason did improve :
 The tender age was pliant to command ;
 Like wax it yielded to the forming hand :
 True to th' artificer, the labor'd mind
 With ease was pious, generous, just and kind ;
 Soft for impressiion, from the first prepar'd,
 'Till virtue with long exercise grew hard :
 With ev'ry act confirm'd, and made at last
 So durable as not to be effac'd,
 It turn'd to habit ; and, from vices free,
 Goodness resolv'd into necessity.

Thus fix'd she virtue's image, that's her own,
 'Till the whole mother in the children shone ;
 For that was their perfection : she was such,
 They never could express her mind too much.
 So unexhausted her perfections were,
 That, for more children, she had more to spare ;
 For souls unborn, whom her untimely death
 Depriv'd of bodies, and of mortal breath ;

And

And (could they take th' impressions of her mind)
Enough still left to sanctify her kind.

Then wonder not to see this soul extend
The bounds, and seek some other self, a friend :
As swelling seas to gentle rivers glide,
To seek repose, and empty out the tide ;
So this full soul, in narrow limits pent,
Unable to contain her, sought a vent,
To issue out, and in some friendly breast
Discharge her treasures, and securely rest :
T' unbosom all the secrets of her heart,
Take good advice, but better to impart.
For 'tis the bliss of friendship's holy state,
To mix their minds, and to communicate ;
Tho bodies cannot, souls can penetrate :
Fixt to her choice, inviolably true,
And wisely choosing, for she chose but few.
Some she must have ; but in no one could find
A tally fitted for so large a mind.

The souls of friends like kings in progress are ;
Still in their own, tho from the palace far :
Thus her friend's heart her country dwelling was,
A sweet retirement to a coarser place ;

Where pomp and ceremonies entered not,
 Where greatness was shut out, and bus'ness well
 forgot.

This is th' imperfect draught; but short as far }
 As the true height and bigness of a star }
 Exceeds the measures of th' astronomer.
 She shines above, we know; but in what place,
 How near the throne, and heaven's imperial
 face,

By our weak optics is but vainly guest;
 Distance and altitude conceal the rest.

Tho all these rare endowments of the mind
 Were in a narrow space of life confin'd,
 The figure was with full perfection crown'd;
 Tho not so large an orb, as truly round.

As when in glory, thro the public place,
 The spoils of conquer'd nations were to pass,
 And but one day for triumph was allow'd,
 The consul was constrain'd his pomp to crowd;
 And so the swift procession hurry'd on,
 That all, tho not distinctly, might be shown:
 So in the straiten'd bounds of life confin'd,
 She gave but glimpses of her glorious mind:
 And multitudes of virtues pass'd along;
 Each pressing foremost in the mighty throng,

Ambitious to be seen, and then make room
For greater multitudes that were to come.

Yet unemploy'd no minute slip'd away ;
Moments were precious in so short a stay.

The haste of heaven to have her was so great,
That some were single acts, tho each compleat ;
But ev'ry act stood ready to repeat. }

Her fellow-saints with busy care will look
For her blest name in fate's eternal book ;
And, pleas'd to be outdone, with joy will see
Numberless virtues, endless charity :
But more will wonder at so short an age,
To find a blank beyond the thirtieth page :
And with a pious fear begin to doubt
The piece imperfect, and the rest torn out.
But 'twas her Saviour's time ; and, could there be
A copy near th' original, 'twas she.

As precious gums are not for lasting fire,
They but perfume the temple, and expire :
So was she soon exhal'd, and vanish'd hence ;
A short sweet odor, of a vast expence.
She vanish'd, we can scarcely say she dy'd ;
For but a now did heaven and earth divide :
She pass'd serenely with a single breath ;
This moment perfect health, the next was death :

One sigh did her eternal bliss assure ;
 So little penance needs, when souls are almost pure.
 As gentle dreams our waking thoughts pursue ;
 Or, one dream pass'd, we slide into a new ;
 So close they follow, such wild order keep,
 We think ourselves awake, and are asleep ;
 So softly death succeeded life in her :
 She did but dream of heaven, and she was there.

No pains she suffer'd, nor expir'd with noise ;
 Her soul was whisper'd out with God's still voice ;
 As an old friend is beckon'd to a feast,
 And treated like a long-familiar guest.
 He took her as he found, but found her so,
 As one in hourly readiness to go :
 E'en on that day, in all her trim prepar'd ;
 As early notice she from heaven had heard,
 And some descending courier from above
 Had given her timely warning to remove ;
 Or counsell'd her to dress the nuptial room,
 For on that night the bridegroom was to come.
 He kept his hour, and found her where she lay
 Cloth'd all in white, the liv'ry of the day :
 Scarce had she sinn'd in thought, or word, or act ;
 Unless omissions were to pass for fact :
 That hardly death a consequence could draw,
 To make her liable to nature's law.

And, that she dy'd, we only have to show
 The mortal part of her she left below :
 The rest, so smooth, so suddenly she went,
 Look'd like translation thro the firmament,
 Or, like the fiery car on the third errand sent. }

O happy soul ! if thou canst view from high,
 Where thou art all intelligence, all eye,
 If looking up to God, or down to us,
 Thou find'st, that any way be perview,
 Survey the ruins of thy house, and see
 Thy widow'd, and thy orphan family :
 Look on thy tender pledges left behind ;
 And, if thou canst a vacant minute find
 From heavenly joys, that interval afford
 To thy sad children, and thy mourning lord.
 See how they grieve, mistaken in their love,
 And shed a beam of comfort from above ;
 Give them, as much as mortal eyes can bear,
 A transient view of thy full glories there ;
 That they with mod'rate sorrow may sustain
 And mollify their losses in thy gain.
 Or else divide the grief ; for such thou wert,
 That should not all relations bear a part,
 It were enough to break a single heart. }

Let this suffice : nor thou, great saint, refuse
 This humble tribute of no vulgar muse :
 Who, not by cares, or wants, or age deprest,
 Stems a wild deluge with a dauntless breast ;
 And dares to sing thy praises in a clime
 Where vice triumphs, and virtue is a crime ;
 Where e'en to draw the picture of thy mind,
 Is satire on the most of human kind :
 Take it, while yet 'tis praise ; before my rage,
 Unsafely just, break loose on this bad age ;
 So bad, that thou thyself hadst no defence
 From vice, but barely by departing hence.

Be what, and where thou art: to wish thy place,
 Were, in the best, presumption more than grace.
 Thy relics, (such thy works of mercy are)
 Have, in this poem, been my holy care.
 As earth thy body keeps, thy soul the sky,
 So shall this verse preserve thy memory ;
 For thou shalt make it live, because it sings of }
 thee.



On the DEATH of
 A M Y N T A S.
 A P A S T O R A L E L E G Y.

'T WAS on a joyless and a gloomy morn,
 Wet was the grass, and hung with pearls
 the thorn ;

When Damon, who design'd to pass the day
 With hounds and horns, and chace the flying prey,
 Rose early from his bed ; but soon he found
 The welkin pitch'd with fullen clouds around,
 An eastern wind, and dew upon the ground. }

Thus while he stood, and sighing did survey
 The fields, and curst th' ill omens of the day,
 He saw Menalcas come with heavy pace ;
 Wet were his eyes, and chearless was his face :
 He wrung his hands, distracted with his care,
 And sent his voice before him from afar.

Return, he cry'd, return, unhappy swain,
 The spongy clouds are fill'd with gathering rain :
 The promise of the day not only cross'd,
 But e'en the spring, the spring itself is lost.
 Amyntas---oh !---he could not speak the rest,

Nor needed, for presaging Damon guess'd.
 Equal with heaven young Damon lov'd the boy,
 The boast of nature, both his parents joy.
 His graceful form revolving in his mind ;
 So great a genius, and a soul so kind,
 Gave sad assurance that his fears were true ;
 Too well the envy of the gods he knew :
 For when their gifts too lavishly are plac'd,
 Soon they repent, and will not make them last.
 For sure it was too bountiful a dole,
 The mother's features, and the father's soul.
 Then thus he cry'd : the morn bespoke the news :
 The morning did her chearful light diffuse :
 But see how suddenly she chang'd her face,
 And brought on clouds and rain, the day's dis-
 grace ;
 Just such, Amyntas, was thy promis'd race.
 What charms adorn'd thy youth, where nature
 smil'd,
 And more than man was giv'n us in a child !
 His infancy was ripe : a soul sublime
 In years so tender that prevented time :
 Heaven gave him all at once ; then snatch'd away,
 Ere mortals all his beauties could survey :
 Just like the flower that buds and withers in a day.

M E N A L C A S.

The mother, lovely, tho with grief oppress'd,
 Reclin'd his dying head upon her breast.
 The mournful family stood all around ;
 One groan was heard, one universal found :
 All were in floods of tears and endless sorrow
 drown'd.

So dire a sadness sat on ev'ry look,
 E'en death repented he had giv'n the stroke.
 He griev'd his fatal work had been ordain'd,
 But promis'd length of life to those who yet
 remain'd.

The mother's and her eldest daughter's grace,
 It seems, had brib'd him to prolong their space.
 The father bore it with undaunted soul,
 Like one who durst his destiny controul :
 Yet with becoming grief he bore his part,
 Resign'd his son, but not resign'd his heart:
 Patient as Job ; and may he live to see,
 Like him, a new increasing family !

D A M O N.

Such is my wish, and such my prophesy.
 For yet, my friend, the beauteous mould remains ;
 Long may she exercise her fruitful pains !
 But, ah ! with better hap, and bring a race
 More lasting, and endu'd with equal grace !

250 ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

Equal she may, but farther none can go :
For he was all that was exact below.

M E N A L C A S,

Damon, behold yon breaking purple cloud ;
Hear'st thou not hymns and songs divinely loud ?
There mounts Amyntas ; the young cherubs play
About their godlike mate, and sing him on his way,
He cleaves the liquid air, behold he flies,
And every moment gains upon the skies,
The new come guest admires th' ætherial state,
The saphir portal, and the golden gate ;
And now admitted in the shining throng,
He shows the passport which he brought along,
His passport is his innocence and grace,
Well known to all the natives of the place.
Now sing, ye joyful angels, and admire
Your brother's voice that comes to mend your
 quire :
Sing you, while endless tears our eyes bestow ;
For like Amyntas none is left below.



On the DEATH of

A very young Gentleman.

HE who could view the book of destiny,
 And read whatever there was writ of thee,
 O charming youth, in the first op'ning page,
 So many graces in so green an age,
 Such wit, such modesty, such strength of mind,
 A soul at once so manly, and so kind;
 Would wonder, when he turn'd the volume o'er,
 And after some few leaves should find no more,
 Nought but a blank remain, a dead void space,
 A step of life that promis'd such a race.
 We must not, dare not think, that heaven began
 A child, and could not finish him a man;
 Reflecting what a mighty store was laid
 Of rich materials, and a model made:
 The cost already furnish'd; so bestow'd,
 As more was never to one soul allow'd:
 Yet after this profusion spent in vain,
 Nothing but mould'ring ashes to remain,
 I guess not, lest I split upon the shelf,
 Yet durst I guess, heaven kept it for himself;

And giving us the use, did soon recal,
Ere we could spare, the mighty principal.

Thus then he disappear'd, was rarify'd ;
For 'tis improper speech to say he dy'd :
He was exhal'd ; his great Creator drew
His spirit, as the sun the morning dew.
'Tis sin produces death ; and he had none
But the taint Adam left on ev'ry son.
He added not, he was so pure, so good,
'Twas but th' original forfeit of his blood :
And that so little, that the river ran
More clear than the corrupted fount began.
Nothing remain'd of the first muddy clay ;
The length of course had wash'd it in the way :
So deep, and yet so clear, we might behold
The gravel bottom, and that bottom gold.

As such we lov'd, admir'd, almost ador'd,
Gave all the tribute mortals could afford.
Perhaps we gave so much, the powers above
Grew angry at our superstitious love :
For when we more than human homage pay,
The charming cause is justly snatch'd away.

Thus was the crime not his, but ours alone :
And yet we murmur that he went so soon ;
Tho' miracles are short and rarely shown.

Hearn then, ye mournful parents, and divide
 That love in many, which in one was ty'd.
 That individual blessing is no more,
 But multiply'd in your remaining store.
 The flame's dispers'd, but does not all expire ;
 The sparkles blaze, tho' not the globe of fire.
 Love him by parts, in all your num'rous race,
 And from those parts form one collected grace ;
 Then, when you have refin'd to that degree,
 Imagine all in one, and think that one is he.

U P O N

Young Mr. R O G E R S of Gloucestershire.

O F gentle blood, his parents only treasure,
 Their lasting sorrow, and their vanish'd
 pleasure,
 Adorn'd with features, virtues, wit, and grace,
 A large provision for so short a race ;
 More mod'rate gifts might have prolong'd his date,
 Too early fitted for a better state ;
 But, knowing heaven his home, to shun delay,
 He leap'd o'er age, and took the shortest way.



On the DEATH of
Mr. P U R C E L L.

Set to MUSIC by Dr. BLOW.

I.

MARK how the lark and linnet sing;
With rival notes
They strain their warbling throats,
To welcome in the spring.
But in the close of night,
When Philomel begins her heavenly lay,
They cease their mutual spite,
Drink in her music with delight,
And list'ning silently obey.

II.

So ceas'd the rival crew, when Purcell came;
They sung no more, or only sung his fame:
Struck dumb, they all admir'd the godlike man:
The godlike man,
Alas! too soon retired,
As he too late began.

We beg not hell our Orpheus to restore :

Had he been there,

Their sovereign's fear

Had sent him back before.

The power of harmony too well they knew :

He long ere this had tun'd their jarring sphere,

And left no hell below.

III.

The heavenly choir, who heard his notes from high,

Let down the scale of music from the sky :

They handed him along,

And all the way he taught, and all the way they sung :

Ye breth'ren of the lyre, and tuneful voice,

Lament his lot ; but at your own rejoice :

Now live secure, and linger out your days ;

The gods are pleas'd alone with Purcell's lays,

Nor know to mend their choice.



E P I T A P H

O N T H E

L A D Y W H I T M O R E.

FAIR, kind, and true, a treasure each alone,
 A wife, a mistress, and a friend in one,
 Rest in this tomb, rais'd at thy husband's cost,
 Here sadly fumbling, what he had, and lost.

Come, virgins, ere in equal bands ye join,
 Come first, and offer at her sacred shrine;
 Pray but for half the virtues of this wife,
 Compound for all the rest, with longer life;
 And wish your vows, like hers, may be return'd,
 So, lov'd when living, and when dead so mourn'd.



E P I-

E P I T A P H

O N

Sir PALMES FAIRBONE's Tomb

I N

WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

Sacred to the immortal memory of Sir PALMES FAIRBONE, Knight, Governor of Tangier ; in execution of which command, he was mortally wounded by a shot from the Moors, then besieging the town, in the forty-sixth year of his age. October 24, 1680.

YE sacred relics, which your marble keep,
 Here, undisturb'd by wars, in quiet sleep :
 Discharge the trust, which, when it was below,
 Fairbone's undaunted soul did undergo, }
 And be the town's Palladium from the foe.
 Alive and dead these walls he will defend :
 Great actions great examples must attend.
 The Candian siege his early valor knew,
 Where Turkish blood did his young hands imbrue.

VOL. II.

S

From thence returning with deserv'd applause,
 Against the Moors his well-flesh'd sword he draws;
 The same the courage, and the same the cause. }
 His youth and age, his life and death, combine, }
 As in some great and regular design,
 All of a piece throughout, and all divine. }
 Still nearer heav'n his virtues shone more bright,
 Like rising flames expanding in their height;
 The martyr's glory crown'd the soldier's fight. }
 More bravely British general never fell,
 Nor general's death was e'er reveng'd so well;
 Which his pleas'd eyes beheld before their close,
 Follow'd by thousand victims of his foes.
 To his lamented loss for time to come
 His pious widow consecrates this tomb.



U N D E R

Mr. M I L T O N ' s Picture,

Before his PARADISE LOST.

THREE Poets, in three distant ages born,
 Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
 The first, in loftiness of thought surpass'd ;
 The next, in majesty ; in both the last.
 The force of nature cou'd no further go ;
 To make a third, she join'd the former two.

O N T H E

M O N U M E N T

O F A

FAIR MAIDEN LADY,

Who dy'd at BATH, and is there interred.

BELOW this marble monument is laid
 All that heav'n wants of this celestial maid
 Preserve, O sacred tomb, thy trust consign'd ;
 The mold was made on purpose for the mind :

S 2

And she wou'd lose, if, at the latter day,
 One atom cou'd be mix'd of other clay.
 Such were the features of her heav'nly face,
 Her limbs were form'd with such harmonious
 grace:

So faultless was the frame, as if the whole
 Had been an emanation of the soul;
 Which her own inward symmetry reveal'd;
 And like a picture shone, in glass anneal'd.
 Or like the sun eclips'd, with shaded light:
 Too piercing, else, to be sustain'd by sight.
 Each thought was visible that roll'd within:
 As thro a crystal case the figur'd hours are seen.
 And heav'n did this transparent veil provide,
 Because she had no guilty thought to hide.
 All white, a virgin-faint, she sought the skies:
 For marriage, tho it sullies not, it dies.
 High tho her wit, yet humble was her mind;
 As if she cou'd not, or she wou'd not find
 How much her worth transcended all her kind. }
 Yet she had learn'd so much of heaven below,
 That when arriv'd, she scarce had more to know:
 But only to refresh the former hint;
 And read her Maker in a fairer print.

So pious, as she had no time to spare
 For human thoughts, but was confin'd to pray'r.
 Yet in such charities she pass'd the day,
 'Twas wond'rous how she found an hour to pray.
 A soul so calm, it knew not ebbs or flows,
 Which passion cou'd but curl, not discompose,
 A female softness, with a manly mind :
 A daughter dutious, and a sister kind :
 In sickness patient, and in death resign'd.



E P I T A P H

O N

Mrs. MARGARET PASTON,

OF BURNINGHAM in NORFOLK.

SO fair, so young, so innocent, so sweet,
 So ripe a judgment, and so rare a wit,
 Require at least an age in one to meet.
 In her they met ; but long they could not stay,
 'Twas gold too fine to mix without allay.
 Heaven's image was in her so well express'd,
 Her very sight upbraided all the rest ;
 Too justly ravish'd from an age like this,
 Now she is gone, the world is of a piece.



ON THE
MONUMENT

OF THE

MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER,

HE, who in impious times undaunted stood,
And midst rebellion durst be just and good;
Whose arms asserted, and whose sufferings more
Confirm'd the cause for which he fought before;
Rests here, rewarded by an heav'nly prince;
For what his earthly could not recompence.
Pray reader that such times no more appear:
Or, if they happen, learn true honor here.
Ask of this age's faith and loyalty,
Which, to preserve them, heav'n confin'd in thee,
Few subjects could a king like thine deserve:
And fewer, such a king, so well could serve.
Blest king, blest subject, whose exalted state
By sufferings rose, and gave the law to fate.
Such souls are rare, but mighty patterns giv'n
To earth, and meant for ornaments to heav'n.





S O N G S,
O D E S,
AND A
M A S Q U E.



T H E

F A I R S T R A N G E R,

A

S O N G.

I.

HAPPY and free, securely blest ;
 No beauty could disturb my rest ;
 My amorous heart was in despair,
 To find a new victorious fair.

II.

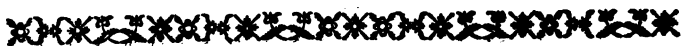
Till you descending on our plains,
 With foreign force renew my chains ;
 Where now you rule without controul
 The mighty sovereign of my soul.

III.

Your smiles have more of conqu'ring charms,
 Than all your native country arms :
 Their troops we can expel with ease,
 Who vanquish only when we please.

IV.

But in your eyes, oh! there's the spell,
 Who can see them, and not rebel :
 You make us captives by your stay,
 Yet kill us if you go away.



O N T H E
 Y O U N G S T A T E S M E N .

C L A R E N D O N had law and sense,
 Clifford was fierce and brave;
 Bennet's grave look was a pretence,
 And Danby's matchless impudence
 Help'd to support the knave.

But Sunderland, Godolphin, Lory,
 These will appear such chits in story,
 'Twill turn all politics to jests,
 To be repeated like John Dory,
 When fiddlers sing at feasts.

Protect us, mighty Providence,
 What wou'd these madmen have?
 First, they would bribe us without pence,
 Deceive us without common sense,
 And without pow'r enslave.

Shall free-born men, in humble awe,
Submit to servile shame;
Who from consent and custom draw
The same right to be rul'd by law,
Which kings pretend to reign?

The duke shall wield his conqu'ring sword,
The chancellor make a speech,
The king shall pass his honest word,
The pawn'd revenue sums afford,
And then, come kiss my breech.

So have I seen a king on chess
(His rooks and knights withdrawn,
His queen and bishops in distress)
Shifting about, grow less and less,
With here and there a pawn.



A
S O N G
F O R

St. CECILIA's Day, 1687.

I.

FROM harmony, from heav'nly harmony
 This universal frame began :
 When nature underneath a heap
 Of jarring atoms lay,
 And cou'd not heave her head,
 The tuneful voice was heard from high,
 Arise, ye more than dead.
 Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
 In order to their stations leap,
 And Music's power obey.
 From harmony, from heav'nly harmony
 This universal frame began :
 From harmony to harmony
 Thro all the compass of the notes it ran,
 The diapason closing full in Man.

II.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell!

When Jubal struck the corded shell,

His list'ning brethren stood around,

And, wond'ring, on their faces fell

To worship that celestial sound.

Less than a God they thought there could not dwell

Within the hollow of that shell,

That spoke so sweetly and so well.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

III.

The trumpet's loud clangor

Excites us to arms,

With shrill notes of anger

And mortal alarms.

The double double double beat

Of the thund'ring drum

Cries, hark! the foes come;

Charge, Charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

IV.

The soft complaining flute

In dying notes discovers

The woes of hopeless lovers,

Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

V.

Sharp violins proclaim
 Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
 Fury, frantic indignation,
 Depth of pains, and height of passion,
 For the fair, disdainful, dame.

VI.

But oh ! what art can teach,
 What human voice can reach,
 The sacred organ's praise ?
 Notes inspiring holy love,
 Notes that wing their heav'nly ways
 To mend the choirs above.

VII.

Orpheus cou'd lead the savage race ;
 And trees uprooted left their place,
 Sequacious of the lyre :
 But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder higher :
 When to her organ vocal breath was giv'n,
 An angel heard, and straight appear'd
 Mistaking earth for heav'n.

Grand C H O R U S.

*As from the pow'r of sacred lays
 The spheres began to move,*

*And sung the great Creator's praise
 To all the bless'd above;
 So when the last and dreadful hour
 This crumbling pageant shall devour,
 The trumpet shall be heard on high,
 The dead shall live, the living die,
 And Music shall untune the sky.*

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

THE
 TEARS of AMYNTA,
 FOR THE
 DEATH of DAMON.
 SONG.

I.

ON a bank, beside a willow,
 Heav'n her cov'ring, earth her pillow,
 Sad Amynta figh'd alone:
 From the chearless dawn of morning
 'Till the dews of night returning,
 Singing thus she made her moan:

Hope is banish'd,
Joys are vanish'd,
Damon, my belov'd, is gone !

II.

Time, I dare thee to discover
Such a youth, and such a lover ;
Oh ! so true, so kind was he !
Damon was the pride of nature,
Charming in his every feature ;
Damon liv'd alone for me ;

Melting kisses,
Murmuring blisses :
Who so liv'd and lov'd as we !

III.

Never shall we curse the morning,
Never bless the night returning,
Sweet embraces to restore :
Never shall we both lie dying,
Nature failing, Love supplying
All the joys he drain'd before :
Death come end me
To befriend me ;
Love and Damon are no more.



A S O N G.

I.

SYLVIA the fair, in the bloom of fifteen,
Felt an innocent warmth, as she lay on the
green :

She had heard of a pleasure, and something she quest
By the towzing, and tumbling, and touching her
breast :

She saw the men eager, but was at a loss,
What they meant by their fighting, and kissing so
close ;

By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And fighting and kissing,
And fighting and kissing so close.

II.

Ah ! she cry'd ; ah for a languishing maid,
In a country of Christians, to die without aid !
Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at least,
Or a Protestant parson, or Catholic priest,
To instruct a young virgin, that is at a loss,
What they meant by their fighting, and kissing so
close !

By their praying and whining,
 And clasping and twining,
 And panting and wishing,
 And fighting and kissing,
 And fighting and kissing so close.

III.

Cupid in shape of a swain did appear,
 He saw the sad wound, and in pity drew near ;
 Then show'd her his arrow, and bid her not fear ;
 For the pain was no more than a maiden may bear ;
 When the balm was infus'd, she was not at a loss,
 What they meant by their fighting, and kissing so
 close ;

By their praying and whining,
 And clasping and twining,
 And panting and wishing,
 And fighting and kissing,
 And fighting and kissing so close.



T H E
L A D Y's S O N G.

I.

A Choir of bright beauties in spring did appear,
To choose a May-lady to govern the year;
All the nymphs were in white, and the shepherds
in green;

The garland was given, and Phyllis was queen;
But Phyllis refus'd it, and sighing did say,
I'll not wear a garland while Pan is away.

II.

While Pan, and fair Syrinx, are fled from our shore,
The Graces are banish'd, and Love is no more:
The soft God of pleasure, that warm'd our desires,
Has broken his bow, and extinguish'd his fires:
And vows that himself, and his mother, will mourn,
Till Pan and fair Syrinx in triumph return.

III.

Forbear your addresses, and court us no more;
For we will perform what the Deity swore:
But if you dare think of deserving our charms,
Away with your sheephooks, and take to your arms:
Then laurels and myrtles your brows shall adorn,
When Pan, and his son, and fair Syrinx, return.



A S O N G.

I.

FAIR, sweet and young, receive a prize,
 Reserv'd for your victorious eyes :
 From crouds, whom at your feet you see,
 O pity, and distinguish me !
 As I from thousand beauties more
 Distinguish you, and only you adore,

II.

Your face for conquest was design'd,
 Your every motion charms my mind ;
 Angels, when you your silence break,
 Forget their hymns, to hear you speak ;
 But when at once they hear and view,
 Are loth to mount, and long to stay with you,

III,

No graces can your form improve,
 But all are lost, unless you love ;
 While that sweet passion you disdain,
 Your veil and beauty are in vain ;
 In pity then prevent my fate,
 For after dying all reprieve's too late.



A S O N G.

HIGH state and honors to others impart,
But give me your heart :

That treasure, that treasure alone,

I beg for my own.

So gentle a love, so fervent a fire,

My soul does inspire ;

That treasure, that treasure alone,

I beg for my own.

Your love let me crave ;

Give me in possessing

So matchless a blessing ;

That empire is all I would have.

Love's my petition,

All my ambition ;

If e'er you discover

So faithful a lover,

So real a flame,

I'll die, I'll die,

So give up my game.



R O N D E L A Y.

I.

CHLOE found Amyntas lying,

All in tears upon the plain ;

Sighing to himself, and crying,

Wretched I, to love in vain !

Kiss me, dear, before my dying ;

Kiss me once, and ease my pain !

II.

Sighing to himself, and crying,

Wretched I, to love in vain !

Ever scorning and denying

To reward your faithful swain ;

Kiss me, dear, before my dying ;

Kiss me once, and ease my pain !

III.

Ever scorning, and denying

To reward your faithful swain ;

Chloe, laughing at his crying,

Told him, that he lov'd in vain :

Kiss me, dear, before my dying ;

Kiss me once, and ease my pain !

IV.

Chloe, laughing at his crying,
 Told him, that he lov'd in vain;
 But repenting, and complying,
 When he kiss'd, she kiss'd again:
 Kiss'd him up before his dying;
 Kiss'd him up, and eas'd his pain.



A S O N G.

I.

GO tell Amynta, gentle swain,
 I would not die, nor dare complain:
 Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
 Thy words will more prevail than mine.
 To souls oppress'd, and dumb with grief,
 The gods ordain this kind relief;
 That music should in sounds convey,
 What dying lovers dare not say.

II.

A sigh or tear, perhaps, she'll give,
 But love on pity cannot live.

Tell her that hearts for hearts were made,
 And love with love is only paid.
 Tell her my pains so fast increase,
 That soon they will be past redress ;
 But ah ! the wretch, that speechless lies,
 Attends but death to close his eyes.



A

S O N G

T O A

Fair Young LADY, going out of the Town in
 the Spring.

I.

ASK not the cause, why fullen Spring
 So long delays her flowers to bear ;
 Why warbling birds forget to sing,
 And winter storms invert the year :
 Chloris is gone, and fate provides
 To make it Spring, where she resides.

II.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair ;
She cast not back a pitying eye :
But left her lover in despair,
To sigh, to languish, and to die :
Ah, how can those fair eyes endure
To give the wounds they will not cure !

III.

Great god of love, why hast thou made
A face that can all hearts command,
That all religions can invade,
And change the laws of ev'ry land ?
Where thou hadst plac'd such power before,
Thou shouldst have made her mercy more.

IV.

When Chloris to the temple comes,
Adoring crowds before her fall ;
She can restore the dead from tombs,
And every life but mine recal.
I only am by Love design'd
To be the victim for mankind.



ALEXANDER'S FEAST :

OR, THE

POWER of MUSIC,

A N O D E,

In Honor of St. CECILIA'S Day.

'T WAS at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son :

Aloft in awful state

The godlike hero sat

On his imperial throne :

His valiant peers were plac'd around ;

Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound.

(So should desert in arms be crown'd :)

The lovely Thais, by his side,

Sate like a blooming Eastern bride.

In flower of youth and beauty's pride.

Happy, happy, happy pair !

None but the brave,

None but the brave,

None but the brave deserves the fair.

C H O R U S.

*Happy, happy, happy pair !
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.*

II.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love.)
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god :
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd :
And while he fought her snowy breast :
Then, round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of
the world.
The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present deity, they shout around :
A present deity the vaulted roofs rebound :

With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

C H O R U S.

*With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.*

III.

The praise of Bacchus then, the sweet musician sung;
 Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young :
 The jolly god in triumph comes;
 Sound the trumpets ; beat the drums ;
 Flush'd with a purple grace
 He shews his honest face :
 Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes.
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain ;
 Bacchus's blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

C H O R U S.

*Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure ;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.*

IV.

Sooth'd with the sound the king grew vain ;
Fought all his battles o'er, again ;
And thrice he routed all his foes ; and thrice he
slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise ;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
And while he heaven and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.

He chose a mournful muse

Soft pity to infuse :

He sung Darius great and good,

By too severe a fate,

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,

Fallen from his high estate,

And weltring in his blood ;

Deserted, at his utmost need,

By those his former bounty fed :

On the bare earth expos'd he lies,

With not a friend to close his eyes.

With down-cast looks the joyless victor fate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul

The various turns of chance below ;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole ;
And tears began to flow.

C H O R U S.

*Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below ;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole ;
And tears began to flow.*

V.

The mighty master smil'd, to see
That love was in the next degree :
'Twas but a kindred-sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
Honor but an empty bubble ;

Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying :

If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying :

Lovely Thais sits besides thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.

The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair

Who caus'd his care,

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :

At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

C H O R U S.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,

Gaz'd on the fair

Who caus'd his care,

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :

At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,

The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again :

A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.

Break his bands of sleep asunder,

And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound

Has rais'd up his head :

As awak'd from the dead,

And amaz'd, he stares around.

288 AN ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,

See the furies arise :

See the snakes that they rear,

How they hiss in their hair,

And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !

Behold a ghastly band,

Each a torch in his hand !

Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,

And unbury'd remain

Inglorious on the plain :

Give the vengeance due

To the valiant crew.

Behold how they toss their torches on high,

How they point to the Persian abodes,

And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods.

The princes applaud, with a furious joy ;

And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;

Thais led the way,

To light him to his prey,

And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

C H O R U S.

And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;

Thais led the way,

To light him to his prey,

And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

VII

VII.

Thus, long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
 While organs yet were mute ;
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown
 before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown ;
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies ;
 She drew an angel down.

Grand C H O R U S.

*At last, divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.*

290 AN ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

*Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown ;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies ;
She drew an angel down.*



THE SECULAR MASQUE.

Enter Janus.

Janus. **C**Hronos, Chronos, mend thy pace,
An hundred times the rolling sun
Around the radiant belt has run
In his revolving race.
Behold, behold, the goal in fight,
Spread thy fans, and wing thy flight.

*Enter Chronos, with a scythe in his band, and a
globe on his back; which he sets down at his
entrance.*

Chronos. Weary, weary of my weight,
Let me, let me drop my freight,
And leave the world behind.
I could not bear,
Another year,
The load of human-kind.

U 2

Enter Momus laughing.

Momus. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! well hast thou done

To lay down thy pack,

And lighten thy back,

The world was a fool, e'er since it begun,

And since neither Janus nor Chronos, nor I,

Can hinder the crimes,

Or mend the bad times,

'Tis better to laugh than to cry.

Cho. of all three. *'Tis better to laugh than to cry.*

Janus. Since Momus comes to laugh below,

Old Time begin the show,

That he may see, in every scene,

What changes in this age have been.

Chronos. Then goddesses of the silver bow begin.

[*Horns, or hunting-music within.*]

Enter Diana.

Di. With horns and with hounds, I waken the day;

And hie to the woodland-walks away;

I tuck up my robe, and am buskin'd soon,

And tie to my forehead a waxing moon.

I course the fleet stag, unkennel the fox,

And chace the wild goats o'er summits of
rocks,

With shouting and hooting we pierce thro
the sky,

And Eccho turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

Cho. of all. *With shouting and hooting we pierce
thro the sky,*

And Eccho turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

Janus. Then our age was in it's prime :

Chronos. Free from rage :

Diana. ——— And free from crime.

Momus. A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.

Cho. of all. *Then our age was in it's prime,
Free from rage, and free from crime,
A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.*

[Dance of Diana's attendants.]

Enter Mars.

Mars. Inspire the vocal brags, inspire ;
The world is past its infant age :
Arms and honor,
Arms and honor,
Set the martial mind on fire,
And kindle manly rage.
Mars has look'd the sky to red ;
And Peace, the lazy good, is fled.

294 THE SECULAR MASQUE.

Plenty, peace, and pleasure fly ;
 The sprightly green,
 In woodland-walks, no more is seen ;
 The sprightly green has drunk the Tyrian
 dye.

Cho. of all. *Plenty, peace, &c.*

Mars. Sound the trumpet, beat the drum ;
 Thro all the world around,
 Sound a reveille, sound, sound,
 The warrior god is come.

Cho. of all. *Sound the trumpet, &c.*

Momus. Thy sword within the scabbard keep,
 And let mankind agree ;
 Better the world were fast asleep,
 Than kept awake by thee.
 The fools are only thinner,
 With all our cost and care ;
 But neither side a winner,
 For things are as they were.

Cho. of all. *The fools are only, &c.*

Enter Venus.

Venus. Calms appear, when storms are past ;
 Love will have his hour at last :
 Nature is my kindly care ;
 Mars destroys, and I repair ;

Take me, take me, while you may,
Venus comes not ev'ry day.

Cho. of all. *Take her, take her, &c.*

Chronos. The world was then so light,
I scarcely felt the weight ;
Joy rul'd the day, and Love the night.
But, since the queen of pleasure left the
ground,
I faint, I lag,
And feebly drag
The pondrous orb around.

Momus. All, all of a piece throughout ;

Point-
ing to } Thy chace had a beast in view ;
Diana }

[To Mars] Thy wars brought nothing about ;

[To Venus] Thy lovers were all untrue.

Janus. 'Tis well an old age is out,

Chronos. And time to begin a new.

Cho. of all. *All, all of a piece throughout ;*

Thy chace had a beast in view :

Thy wars brought nothing about ;

Thy lovers were all untrue.

'Tis well an old age is out,

And time to begin a new.

Dance of huntsmen, nymphs, warriors, and lovers.

S O N G

O F A

SCHOLAR and his MISTRESS,

Who being cross'd by their Friends, fell mad for
one another ; and now first meet in BEDLAM.

[Music within.]

*The Lovers enter at opposite doors, each held by a
Keeper.*

Phillis. **L**OOK, look, I see—I see my love
appear ?

'Tis he — 'Tis he alone ;

For, like him, there is none :

'Tis the dear, dear man, 'tis thee, dear.

Amyntas. Hark ! the winds war ;

The foamy waves roar ;

I see a ship afar :

Tossing and tossing, and making to the
shore :

But what's that I view,

So radiant of hue,

St. Hermo, St. Hermo, that sits upon the
sails ?

Ah ! No, no, no.

St. Hermo, never, never shone so bright ;

'Tis Phillis, only Phillis, can shoot so fair
a light ;

'Tis Phillis, 'tis Phillis, that saves the
ship alone,

For all the winds are hush'd, and the
storm is overblown.

Phillis. Let me go, let me run, let me fly to his arms.

Amyntas. If all the fates combine,

And all the furies join,

I'll force my way to Phillis, and break
thro the charm.

[*Here they break from their keepers,
run to each other, and embrace.*]

Phillis. Shall I marry the man I love ?

And shall I conclude my pains ?

Now blest'd be the powers above,

I feel the blood bound in my veins ;

With a lively leap it began to move,

And the vapors leave my brains.

Amyntas. Body join'd to body, and heart join'd to
heart,

To make sure of the cure,

Go call the man in black, to mumble o'er
his part.

Phyllis. But suppose he should stay ———

Amyntas. At worst if he delay,

'Tis a work must be done,

We'll borrow but a day,

And the better, the sooner begun.

Cho. of both. *At worst if he delay, &c.*

[*They run out together hand in hand.*]





PROLOGUES

AND

EPILOGUES.



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P R O L O G U E,

S P O K E N T H E

• First Day of the KING's HOUSE Acting
after the FIRE.

SO shipwreck'd passengers escape to land,
So look they, when on the bare beach they
stand

Dropping and cold, and their first fear scarce o'er,
Expecting famine on a desert shore.

From that hard climate we must wait for bread,
Whence e'en the natives, forc'd by hunger, fled.

Our stage does human chance present to view,
But ne'er before was seen so sadly true:

You are chang'd too, and your pretence to see
Is but a nobler name for charity.

Your own provisions furnish out our feasts,

While you the founders make yourselves the guests.

Of all mankind beside fate had some care,

But for poor Wit no portion did prepare,

'Tis left a rent-charge to the brave and fair. }

You cherish'd it, and now its fall you mourn,

Which blind unmanner'd zealots make their scorn,

302 PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

Who think that fire a judgment on the stage,
Which spar'd not temples in its furious rage.
But as our new-built city rises higher,
So from old theatres may new aspire,
Since fate contrives magnificence by fire. }
Our great metropolis does far surpass
Whate'er is now, and equals all that was :
Our wit as far does foreign wit excel,
And, like a king, should in a palace dwell.
But we with golden hopes are vainly fed,
Talk high, and entertain you in a shed :
Your presence here, for which we humbly sue,
Will grace old theatres, and build up new.



P R O L O G U E

S P O K E N A T T H E

Opening of the NEW HOUSE, March 26, 1674.

A Plain built house, after so long a stay,
Will send you half unsatisfy'd away ;
When, fall'n from your expected pomp, you find
A bare convenience only is design'd.

You, who each day can theatres behold,
 Like Nero's palace, shining all with gold,
 Our mean ungilded stage will scorn, we fear,
 And, for the homely room, disdain the cheer.
 Yet now cheap druggets to a mode are grown,
 And a plain suit, since we can make but one,
 Is better than to be by tarnish'd gawdry known. }
 They, who are by your favors wealthy made,
 With mighty sums may carry on the trade :
 We, broken bankers, half destroy'd by fire,
 With our small stock to humble roofs retire ; }
 Pity our loss, while you their pomp admire.
 For fame and honor we no longer strive,
 We yield in both, and only beg to live :
 Unable to support their vast expence,
 Who build and treat with such magnificence ;
 That, like th'ambitious monarchs of the age,
 They give the law to our provincial stage.
 Great neighbors enviously promote excess,
 While they impose their splendor on the less.
 But only fools, and they of vast estate,
 Th'extremity of modes will imitate, }
 The dangling knee-fringe, and the bib-cravat.
 Yet if some pride with want may be allow'd,
 We in our plainness may be justly proud :

304 PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

Our royal master will'd it should be so ;
 Whate'er he's pleas'd to own, can need no show :
 That sacred name gives ornament and grace,
 And, like his stamp, makes basest metals pass.
 'Twere folly now a stately pile to raise,
 To build a playhouse while you throw down plays,
 While scenes, machines, and empty operas reign.
 And for the pencil you the pen disdain :
 While troops of famish'd Frenchmen hither drive,
 And laugh at those upon whose alms they live :
 Old English authors vanish, and give place
 To these new conqu'rors of the Norman race.
 More tamely than your fathers you submit,
 You're now grown vassals to them in your wit.
 Mark, when they play, how our fine sops advance,
 The mighty merits of their men of France,
 Keep time, cry Bon, and humor the cadence. }
 Well, please yourselves ; but sure 'tis understood,
 That French machines have ne'er done England
 good.

I would not prophesy our house's fate :
 But while vain shows and scenes you over-rate,
 'Tis to be fear'd —
 That as a fire the former house o'erthrew,
 Machines and tempests will destroy the new.



EPI-

E P I L O G U E

O N T H E

S A M E O C C A S I O N .

TH O what our Prologue said was sadly true,
 Yet, gentlemen, our homely house is new,
 A charm that seldom fails with, wicked, you.
 A country lip may have the velvet touch ;
 Tho she's no lady, you may think her such :
 A strong imagination may do much.
 But you, loud sirs, who thro your curls look big,
 Critics in plume and white vallancy wig,
 Who lolling on our foremost benches sit,
 And still charge first, the true forlorn of wit ;
 Whose favors, like the sun, warm where you roll,
 Yet you, like him, have neither heat nor soul ;
 So may your hats your foretops never press,
 Untouch'd your ribbons, sacred be your drefs ;
 So may you slowly to old age advance,
 And have th'excuse of youth for ignorance :
 So may fop-corner full of noise remain,
 And drive far off the dull attentive train ;

306 PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

So may your midnight scowrings happy prove,
 And morning batt'ries force your way to love ;
 So may not France your warlike hands recal,
 But leave you by each other's swords to fall :
 As you come here to ruffle vizard punk,
 When sober, rail, and roar when you are drunk.
 But to the wits we can some merit plead,
 And urge what by themselves has oft been said :
 Our house relieves the ladies from the frights
 Of ill-pav'd streets, and long dark winter nights ;
 The Flanders horses from a cold bleak road,
 Where bears in furs dare scarcely look abroad ;
 The audience from worn plays and fustian stuff,
 Of rhyme, more nauseous than three boys in buff.
 Tho in their house the poets heads appear,
 We hope we may presume their wits are here.
 The best which they reserv'd they now will play,
 For, like kind cuckolds, tho w'have not the way
 To please, we'll find you abler men who may. }
 If they should fail, for last recruits we breed
 A troop of frisking Monfieurs to succeed : }
 You know the French sure cards at time of need. }



P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

UNIVERSITY of OXFORD, 1674.

SPOKEN by Mr. HART.

POETS, your subjects, have their parts assign'd
 T'unbend, and to divert their sov'reign's mind:
 When tir'd with following nature, you think fit
 To seek repose in the cool shades of wit,
 And, from the sweet retreat, with joy survey
 What rests, and what is conquer'd, of the way.
 Here, free yourselves from envy, care, and strife,
 You view the various turns of human life:
 Safe in our scene, thro dangerous courts you go,
 And, undebauch'd, the vice of cities know.
 Your theories are here to practice brought,
 As in mechanic operations wrought;
 And man, the little world, before you set,
 As once the sphere of chrystal shew'd the great.
 Blest sure are you above all mortal kind,
 If to your fortunes you can suit your mind;
 Content to see, and shun, those ills we show,
 And crimes on theatres alone to know.

308 PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

With joy we bring what our dead authors writ,
And beg from you the value of their wit :
That Shakespear's, Fletcher's, and great Johnson's
claim,

May be renew'd from those who gave them fame.

None of our living poets dare appear ;

For muses so severe are worshipp'd here,

That, conscious of their faults, they shun the eye,
And, as prophane, from sacred places fly,
Rather than see the offended God, and die. }

We bring no imperfections, but our own ;

Such faults as made are by the makers shown :

And you have been so kind, that we may boast,

The greatest judges still can pardon most.

Poets must stoop, when they would please our pit,

Debas'd even to the level of their wit ;

Disdaining that, which yet they know will take,

Hating themselves what their applause must make.

But when to praise from you they would aspire,

Tho they like eagles mount, your Jove is higher.

So far your knowlege all their power transcends,

As what should be beyond what Is extends.



P R O L O G U E to C I R C E.

[By Dr. DAVENANT, 1675.]

WERE you but half so wise as you're severe,
Our youthful poet should not need to fear:

To his green years your censures you would suit,
Not blast the blossom, but expect the fruit,
The sex, that best does pleasure understand,
Will always choose to err on t'other hand.
They check not him that's aukward in delight,
But clap the young rogue's cheek, and set him
right.

Thus hearten'd well, and flesh'd upon his prey,
The youth may prove a man another day.

Your Ben and Fletcher, in their first young flight,
Did no Volpone, nor no Arbaces write;

But hopp'd about, and short excursions made
From bough to bough, as if they were afraid,
And each was guilty of some flighted maid. }

Shakespear's own muse her Pericles first bore;
The prince of Tyre was elder than the Moore:

'Tis miracle to see a first good play;

All hawthorns do not bloom on Christmas-day.

310 PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

A slender poet must have time to grow,
 And spread and burnish as his brothers do.
 Who still looks lean, sure with some pox is curst :
 But no man can be Falstaff-fat at first.
 Then damn not, but indulge his rude essays,
 Encourage him, and bloat him up with praise,
 That he may get more bulk before he dies :
 He's not yet fed enough for sacrifice.
 Perhaps, if now your grace you will not grudge,
 He may grow up to write, and you to judge.



E P I L O G U E,

Intended to have been spoken by

The Lady HEN. MAR. WENTWORTH,

When CALISTO was acted at Court.

AS Jupiter I made my court in vain ;
 I'll now assume my native shape again,
 I'm weary to be so unkindly us'd,
 And would not be a God to be refus'd.
 State grows uneasy when it hinders love ;
 A glorious burden, which the wise remove,

Now as a nymph I need not sue, nor try
 The force of any lightning but the eye.
 Beauty and youth more than a God command ;
 No Jove could e'er the force of these withstand.
 'Tis here that sov'reign power admits dispute ;
 Beauty sometimes is justly absolute.
 Our sullen Cato's, whatsoe'er they say,
 Even while they frown and dictate laws, obey.
 You, mighty sir, our bonds more easy make,
 And gracefully, what all must suffer, take :
 Above those forms the grave affect to wear ;
 For 'tis not to be wise to be severe.
 True wisdom may some gallantry admit,
 And soften business with the charms of wit.
 These peaceful triumphs with your cares you
 bought,
 And from the midst of fighting nations brought.
 You only hear it thunder from afar,
 And sit in peace the arbiter of war :
 Peace, the loath'd manna, which hot brains despise,
 You knew its worth, and made it early prize :
 And in its happy leisure sit and see
 The promises of more felicity :
 Two glorious nymphs of your own godlike line,
 Whose morning rays like noontide strike and shine :

312 PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

Whom you to supplant monarchs shall dispose,
To bind your friends, and to disarm your foes.



EPILOGUE to the MAN of MODE :

O R,

Sir FOPLING FLUTTER.

[By Sir GEORGE ETHERIDGE, 1676.]

MOST modern wits such monstrous fools
have shown,

They seem not of heaven's making, but their own.

Those nauseous harlequins in farce may pass ;

But there goes more to a substantial ass ;

Something of man must be expos'd to view,

That, gallants, they may more resemble you.

Sir Fopling is a fool so nicely writ,

The ladies would mistake him for a wit ;

And, when he sings, talks loud, and cocks,
would cry,

I vow, methinks, he's pretty company ;

So brisk, so gay, so travell'd, so refin'd,

As he took pains to graff upon his kind.

True fops help nature's work, and go to school,
 To file and finish God Almighty's fool.
 Yet none Sir Fopling him, or him can call ;
 He's knight o' th' shire, and represents ye all.
 From each he meets he culls whate'er he can ;
 Legion's his name, a people in a man.
 His bulky folly gathers as it goes,
 And, rolling o'er you, like a snow-ball grows.
 His various modes from various fathers follow ;
 One taught the tofs, and one the new French wallow:
 His sword-knot this, his cravat that design'd ;
 And this, the yard-long snake he twirls behind.
 From one the sacred periwig he gain'd,
 Which wind ne'er blew, nor touch of hat prophan'd.
 Another's diving bow he did adore,
 Which with a shog casts all the hair before,
 Till he with full decorum brings it back,
 And rises with a water-spaniel shake.
 As for his songs, the ladies dear delight,
 These sure he took from most of you who write.
 Yet ev'ry man is safe from what he fear'd ;
 For no one fool is hunted from the herd.



E P I L O G U E

T O

MITHRIDATES, King of PONTUS.

By Mr. N. LEE, 1678.

YOU'VE seen a pair of faithful lovers die :
 And much you care; for most of you will
 cry,

'Twas a just judgment on their constancy.

For, heaven be thank'd, we live in such an age,

When no man dies for love, but on the stage :

And e'en those martyrs are but rare in plays ;

A curfed sign how much true faith decays.

Love is no more a violent desire ;

'Tis a meer metaphor, a painted fire.

In all our sex, the name examin'd well,

'Tis pride to gain, and vanity to tell.

In woman, 'tis of subtle int'rest made :

Curse on the punk that made it first a trade !

She first did wit's prerogative remove,

And made a fool presume to prate of love.

Let honor and preferment go for gold ;

But glorious beauty is not to be sold ;

Or, if it be, 'tis at a rate so high,
 That nothing but adoring it should buy.
 Yet the rich cullies may their boasting spare;
 They purchase but sophisticated ware.
 'Tis prodigality that buys deceit,
 Where both the giver and the taker cheat.
 Men but refine on the old half-crown way;
 And women fight, like Swiflers, for their pay.



P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

W I D O W R A N T E R.

By Mrs. B E H N, 1690.

H Eaven save ye, gallants, and this hopeful age;
 Y'are welcome to the downfall of the stage:
 The fools have labor'd long in their vocation;
 And vice, the manufacture of the nation,
 O'erstocks the town so much, and thrives so well,
 That fops and knaves grow drugs, and will not sell.
 In vain our wares on theatres are shown,
 When each has a plantation of his own.

316 PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

His cause ne'er fails ; for whatsoe'er he spends,
 There's still God's plenty for himself and friends.
 Should men be rated by poetic rules,
 Lord ! what a poll would there be rais'd from fools !
 Mean time poor wit prohibited must lie,
 As if 'twere made some French commodity.
 Fools you will have, and rais'd at vast expence ;
 And yet, as soon as seen, they give offence.
 Time was, when none would cry, That oaf was me ;
 But now you strive about your pedigree.
 Bauble and cap no sooner are thrown down,
 But there's a mufs of more than half the town.
 Each one will challenge a child's part at least ;
 A sign the family is well increast.
 Of foreign cattle there's no longer need,
 When we're supply'd so fast with English breed.
 Well ! flourish, countrymen, drink, swear, and roar ;
 Let ev'ry free-born subject keep his whore,
 And wand'ring in the wilderness about,
 At end of forty years not wear her out.
 But when you see these pictures, let none dare
 To own beyond a limb or single share :
 For where the punk is common, he's a sot,
 Who needs will father what the parish got.



P R O L O G U E

T O

C Æ S A R B O R G I A.

[By Mr. N. LEE, 1680.]

TH' unhappy man, who once has trail'd a pen,
 Lives not to please himself, but other men;
 Is always drudging, wastes his life and blood,
 Yet only eats and drinks what you think good.
 What praise foe'er the poetry deserve,
 Yet ev'ry fool can bid the poet starve.
 That fumbling letcher to revenge is bent,
 Because he thinks himself or whore is meant:
 Name but a cuckold, all the city swarms;
 From Leadenhall to Ludgate is in arms:
 Were there no fear of Antichrist or France,
 In the blest time poor poets live by chance.
 Either you come not here, or, as you grace
 Some old acquaintance, drop into the place,
 Careless and qualmish with a yawning face:
 You sleep o'er wit, and by my troth you may;
 Most of your talents lie another way.
 You love to hear of some prodigious tale,
 The bell that toll'd alone, or Irish whale.

318 PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

News is your food, and you enough provide,
 Both for yourselves, and all the world beside.
 One theatre there is of vast resort,
 Which whilome of Requests was called the Court;
 But now the great Exchange of News 'tis hight,
 And full of hum and buz from noon 'till night.
 Up stairs and down you run, as for a race,
 And each man wears three nations in his face.
 So big you look, tho claret you retrench,
 That, arm'd with bottled ale, you huff the French.
 But all your entertainment still is fed
 By villains in your own dull island bred.
 Would you return to us, we dare engage
 To shew you better rogues upon the stage.
 You know no poison but plain ratsbane here;
 Death's more refin'd, and better bred elsewhere.
 They have a civil way in Italy
 By smelling a perfume to make you die ;
 A trick would make you lay your snuff-box by. }
 Murder's a trade, so known and practis'd there,
 That 'tis infallible as is the chair.
 But, mark their feast, you shall behold such pranks;
 The pope says grace, but 'tis the devil gives thanks.

P R O L O G U E

T O

SOPHONISBA, at OXFORD, 1680.

THESPIS, the first professor of our art,
 At country wakes, sung ballads from a cart.
 To prove this true, if Latin be no trespass,
 Dicitur & plaustris vexisse Poemata Thespis.
 But Æschylus, says Horace in some page,
 Was the first mountebank that trod the stage :
 Yet Athens never knew your learned sport
 Of tossing poets in a tennis-court.
 But 'tis the talent of our English nation,
 Still to be plotting some new reformation :
 And few years hence, if anarchy goes on,
 Jack Presbyter shall here erect his throne,
 Knock out a tub with preaching once a day,
 And ev'ry prayer be longer than a play.
 Then all your heathen wits shall go to pot,
 For disbelieving of a Popish-plot :
 Your poets shall be us'd like infidels,
 And worst the author of the Oxford bells :
 Nor should we 'scape the sentence, to depart,
 E'en in our first original, a cart.

320 PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

No zealous brother there would want a stone,
 To maul us cardinals, and pelt pope Joan :
 Religion, learning, wit, would be supprest,
 Rags of the whore, and trappings of the beast :
 Scot, Suarez, Tom of Aquin, must go down,
 As chief supporters of the triple crown ;
 And Aristotle's for destruction ripe ;
 Some say, he call'd the soul an organ-pipe,
 Which, by some little help of derivation,
 Shall then be prov'd a pipe of inspiration.



A P R O L O G U E.

IF yet there be a few that take delight
 In that which reasonable men should write ;
 To them alone we dedicate this night. }
 The rest may satisfy their curious itch
 With city-gazettes, or some factious speech,
 Or whate'er libel, for the public good,
 Stirs up the shrove-tide crew to fire and blood.
 Remove your benches, you apostate pit,
 And take, above, twelve pennyworth of wit ;
 Go back to your dear dancing on the rope,
 Or see what's worse, the devil and the pope.

The plays that take on our corrupted stage,
 Methinks, resemble the distracted age;
 Noise, madness, all unreasonable things,
 That strike at sense, as rebels do at kings.
 The style of forty-one our poets write,
 And you are grown to judge like forty-eight.
 Such censures our mistaking audience make,
 That 'tis almost grown scandalous to take.
 They talk of fevers that infect the brains;
 But nonsense is the new disease that reigns.
 Weak stomachs, with a long disease oppress,
 Cannot the cordials of strong wit digest.
 Therefore thin nourishment of farce ye choose,
 Decoctions of a barley-water muse:
 A meal of tragedy would make ye sick,
 Unless it were a very tender chick.
 Some scenes in foppets would be worth our time;
 Those would go down; some love that's poach'd
 in rhyme;
 If these should fail-----
 We must lie down, and, after all our cost,
 Keep holiday, like watermen in frost;
 While you turn players on the world's great stage,
 And act yourselves the farce of your own age.



E P I L O G U E

T O A

T R A G E D Y call'd T A M E R L A N E.

[By Mr. SHAWNEAR.]

LADIES, the beardless author of this day
 Commends to you the fortune of his play.
 A woman wit has often grac'd the stage;
 But he's the first boy-poet of our age.
 Early as is the year his fancies blow,
 Like young Narcissus peeping thro the snow
 Thus Cowley blossom'd soon; yet flourish'd long;
 This is as forward, and may prove as strong.
 Youth with the fair should always favor find,
 For we are ham'd dissemblers of our kind.
 What's all this love they put into our parts?
 'Tis but the pit-a-pat of two young hearts.
 Should hag and grey-beard make such tender
 mean,
 Faith, you'd e'en trust them to themselves alone,
 And cry, Let's go, here's nothing to be done.
 Since Love's our business, as 'tis your delight,
 The young, who best can practise, best can write.

What tho he be not come to his full power,
 He's mending and improving every hour.
 You fly she-jockies of the box and pit,
 Are pleas'd to find a hot unbroken wit :
 By management he may in time be made,
 But there's no hopes of an old batter'd jade ;
 Faint and unnerv'd he runs into a sweat,
 And always fails you at the second heat.



P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

UNIVERSITY of OXFORD, 1681.

THE fam'd Italian muse, whose rhimes advance
 Orlando, and the Paladins of France,
 Records, that, when our wit and sense is flown,
 'Tis lodg'd within the circle of the moon,
 In earthen jars, which one, who thither soar'd,
 Set to his nose, snuff'd up, and was restor'd.
 Whate'er the story be, the moral's true ;
 The wit we lost in town, we find in you.
 Our poets their fled parts may draw from hence,
 And fill their windy heads with sober sense.

Y 2

324 PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

When London votes with Southwark's disagree,
 Here may they find their long-lost loyalty.
 Here busy senates, to th' old cause inclin'd,
 May snuff the votes their fellows left behind :
 Your country neighbors, when their grain grows
 dear,

May come, and find their last provision here :
 Whereas we cannot much lament our loss,
 Who neither carry'd back, nor brought one cross.
 We look'd what representatives would bring ;
 But they help'd us, just as they did the king.
 Yet we despair not ; for we now lay forth
 The Sibyls books to those who know their worth ;
 And tho the first was sacrific'd before,
 These volumes doubly will the price restore.
 Our poet bade us hope this grace to find,
 To whom by long prescription you are kind.
 He, whose undaunted Muse, with loyal rage,
 Has never spar'd the vices of the age,
 Here finding nothing that his spleen can raise,
 Is forc'd to turn his satire into praise.



P R O L O G U E

T O H I S

R O Y A L H I G H N E S S,

U P O N H I S

First Appearance at the DUKE'S THEATRE,
after his Return from SCOTLAND, 1682.

IN those cold regions which no summers chear,
Where brooding darkness covers half the year,
To hollow caves the shiv'ring natives go ;
Bears range abroad, and hunt in tracks of snow :
But when the tedious twilight wears away,
And stars grow paler at th' approach of day,
The longing crowds to frozen mountains run ;
Happy who first can see the glimmering sun :
The furlly savage offspring disappear,
And curse the bright successor of the year.
Yet, tho rough bears in covert seek defence,
White foxes stay, with seeming innocence :
That crafty kind with day-light can dispense. }
Still we are throng'd so full with Reynard's race,
That loyal subjects scarce can find a place :
Thus modest truth is cast behind the croud :
Truth speaks too low ; hypocrisy too loud.

326 PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

Let them be first to flatter in success ;
 Duty can stay, but guilt has need to press.
 Once, when true zeal the sons of God did call,
 To make their solemn shew at heaven's Whitehall,
 The fawning devil appear'd among the rest,
 And made as good a courtier as the best.
 The friends of Job, who rail'd at him before,
 Came cap in hand when he had three times more.
 Yet late repentance may, perhaps, be true ;
 Kings can forgive, if rebels can but sue :
 A tyrant's power in rigor is exprest ;
 The father yearns in the true prince's breast.
 We grant, an o'ergrown Whig no grace can mend ;
 But most are babes, that know not they offend.
 The croud, to restless motion still inclin'd,
 Are clouds, that tack according to the wind.
 Driven by their chiefs they storms of hailstones
 pour ;
 Then mourn, and soften to a silent shower.
 O welcome to this much-offending land,
 The prince that brings forgiveness in his hand !
 Thus angels on glad messages appear :
 Their first salute commands us not to fear :
 Thus heaven, that could constrain us to obey,
 (With rev'rence if we might presume to say)
 Seems to relax the rights of sov'reign sway :

Permits to man the choice of good and ill,
And makes us happy by our own free-will.



PROLOGUE to the EARL of ESSEX.

[By Mr. J. BANKS, 1682.]

Spoken to the KING and the QUEEN at their
coming to the House.

WHEN first the ark was landed on the shore,
And heaven had vow'd to curse the ground
no more ;

When tops of hills the longing patriarch saw,
And the new scene of earth began to draw ;
The dove was sent to view the waves decrease,
And first brought back to man the pledge of peace.
'Tis needless to apply, when those appear,
Who bring the olive, and who plant it here.
We have before our eyes the royal dove,
Still innocent as harbinger of love :
The ark is open'd to dismiss the train,
And people with a better race the plain.

328 PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES:

Tell, me, ye powers, why should vain man pursue,
 With endless toil, each object that is new,
 And for the seeming substance leave the true? }
 Why should he quit for hopes his certain good,
 And loath the manna of his daily food?
 Must England still the scene of changes be,
 Toft and tempestuous, like our ambient sea? }
 Must still our weather and our wills agree?
 Without our blood our liberties we have:
 Who that is free would fight to be a slave?
 Or, what can wars to after-times assure,
 Of which our present age is not secure?
 All that our monarch would for us ordain,
 Is but t' enjoy the blessings of his reign.
 Our land's an Eden, and the main's our fence,
 While we preserve our state of innocence:
 That lost, then beasts their brutal force employ,
 And first their lord, and then themselves destroy.
 What civil broils have cost, we know too well;
 Oh! let it be enough that once we fell!
 And ev'ry heart conspire, and ev'ry tongue,
 Still to have such a king, and this king long.



A N

EPILOGUE for the KING'S HOUSE.

WE act by fits and starts, like drowning men,
 But just peep up, and then pop down again.
 Let those who call us wicked change their sense ;
 For never men liv'd more on Providence.
 Not lottery cavaliers are half so poor,
 Nor broken cits, nor a vacation whore.
 Not courts, nor courtiers living on the rents
 Of the three last un giving parliaments :
 So wretched, that, if Pharaoh could divine,
 Hemight have spar'd his dream of seven lean kine, }
 And chang'd his vision for the muses nine. }
 The comet, that, they say, portends a dearth,
 Was but a vapor drawn from play-house earth :
 Pent there since our last fire, and, Lilly says,
 Foreshews our change of state, and thin third-days.
 'Tis not our want of wit that keeps us poor ;
 For then the printer's press would suffer more.
 Their pamphleteers each day their venom spit ;
 They thrive by treason, and we starve by wit.
 Confess the truth, which of you has not laid
 Four farthings out to buy the Hatfield maid ?

330 PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

Or, which is duller yet, and more would spite us,
Democritus his wars with Heraclitus ?

Such are the authors, who have run us down,
And exercis'd you critics of the town.

Yet these are pearls to your lampooning rhimes,
Y' abuse yourselves more dully than the times.

Scandal, the glory of the English nation,

Is worn to rags, and scribbled out of fashion.

Such harmless thrusts, as if, like fencers wife,

They had agreed their play before their prize.

Faith, they may hang their harps upon the willows;

'Tis just like children when they box with pillows.

Then put an end to civil wars for shame ;

Let each knight-errant, who has wrong'd a dame,

Throw down his pen, and give her, as he can,

The satisfaction of a gentleman.



PROLOGUE to the LOYAL BROTHER:

O R,

The P E R S I A N P R I N C E.

[By Mr. S O U T H E R N E, 1682.]

P O E T S, like lawful monarchs, rul'd the stage,
 Till critics, like damn'd Whigs, debauch'd
 our age.

Mark how they jump : critics would regulate
 Our theatres, and Whigs reform our state :
 Both pretend love, and both (plague rot them !)
 hate. }

The critic humbly seems advice to bring ;
 The fawning Whig petitions to the king :
 But one's advice into a satire slides ;
 T' other's petition a remonstrance hides.
 These will no taxes give, and those no pence ;
 Critics would starve the poet, Whigs the prince.
 The critic all our troops of friends discards ;
 Just so the Whig would fain pull down the guards.
 Guards are illegal, that drive foes away,
 As watchful shepherds, that fright beasts of prey.
 Kings, who disband such needless aids as these,
 Are safe—as long as e'er their subjects please :

But after he's once fav'd, to make amends,
 In each succeeding health they damn his friends: }
 So God begins, but still the devil ends.
 What if some one, inspir'd with zeal, should call,
 Come, let's go cry, God save him at Whitehall?
 His best friends would not like this over-care,
 Or think him ere the safer for this prayer.
 Five praying saints are by an act allow'd;
 But not the whole church-militant in croud.
 Yet, should heaven all the true petitions drain
 Of Presbyterians, who would kings maintain, }
 Of forty thousand, five would scarce remain.



EPILOGUE to the same.

A Virgin poet was serv'd up to-day,
 Who, till this hour, ne'er cackled for a play.
 He's neither yet a Whig nor Tory-boy;
 But, like a girl, whom several would enjoy, }
 Begs leave to make the best of his own nat'ral toy.
 Were I to play my callow author's game,
 The king's house would instruct me by the name.
 There's loyalty to one; I wish no more:
 A commonwealth sounds like a common whore.

334 PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

Let husband or gallant be what they will,
 One part of woman is true Tory still.
 If any factious spirit should rebel,
 Our sex, with ease, can ev'ry rising quell.
 Then, as you hope we should your failings hide,
 An honest jury for our play provide.
 Whigs at their poets never take offence;
 They save dull culprits, who have murder'd sense.
 Tho' nonsense is a nauseous heavy mass,
 The vehicle call'd Faction makes it pass.
 Faction in play's the commonwealth-man's bribe;
 The leaden farthing of the canting tribe:
 Tho' void in payment laws and statutes make it,
 The neighbourhood, that knows the man, will
 take it.

'Tis faction buys the votes of half the pit;
 Their's is the pension-parliament of wit.

In city-clubs their venom let them vent;
 For there 'tis safe, in its own element.

Here, where their madness can have no pretence,
 Let them forget themselves an hour of sense.

In one poor isle, why should two factions be?
 Small diff'rence in your vices I can see:

In drink and drabs both sides too well agree.

Would there were more preferments in the land:
 If places fell, the party could not stand:

Of this damn'd grievance ev'ry Whig complains;
 They grunt like hogs till they have got their grains,
 Mean time you see what trade our plots advance;
 We send each year good money into France;
 And they that know what merchandize we need,
 Send o'er true Protestants to mend our breed.



P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

UNIVERSITY of OXFORD,

SPOKEN by Mr. HART,

At the Acting of the SILENT WOMAN.

WHAT Greece, when learning flourish'd,
 only knew,

Athenian judges, you this day renew.

Here too are annual rites to Pallas done,

And here poetic prizes lost or won.

Methinks I see you; crown'd with olives, sit,

And strike a sacred horror from the pit.

A day of doom is this of your decree,

Where even the best are but by mercy free :

A day, which none but Jonson durst have wish'd
 to see.

336 PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

Here they, who long have known the useful stage,
 Come to be taught themselves to teach the age.
 As your commissioners our poets go,
 To cultivate the virtue which you sow;
 In your Lycæum first themselves refin'd,
 And delegated thence to human-kind.
 But as ambassadors, when long from home,
 For new instructions to their princes come;
 So poets, who your precepts have forgot,
 Return, and beg they may be better taught:
 Follies and faults elsewhere by them are shown,
 But by your manners they correct their own.
 Th'illiterate writer, emperic-like, applies
 To minds diseas'd, unsafe, chance, remedies:
 The learned in schools, where knowlege first
 began,
 Studies with care the anatomy of man;
 Sees virtue, vice, and passions in their cause,
 And fame from science, not from fortune, draws.
 So Poetry, which is in Oxford made
 An art, in London only is a trade.
 There haughty dunces, whose unlearned pen
 Could ne'er spell grammar, would be reading men.
 Such build their poems the Lucretian way;
 So many huddled atoms make a play;

I

And

And if they hit in order by some chance,
 They call that nature, which is ignorance.
 To such a fame let mere town-wits aspire;
 And their gay nonsense their own cits admire.
 Our poet, could he find forgiveness here,
 Would wish it rather than a plaudit there.
 He owns no crown from those Prætorian bands,
 But knows that right is in the senate's hands,
 Not impudent enough to hope your praise,
 Low at the Muses feet his wreath he lays,
 And, where he took it up, resigns his bays. }
 Kings make their poets whom themselves think fit,
 But 'tis your suffrage makes authentic wit.



E P I L O G U E,

SPOKEN BY THE SAME.

NO poor Dutch peasant, wing'd with all his fear,
 Flies with more haste, when the French
 arms draw near,

Than we with our poetic train come down,
 For refuge hither, from th' infected town :

VOL. II.

Z

338 PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

Heaven for our sins this summer has thought fit
 To visit us with all the plagues of wit.
 A French troop first swept all things in its way ;
 But those hot Monsieurs were too quick to stay :
 Yet, to our cost, in that short time, we find
 They left their itch of novelty behind.
 Th' Italian merry-andrews took their place,
 And quite debauch'd the stage with lewd grimace ;
 Instead of wit, and humors, your delight
 Was there to see two hobby-horses fight ;
 Stout Scaramoucha with rush lance rode in,
 And ran a tilt at centaur Arlequin.
 For love you heard how amorous asses bray'd,
 And cats in gutters gave their serenade.
 Nature was out of countenance, and each day
 Some new-born monster shewn you for a play.
 But when all fail'd, to strike the stage quite dumb,
 Those wicked engines call'd machines are come.
 Thunder and lightning now for wit are play'd,
 And shortly scenes in Lapland will be laid :
 Art magic is for poetry profess'd ;
 And cats and dogs, and each obscene beast,
 To which Ægyptian dotards once did bow,
 Upon our English stage are worshipp'd now :
 Witchcraft reigns there, and raises to renown
 Macbeth and Simon Magus of the town,

Fletcher's despis'd, your Jonson's out of fashion,
 And wit the only drug in all the nation.
 In this low ebb our wares to you are shown ;
 By you those staple authors worth is known ;
 For wit's a manufacture of your own. }
 When you, who only can, their scenes have prais'd,
 We'll boldly back, and say, their price is rais'd.



E P I L O G U E,

Spoken at O X F O R D,

By Mrs. M A R S H A L L.

OFT has our poet wish'd, this happy feat
 Might prove his fading Muse's last retreat :
 I wonder'd at his wish, but now I find
 He sought for quiet, and content of mind ;
 Which noiseful towns, and courts can never know,
 And only in the shades like laurels grow.
 Youth, ere it sees the world, here studies rest,
 And age returning thence concludes it best,
 What wonder if we court that happiness
 Yearly to share, which hourly you possess,

340 PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

Teaching e'en you, while the vext world we show,
 Your peace to value more, and better know ?
 'Tis all we can return for favors past,
 Whose holy memory shall ever last,
 For patronage from him whose care presides
 O'er every noble art, and every science guides :
 Bathurst, a name the learn'd with reverence know,
 And scarcely more to his own Virgil owe ;
 Whose age enjoys but what his youth deserv'd,
 To rule those Muses whom before he serv'd.
 His learning, and untainted manners too,
 We find, Athenians, are deriv'd to you :
 Such antient hospitality there rests
 In yours, as dwelt in the first Grecian breasts,
 Whose kindness was religion to their guests.
 Such modesty did to our sex appear,
 As, had there been no laws, we need not fear,
 Since each of you was our protector here.
 Converse so chaste, and so strict virtue shown,
 As might Apollo with the Muses own.
 Till our return, we must despair to find
 Judges so just, so knowing, and so kind.



P R O L O G U E
T O T H E
U N I V E R S I T Y o f O X F O R D.

Discord, and plots, which have undone our age,
With the same ruin have o'erwhelm'd the
stage.

Our house has suffer'd in the common woe,
We have been troubled with Scotch rebels too.
Our brethren are from Thame to Tweed departed,
And of our sisters, all the kinder-hearted, }
To Edinburgh gone, or coach'd, or carted. }
With bonny bluecap there they act all night
For Scotch half-crown, in English three-pence
hight.

One nymph, to whom fat Sir John Falstaff's lean,
There with her single person fills the scene.
Another, with long use and age decay'd,
Div'd here old woman, and rose there a maid.
Our trusty door-keepers of former time
There strut and swagger in heroic rhyme.

342 PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

Tack but a copper-lace to drugget suit,
 And there's a hero made without dispute :
 And that, which was a capon's tail before,
 Becomes a plume for Indian emperor.
 But all his subjects, to express the care
 Of imitation, go, like Indians, bare :
 Lac'd linen there would be a dangerous thing ;
 It might perhaps a new rebellion bring ;
 The Scot, who wore it, would be chosen king. }
 But why should I these renegades describe,
 When you yourselves have seen a lewder tribe ?
 Teague has been here, and, to this learned pit,
 With Irish action slander'd English wit :
 You have beheld such barb'rous Macs appear,
 As merited a second massacre :
 Such as, like Cain, were branded with disgrace,
 And had their country stamp'd upon their face.
 When strolers durst presume to pick your purse,
 We humbly thought our broken troop not worse.
 How ill foe'er our action may deserve,
 Oxford's a place where wit can never starve.



P R O L O G U E,

T O T H E

UNIVERSITY of OXFORD.

THOSE actors cannot much of learning boast,
Of all who want it, we admire it most :

We love the praises of a learned pit,

As we remotely are ally'd to wit.

We speak our poets' wit, and trade in ore,

Like those, who touch upon the golden shore :

Betwixt our judges can distinction make,

Discern how much, and why, our poems take :

Mark if the fools, or men of sense, rejoice ;

Whether th' applause be only sound or voice.

When our sop gallants, or our city folly

Clap over-loud, it makes us melancholy :

We doubt that scene which does their wonder raise,

And, for their ignorance, condemn their praise.

Judge then, if we who act, and they who write,

Should not be proud of giving you delight.

London likes grossly ; but this nicer pit

Examines, fathoms all the depths of wit ;

The ready finger lays on every blot ;

Knows what should justly please, and what should

not.

Z 4

344 PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

Nature herself lies open to your view ;
 You judge by her, what draught of her is true,
 Where outlines false, and colors seem too faint,
 Where bunglers dawb, and where true poets paint.
 But by the sacred genius of this place,
 By ev'ry Muse, by each domestic grace.
 Be kind to wit, which but endeavors well,
 And, where you judge, presumes not to excel.
 Our poets hither for adoption come,
 As nations sued to be made free of Rome :
 Not in the suffragating tribes to stand,
 But in your utmost, last, provincial band.
 If his ambition may those hopes pursue,
 Who with religion loves your arts and you,
 Oxford to him a dearer name shall be,
 Than his own mother university.
 Thebes did his green, unknowing, youth engage ;
 He chooses Athens in his riper age.



E P I L O G U E

T O

C O N S T A N T I N E the G R E A T.

[By Mr. N. LEE, 1684.]

OUR hero's happy in the play's conclusion ;
 The holy rogue at last has met confusion :
 Tho Arius all along appear'd a saint,
 The last act shew'd him a true Protestant.
 Eusebius, for you know I read Greek authors,
 Reports, that, after all these plots and slaughters,
 The court of Constantine was full of glory,
 And every Trimmer turn'd addressing Tory.
 They follow'd him in herds as they were mad :
 When Clause was king, then all the world was glad.
 Whigs kept the places they possess'd before,
 And most were in a way of getting more ;
 Which was as much as saying, Gentlemen,
 Here's power and money to be rogues again.
 Indeed, there were a sort of peaking tools,
 Some call them modest, but I call them fools,
 Men much more loyal, tho not half so loud ;
 But these poor devils were cast behind the croud.

346 PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

For bold knaves thrive without one grain of sense,
 But good men starve for want of impudence.
 Besides all these, there were a sort of wights,
 I think my author calls them Tekelites,
 Such hearty rogues against the king and laws,
 They favor'd e'en a foreign rebel's cause.
 When their own damn'd design was quash'd and
 aw'd,

At least, they gave it their good word abroad.

As many a man, who, for a quiet life,

Breeds out his bastard, not to noise his wife ;

Thus o'er their darling plot these Trimmers cry ;

And tho they cannot keep it in their eye,

They bind it prentice to Count Tekely. }

They believe not the last plot ; may I be curst,

If I believe they e'er believ'd the first.

No wonder their own plot no plot they think ;

The man, that makes it, never smells the stink.

And now it comes into my head, I'll tell

Why these damn'd Trimmers lov'd the Turks so
 well.

The original Trimmer, tho a friend to no man,

Yet in his heart ador'd a pretty woman ;

He knew that Mahomet laid up for ever

Kind black-ey'd rogues, for every true believer ;

And, which was more than mortal man e'er tasted,
One pleasure that for threescore twelvemonths
lasted :

To turn for this, may surely be forgiven :
Who'd not be circumcis'd for such a heaven ?



PROLOGUE to the DISSAPPOINTMENT :

O R, T H E

M O T H E R I N F A S H I O N.

[By Mr. SOUTHERNE, 1684.]

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

HOW comes it, gentlemen, that now a-days,
When all of you so shrewdly judge of plays,
Our poets tax you still with want of sense ?
All prologues treat you at your own expence.
Sharp citizens a wiser way can go ;
They make you fools, but never call you so.
They, in good manners, seldom make a slip,
But treat a common whore with ladyship :
But here each saucy wit at random writes,
And uses ladies as he uses knights.

348 PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

Our author, young and grateful in his nature,
 Vows, that from him no nymph deserves a satire :
 Nor will he ever draw—I mean his rhyme,
 Against the sweet partaker of his crime.
 Nor is he yet so bold an undertaker,
 To call men fools ; 'tis railing at their Maker.
 Besides, he fears to split upon that shelf ;
 He's young enough to be a fop himself :
 And, if his praise can bring you all a-bed,
 He swears such hopeful youth no nation ever bred.

Your nurses, we presume, in such a case,
 Your father chose, because he lik'd the face ;
 And, often, they supply'd your mother's place. }
 The dry nurse was your mother's ancient maid,
 Who knew some former slip she ne'er betray'd.
 Betwixt them both, for milk and sugar-candy,
 Your sucking bottles were well stor'd with brandy.
 Your father, to initiate your discourse,
 Meant to have taught you first to swear and curse, }
 But was prevented by each careful nurse.
 For, leaving dad and mam, as names too common,
 They taught you certain parts of man and woman.
 I pass your schools ; for there when first you came,
 You would be sure to learn the Latin name.
 In colleges you scorn'd the art of thinking,
 But learn'd all moods and figures of good drinking ;

Thence come to town, you practise play, to know
 The virtues of the high dice, and the low.
 Each thinks himself a sharper most profound :
 He cheats by pence ; is cheated by the pound.
 With these perfections, and what else he gleans, }
 The spark sets up for love behind our scenes ; }
 Hot in pursuit of princesses and queens. }
 There, if they know their man, with cunning
 carriage,

Twenty to one but it concludes in marriage.
 He hires some homely room, love's fruits to gather,
 And garret-high rebels against his father :
 But he once dead -----
 Brings her in triumph, with her portion, down,
 A toilet, dressing-box, and half a crown.
 Some marry first, and then they fall to scow'ring,
 Which is, refining marriage into whoring.
 Our women batten well on their good-nature ;
 All they can rap and rend for the dear creature.
 But while abroad so liberal the dolt is,
 Poor spouse at home as ragged as a colt is.
 Last, some there are, who take their first degrees
 Of lewdness in our middle galleries.
 The doughty bullies enter bloody drunk,
 Invade and grubble one another's punk :

350 PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

They caterwaul, and make a dismal rout,
Call sons of whores, and strike, but ne'er lug out :
Thus while for paltry punk they roar and stickle,
They make it bawdier than a conventicle.



PROLOGUE to the KING and QUEEN,

U P O N T H E

U N I O N of the Two Companies in 1686.

SINCE faction ebbs, and rogues grow out of
fashion,

Their penny-scribes take care t'inform the nation,
How well men thrive in this or that plantation :

How Pensylvania's air agrees with Quakers,
And Carolina's with Affociators :
Both e'en too good for madmen and for traitors.

Truth is, our land with saints is so run o'er,
And every age produces such a store,
That now there's need of two New-Englands more.

What's this, you'll say, to us and our vocation ?
Only thus much, that we have left our station,
And made this theatre our new plantation.

The factious natives never could agree ;
But aiming, as they call'd it, to be free,
Those play-house Whigs fet up for property.

Some say, they no obedience paid of late ;
But would new fears and jealousies create ;
Till topsy-turvy they had turn'd the state.

Plain sense, without the talent of foretelling,
Might guess 'twould end in downright knocks and
quelling :

For seldom comes there better of rebelling.

When men will, needlessly, their freedom barter
For lawless power, sometimes they catch a Tartar ;
There's a damn'd word that rhimes to this, call'd
Charter.

But, since the victory with us remains,
'You shall be call'd to twelve in all our gains ;
If you'll not think us saucy for our pains.

352 PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

Old men shall have good old plays to delight them :
And you, fair ladies and gallants that slight them,
We'll treat with good new plays ; if our new wits
can write them.

We'll take no blund'ring verse, no fustian tumor,
No dribbling love, from this or that presumer ;
No dull fat fool sham'd on the stage for humor.

For, faith, some of them such vile stuff have made,
As none but fools or fairies every play'd ;
But 'twas, as shopmen say, to force a trade.

We've given you Tragedies, all sense defying,
And singing men, in woful metre dying ;
This 'tis when heavy lubbers will be flying.

All these disasters we well hope to weather ;
We bring you none of our old lumber hither :
Whig poets and Whig sheriffs may hang together.



EPI-

E P I L O G U E

O N T H E

S A M E O C C A S I O N.

NEW ministers, when first they get in place,
Must have a care to please; and that's our
case :

Some laws for public welfare we design,
If you, the power supreme, will please to join :
There are a sort of prattlers in the pit,
Who either have, or who pretend to wit :
These noisy firs so loud their parts rehearse,
That oft the play is silenc'd by the farce.
Let such be dumb, this penalty to shun,
Each to be thought my lady's eldest son.
But stay : methinks some vizard mask I see,
Cast out her lure from the mid gallery :
About her all the flutt'ring sparks are rang'd ;
The noise continues tho the scene is chang'd :
Now growling, sputt'ring, wauling, such a clutter,
'Tis just like pufs defendant in a gutter :
Fine love no doubt ; but ere two days are o'er ye,
The surgeon will be told a woful story.

VOL. II.

A a

354 PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

Let vizard mask her naked face expose,
 On pain of being thought to want a nose :
 Then for your lacqueys, and your train beside,
 By whate'er name or title dignify'd,
 They roar so loud, you'd think behind the stairs
 Tom Dove, and all the brotherhood of bears :
 They're grown a nuisance, beyond all disasters ;
 We've none so great but their unpaying masters.
 We beg you, sirs, to beg your men, that they
 Would please to give you leave to hear the play.
 Next in the play-house spare your precious lives ;
 Think, like good christians, on your bearns and
 wives :

Think on your souls ; but by your lugging forth,
 It seems you know how little they are worth.
 If none of these will move the warlike mind,
 Think on the helpless whore you leave behind.
 We beg you, last, our scene-room to forbear,
 And leave our goods and chattles to our care.
 Alas ! our women are but washy toys,
 And wholly taken up in stage employs :
 Poor willing tits they are : but yet I doubt
 This double duty soon will wear them out.
 Then you are watch'd besides with jealous care ;
 What if my lady's page should find you there ?

My lady knows t' a tittle what there's in ye ;
 No passing your gilt shilling for a guinea.
 Thus, gentlemen, we have summ'd up in short
 Our grievances, from country, town, and court :
 Which humbly we submit to your good pleasure ;
 But first vote money, then redress at leisure.



P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

P R I N C E S S O F C L E V E S.

[By Mr. N. L E E, 1689.]

LADIES ! (I hope there's none behind to hear)
 I long to whisper something in your ear :
 A secret, which does much my mind perplex :
 There's treason in the play against our sex.
 A man that's false to love, that vows and cheats,
 And kisses every living thing he meets.
 A rogue in mode, I dare not speak too broad,
 One that does something to the very bawd.
 Out on him, traitor, for a filthy beast ;
 Nay, and he's like the pack of all the rest :

A a 2

356 PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

None of them stick at mark; they all deceive. }
 Some Jew has chang'd the text, I half believe; }
 There Adam cozen'd our poor grandame Eve. }
 To hide their faults they rap out oaths, and tear:
 Now, tho we lye, we're too well-bred to swear.
 So we compound for half the sin we owe,
 But men are dipt for soul and body too;
 And, when found out, excuse themselves, pox cant
 them,

With Latin stuff, Perjuria ridet Amantûm.
 I'm not book-learn'd, to know that word in vogue,
 But I suspect 'tis Latin for a rogue.
 I'm sure, I never heard that scritch-owl hollow'd
 In my poor ears, but separation follow'd.
 How can such perjur'd villains e'er be saved?
 Achitophel's not half so false to David.
 With vows and soft expressions to allure,
 They stand, like foremen of a shop, demure:
 No sooner out of sight, but they are gadding,
 And for the next new face ride out a padding.
 Yet, by their favor, when they have been kissing,
 We can perceive the ready money missing.
 Well! we may rail; but 'tis as good e'en wink;
 Something we find, and something they will sink.
 But since they're at renouncing, 'tis our parts,
 To trump their diamonds, as they trump our hearts.

EPILOGUE to the fame.

A Qualm of conscience brings me back again,
 To make amends to you bespatter'd men.
 We women love like cats, that hide their joys,
 By growling, squalling, and a hideous noise.
 I rail'd at wild young sparks ; but, without lying,
 Never was man worse thought on for high-flying.
 The prodigal of love gives each her part,
 And squandering shows, at least, a noble heart.
 I've heard of men, who, in some lewd lampoon,
 Have hir'd a friend, to make their valor known.
 That accusation straight this question brings ;
 What is the man that does such naughty things ?
 The spaniel lover, like a sneaking fop,
 Lies at our feet : he's scarce worth taking up.
 'Tis true, such heroes in a play go far ;
 But chamber-practice is not like the bar.
 When men such vile, such faint, petitions make,
 We fear to give, because they fear to take ;
 Since modesty's the virtue of our kind,
 Pray let it be to our own sex confin'd.
 When men usurp it from the female nation,
 'Tis but a work of supererogation ———

358 PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES,

We shew'd a princess in the play, 'tis true,
Who gave her Cæsar more than all his due;
Told her own faults; but I should much abhor
To choose a husband for my confessor.

You see what fate follow'd the saint-like fool,
For telling tales from out the nuptial school.

Our play a merry comedy had prov'd,
Had she confess'd so much to him she lov'd.
True Presbyterian wives the means would try;
But damn'd confessing is flat Popery.



P R O L O G U E

T O

ARVIRAGUS' and PHILICIA REVIVED;

[By LODOWICK CARLELL, Esq;]

Spoken by Mr. HART.

WITH sickly actors and an old house too,
We're match'd with glorious theatres and
new,

And with our alehouse scenes, and cloaths bare worn,
Can neither raise old plays, nor new adorn.

If all these ills could not undo us quite,
 A brisk French troop is grown your dear delight ;
 Who with broad bloody bills call you each day,
 To laugh and break your buttons at their play ;
 Or see some serious piece, which we presume
 Is fall'n from some incomparable plume ;
 And therefore, Messieurs, if you'll do us grace,
 Send lacquies early to preserve your place.
 We dare not on your privilege intrench,
 Or ask you why you like them? they are French.
 Therefore some go with courtesy exceeding,
 Neither to hear nor see, but show their breeding :
 Each lady striving to out-laugh the rest ;
 To make it seem they understood the jest.
 Their countrymen come in, and nothing pay,
 To teach us English were to clap the play :
 Civil Igad ! our hospitable land
 Bears all the charge, for them to understand :
 Mean time we languish, and neglected lie,
 Like wives, while you keep better company ;
 And wish for your own sakes, without a satire,
 You'd less good breeding, or had more good-nature.



PROLOGUE to the PROPHETESS.

By BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

Revived by Mr. DRYDEN.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

WHAT Nostradame, with all his art can guess
 The fate of our approaching Prophetess?
 A play, which, like a perspective set right,
 Presents our vast expences close to sight;
 But turn the tube, and there we sadly view
 Our distant gains; and those uncertain too:
 A sweeping tax, which on ourselves we raise,
 And all, like you, in hopes of better days.
 When will our losses warn us to be wise?
 Our wealth decreases, and our charges rise,
 Money, the sweet allurer of our hopes,
 Ebbs out in oceans, and comes in by drops,
 We raise new objects to provoke delight;
 But you grow sated, ere the second fight.
 False men, e'en so you serve your mistresses;
 They rise three stories in their tow'ring dress;
 And, after all, you love not long enough
 To pay the rigging, ere you leave them off,

Never content with what you had before,
 But true to change, and English men all o'er.
 Now honor calls you hence ; and all your care
 Is to provide the horrid pomp of war.
 In plume and scarf, jack-boots, and Bilbo blade,
 Your silver goes, that should support our trade.
 Go, unkind heroes, leave our stage to mourn ;
 'Till rich from vanquish'd rebels you return ;
 And the fat spoils of Teague in triumph draw,
 His firkin-butter, and his usquebaugh.
 Go, conquerors of your male and female foes ;
 Men without hearts, and women without hose.
 Each bring his love a Bogland captive home ;
 Such proper pages will long trains become ;
 With copper collars, and with brawny backs,
 Quite to put down the fashion of our blacks.
 Then shall the pious Muses pay their vows,
 And furnish all their laurels for your brows ;
 Their tuneful voice shall raise for your delights ;
 We want not poets fit to sing your flights.
 But you, bright beauties, for whose only sake
 Those doughty knights such dangers undertake,
 When they with happy gales are gone away,
 With your propitious presence grace our play ;
 And with a sigh their empty seats survey :

362 PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

Then think, on that bare bench my servant sat ;
 I see him ogle still, and hear him chat ;
 Selling facetious bargains, and propounding
 That witty recreation, call'd dum-founding.
 Their loss with patience we will try to bear ;
 And would do more, to see you often here :
 That our dead stage, reviv'd by your fair eyes,
 Under a female regency may rise.



P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

M I S T A K E S.

Enter Mr. BRIGHT.

Gentlemen, we must beg your pardon ; here's
 no Prologue to be had to-day ; our new
 play is like to come on, without a frontispiece ;
 as bald as one of you young beaux, without your
 periwig. I left our young poet, snivelling and
 sobbing behind the scenes, and cursing somebody
 that has deceived him.

Enter Mr. BOWEN.

HOLD your prating to the audience: here's honest Mr. Williams, just come in, half mellow, from the Rose-Tavern. He swears he is inspired with claret, and will come on, and that extempore too, either with a prologue of his own or something like one: O here he comes to his tryal, at all adventures; for my part I wish him a good deliverance.

[Exeunt Mr. Bright and Mr. Bowen.]

Enter Mr. WILLIAMS.

SAVE ye firs, save ye! I am in a hopeful way.
 I should speak something, in rhyme, now, for
 the play:
 But the duce take me, if I know what to say.
 I'll stick to my friend the author, that I can tell ye,
 To the last drop of claret, in my belly.
 So far I'm sure 'tis rhyme—that needs no granting:
 And, if my verses feet stumble---you see my own
 are wanting.

Our young poet has brought a piece of work,
 In which, tho much of art there does not lurk,
 It may hold out three days---and that's as long
 as Cork.

364 PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

But, for this play---(which till I have done, we
show not)

What may be its fortune---by the Lord---I know
not.

This I dare swear, no malice here is writ :

'Tis innocent of all things---even of wit.

He's no high-flyer---he makes no sky-rockets,

His squibs are only levell'd at your pockets.

And if his crackers light among your pelf,

You are blown up ; if not, then he's blown up
himself.

By this time, I'm something recover'd of my flus-
ter'd madness :

And now, a word or two in sober sadness.

Ours is a common play ; and you pay down

A common harlot's price---just half a crown.

You'll say, I play the pimp, on my friend's score ;

But since 'tis for a friend your gibes give o'er :

For many a mother has done that before. }

How's this, you cry? an actor write?--we know it;

But Shakespear was an actor, and a poet.

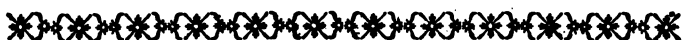
Has not great Jonson's learning, often fail'd ?

But Shakespear's greater genius still prevail'd.

Have not some writing actors, in this age

Deserv'd and found success upon the stage?

To tell the truth, when our old wits are tir'd,
 Not one of us but means to be inspir'd.
 Let your kind presence grace our homely cheer;
 Peace and the butt, is all our bus'ness here :
 Somuch for that;---and the devil take small beer.



EPILOGUE to HENRY II.

[By Mr. MOUNTFORT, 1693.]

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

THUS you the sad catastrophe have seen,
 Occasion'd by a mistress and a queen.
 Queen Eleanor the proud was French, they say;
 But English manufacture got the day.
 Jane Clifford was her name, as books aver :
 Fair Rosamond was but her Nom de guerre.
 Now tell me, gallants, would you lead your life
 With such a mistress, or with such a wife ?
 If one must be your choice, which d'ye approve,
 The curtain lecture, or the curtain love ?
 Would ye be godly with perpetual strife,
 Still drudging on with homely Joan your wife ;

366 PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

Or take your pleasure in a wicked way,
 Like honest whoring Harry in the play ?
 I guess your minds : the mistress would be taken,
 And nauseous matrimony sent a packing.
 The devil's in you all ; mankind's a rogue ;
 You love the bride, but you detest the clog.
 After a year, poor spouse is left i'th' lurch,
 And you, like Haynes, return to mother-church.
 Or, if the name of Church comes cross your mind,
 Chapels of ease behind our scenes you find.
 The playhouse is a kind of market-place ;
 One chaffers for a voice, another for a face :
 Nay, some of you, I dare not say how many,
 Would buy of me a pen'worth for your penny.
 E'en this poor face, which with my fan I hide,
 Would make a shift my portion to provide,
 With some small perquisites I have beside. }
 Tho for your love, perhaps, I should not care,
 I could not hate a man that bids me fair.
 What might ensue, 'tis hard for me to tell ; }
 But I was drench'd to-day for loving well,
 And fear the poison that would make me swell. }



A

P R O L O G U E.

GALLANTS, a bashful poet bids me say,
 He's come to lose his maidenhead to-day.
 Be not too fierce ; for he's but green of age,
 And ne'er, 'till now, debauch'd upon the stage.
 He wants the suff'ring part of resolution,
 And comes with blushes to his execution.
 Ere you deflow'r his Muse, he hopes the pit
 Will make some settlement upon his wit.
 Promise him well, before the play begin ;
 For he would fain be cozen'd into sin.
 'Tis not but that he knows you mean to fail ;
 But, if you leave him after being frail,
 He'll have, at least, a fair pretence to rail ;
 To call you base, and swear you us'd him ill,
 And put you in the new deserters bill.
 Lord, what a troop of perjur'd men we see ;
 Enow to fill another Mercury !
 But this the ladies may with patience brook :
 Theirs are not the first colors you forlook.
 He would be loth the beauties to offend ;
 But, if he should, he's not too old to mend.

368 PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

He's a young plant, in his first year of bearing ;
 But his friend swears, he will be worth the rearing.
 His gloss is still upon him : tho 'tis true
 He's yet unripe, yet take him for the blue.
 You think an apricot half green is best ;
 There's sweet and sour, and one side good at least.
 Mangos and limes, whose nourishment is little,
 Tho not for food, are yet preserv'd for pickle.
 So this green writer may pretend, at least,
 To whet your stomachs for a better feast.
 He makes this difference in the sexes too ;
 He sells to men, he gives himself to you.
 To both he would contribute some delight ;
 A meer poetical hermaphrodite.
 Thus he's equipp'd, both to be woo'd, and woo ;
 With arms offensive, and defensive too ;
 'Tis hard, he thinks, if neither part will do.



PRO-

P R O L O G U E

T O

A L B U M A Z A R.

TO say, this Comedy pleas'd long ago,
 Is not enough to make it pass you now.
 Yet, gentlemen, your ancestors had wit;
 When few men censur'd, and when fewer writ.
 And Johnson, of those few the best, chose this,
 As the best model of his master-piece:
 Subtle was got by our Albumazar,
 That Alchymist by this Astrologer;
 Here he was fashion'd, and we may suppose
 He lik'd the fashion well, who wore the clothes.
 But Ben made nobly his what he did mould;
 What was another's lead, becomes his gold:
 Like an unrighteous conqueror he reigns,
 Yet rules that well, which he unjustly gains.
 But this our age such authors does afford,
 As make whole plays, and yet scarce write one
 word:

Who, in his anarchy of wit, rob all,
 And what's their plunder, their possession call:

VOL. II.

B b

370 PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

Who, like bold padders, scorn by night to prey,
But rob by sun-shine, in the face of day :

Nay scarce the common ceremony use
Of, Stand, Sir, and deliver up your Muse ;
But knock the Poet down, and, with a grace,
Mount Pegasus before the owner's face.

Faith, if you have such country Toms abroad,
'Tis time for all true men to leave that road.

Yet it were modest, could it but be said,
They strip the living, but these rob the dead ;
Dare with the mummies of the Muses play,
And make love to them the Ægyptian way ;
Or, as a rhiming author would have said,
Join the dead living to the living dead.

Such men in Poetry may claim some part :
They have the license, tho' they want the art ;
And might, where theft was prais'd, for Laureats
stand,

Poets, not of the head, but of the hand.
They make the benefits of others studying,
Much like the meals of politic Jack-Pudding,
Whose dish to challenge no man has the courage ;
'Tis all his own, when once he has spit i' th'
porridge.

But, gentlemen, you're all concern'd in this ;
You are in fault for what they do amiss :

For they their thefts still undiscover'd think,
And durst not steal, unless you please to wink.
Perhaps, you may award by your decree,
They should refund ; but that can never be.
For should you letters of reprisal seal,
These men write that which no man else would
steal.

A N E P I L O G U E.

YOU saw our wife was chaste, yet throughly
try'd,

And, without doubt, y'are hugely edify'd ;

For, like our hero, whom we shew'd to-day,

You think no woman true, but in a play.

Love once did make a pretty kind of show :

Esteem and kindness in one breast would grow:

But 'twas Heav'n knows how many years ago.

Now some small chat, and guinea expectation,

Gets all the pretty creatures in the nation :

In Comedy your little felves you meet ;

'Tis Covent Garden drawn in Bridges-street.

Smile on our author then, if he has shown

A jolly nut-brown bastard of your own.

372 PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

Ah! happy you, with ease and with delight,
 Who act those follies, Poets toil to write!
 The sweating Muse does almost leave the chace;
 She puffs, and hardly keeps your Protean vices pace.
 Pinch you but in one vice, away you fly
 To some new frisk of contrariety.
 You rowl like snow-balls, gathering as you run,
 And get seven devils, when dispossest'd of one.
 Your Venus once was a Platonic queen;
 Nothing of love beside the face was seen;
 But every inch of her you now uncase,
 And clap a vizard-mask upon the face,
 For sins like these, the zealous of the land,
 With little hair, and little or no band,
 Declare how circulating pestilences
 Watch, every twenty years, to snap offences.
 Saturn, e'en now, takes doctoral degrees;
 He'll do your work this summer without fees.
 Let all the boxes, Phœbus, find thy grace,
 And, ah, preserve the eighteen-penny place!
 But for the pit confounders, let 'em go,
 And find as little mercy as they show:
 The Actors thus, and thus thy Poets pray;
 For ev'ry critic fav'd, thou damn'st a play.

E P I L O L O G U E
 TO THE
 HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD.

LIKE some raw sophister that mounts the pulpit,
 So trembles a young Poet at a full pit.
 Unus'd to crowds, the Parson quakes for fear,
 And wonders how the devil he durst come there;
 Wanting three talents needful for the place,
 Some beard, some learning, and some little grace :
 Nor is the puny Poet void of care ;
 For authors, such as our new authors are, }
 Have not much learning, nor much wit to spare : }
 And as for grace, to tell the truth, there's scarce
 one,

But has as little as the very Parson :
 Both say, they preach and write for your instruction :

But 'tis for a third day, and for induction.
 The difference is, that tho you like the play,
 The Poet's gain is ne'er beyond his day.
 But with the Parson 'tis another case,
 He, without holiness, may rise to grace ;

374 PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

The Poet has one disadvantage more,
 That if his play be dull, he's damn'd all o'er,
 Not only a damn'd blockhead, but damn'd poor,
 But dulness well becomes the sable garment;
 I warrant that ne'er spoil'd a Priest's preferment:
 Wit's not his business, and as wit now goes,
 Sirs, 'tis not so much yours as you suppose,
 For you like nothing now but nauseous beaux.
 You laugh not, gallants, as by proof appears,
 At what his beaufhip says, but what he wears;
 So 'tis your eyes are tickled, not your ears:
 The taylor and the furrier find the stuff,
 The wit lies in the dress, and monstrous muff.
 The truth on't is, the payment of the pit
 Is like for like, clipt money for clipt wit.
 You cannot from our absent author hope
 He should equip the stage with such a fop:
 Fools change in England, and new fools arise,
 For tho' the immortal species never dies,
 Yet ev'ry year new maggots make new flies.
 But where he lives abroad, he scarce can find
 One fool, for million that he left behind.



P R O L O G U E

TO THE

P I L G R I M.

Revived for our Author's Benefit Anno 1700.

HOW wretched is the fate of those who write!
Brought muzzled to the stage, for fear
they bite.

Where, like Tom Dove, they stand the common
foe ;

Lugg'd by the critic, baited by the beau.

Yet worse, their brother Poets damn the play,
And roar the loudest, tho they never pay.

The fops are proud of scandal, for they cry,
At every lewd, low character,----That's I.

He, who writes letters to himself, would swear,
The world forgot him, if he was not there.

What should a Poet do? 'Tis hard for one
To pleasure all the fools that wou'd be shown:
And yet not two in ten will pass the town.

Most coxcombs are not of the laughing kind ;
More goes to make a fop, than fops can find.

376 PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

Quack Marus, tho he never took degrees
 In either of our universities ;
 Yet to be shown by some kind wit he looks,
 Because he play'd the fool and writ three books.
 But, if he wou'd be worth a Poet's pen,
 He must be more a fool, and write again :
 For all the former fustian stuff he wrote,
 Was dead-born doggrel, or is quite forgot ;
 His man of Uz, stript of his Hebrew robe,
 Is just the proverb, and As poor as Job.
 One wou'd have thought he cou'd no longer jog ;
 But Arthur was a level, Job's a bog.
 There, tho he crept, yet still he kept in fight ;
 But here, he founders in, and sinks down right.
 Had he prepar'd us, and been dull by rule,
 Tobit had first been turn'd to ridicule :
 But our bold Briton, without fear or awe,
 O'er-leaps at once the whole Apocrypha ;
 Invades the Psalms with rhymes, and leaves no
 room

For any Vandal Hopkins yet to come.

But when, if after all, this godly geer
 Is not so senseless as it wou'd appear ;
 Our mountebank has laid a deeper train,
 His cant, like Merry Andrew's noble vein,
 Cat-calls the sects to draw 'em in again.

}

At leisure hours, in epic song he deals,
Writes to the rumbling of his coach's wheels,
Prescribes in haste, and seldom kills by rule,
But rides triumphant between stool and stool.

Well, let him go; 'tis yet too early day,
To get himself a place in farce or play.
We know not by what name we should arraign him,
For no one category can contain him;
A pedant, canting preacher, and a quack,
Are load enough to break one ass's back:
At last grown wanton, he presum'd to write,
Traduc'd two kings, their kindness to requite;
One made the doctor, and one dubb'd the knight.



E P I L O G U E

T O T H E

P I L G R I M.

Perhaps the parson stretch'd a point too far,
When with our Theatres he wag'd a war.
He tells you, that this very moral age
Receiv'd the first infection from the stage.

378 PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

But sure, a banish'd court, with lewdness fraught,
 The seeds of open vice, returning, brought.
 Thus lodg'd (as vice by great example thrives)
 It first debauch'd the daughters and the wives.
 London, a fruitful soil, yet never bore
 So plentiful a crop of horns before.
 The Poets, who must live by courts, or starve,
 Were proud, so good a government to serve;
 And, mixing with buffoons and pimps prophane,
 Tainted the Stage, for some small snip of gain.
 For they, like harlots, under bawds profess,
 Took all the ungodly pains, and got the least.
 Thus did the thriving malady prevail,
 The court, its head, the Poets but the tail,
 The sin was of our native growth, 'tis true;
 The scandal of the sin was wholly new.
 Misses they were, but modestly conceal'd;
 White-hall the naked Venus first reveal'd.
 Who standing as at Cyprus, in her shrine,
 The strumpet was ador'd with rites divine.
 'Ere this, if saints had any secret motion,
 'Twas chamber-practice all, and close devotion,
 I pass the peccadillos of their time;
 Nothing but open lewdness was a crime.
 A monarch's blood was venial to the nation,
 Compar'd with one foul act of fornication,

Now, they wou'd silence us, and shut the door,
 That let in all the bare-fac'd vice before.
 As for reforming us, which some pretend,
 That work in England is without an end :
 Well may we change, but we shall never mend. }
 Yet, if you can but bear the present Stage,
 We hope much better of the coming age.
 What wou'd you say, if we shou'd first begin }
 To stop the trade of love behind the scene :
 Where actresses make bold with married men? }
 For while abroad so prodigal the dolt is,
 Poor spouse at home as ragged as a colt is.
 In short, we'll grow as moral as we can,
 Save here and there a woman or a man :
 But neither you, nor we, with all our pains, }
 Can make clean work ; there will be some re-
 mains,
 While you have still your Oats, and we our
 Hains. }





TRANSLATIONS

FROM

THEOCRITUS, LUCRETIVS,
and HORACE.



P R E F A C E

C O N C E R N I N G

Mr. DRYDEN's TRANSLATIONS.

FOR this last half year I have been troubled with the disease (as I may call it) of translation : the cold prose fits of it, which are always the most tedious with me, were spent in the history of the League ; the hot, which succeeded them, in verse miscellanies. The truth is, I fancied to myself a kind of ease in the change of the paroxysm ; never suspecting but the humour would have wasted itself in two or three pastorals of Theocritus, and as many odes of Horace. But finding, or at least thinking I found, something that was more pleasing in them than my ordinary productions, I encouraged myself to renew my old acquaintance with Lucretius and Virgil ; and immediately fixed upon some parts of them, which had most affected me in the reading. These were my natural impulses for the undertaking. But there was an accidental motive which was full as forcible. It was my Lord Roscommon's Essay on Translated Verse ; which made me uneasy 'till I try'd whether or no I was capable of following his rules, and of reducing the speculation into practice. For many a fair precept in Poetry is, like a seeming demonstration in the Mathematics, very specious in the diagram, but failing in the mechanic operation. I think I have generally observed his instructions ; I am sure my reason is sufficiently convinced both of their truth and usefulness ;

which, in other words, is to confess no less a vanity, than to pretend that I have at least in some places made examples to his rules. Yet, withal, I must acknowledge, that I have many times exceeded my commission : for I have both added and omitted, and even sometimes very boldly made such expositions of my authors, as no Dutch commentator will forgive me. Perhaps, in such particular passages, I have thought that I discovered some beauty yet undiscovered by those pedants, which none but a Poet could have found. Where I have taken away some of their expressions, and cut them shorter, it may possibly be on this consideration, that what was beautiful in the Greek or Latin, would not appear so shining in the English. And where I have enlarged them, I desire the false critics would not always think, that those thoughts are wholly mine, but that either they are secretly in the Poet, or may be fairly deduced from him ; or at least, if both those considerations should fail, that my own is of a piece with his, and that if he were living, and an Englishmen, they are such as he would probably have written.

For, after all, a translator is to make his author appear as charming as possibly he can, provided he maintains his character, and makes him not unlike himself. Translation is a kind of drawing after the life ; where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and a bad. 'Tis one thing to draw the out-lines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the colouring itself perhaps tolerable ; and another thing to make all these graceful, by the posture, the shadowings, and chiefly by the spirit which animates the whole. I cannot, without some indignation, look on an ill copy of an excellent original. Much less can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, and some others, whose beauties I have been endeavouring all my life to imitate, so abused, as I
4 may

may say, to their faces, by a botching interpreter. What English readers, unacquainted with Greek or Latin, will believe me, or any other man, when we commend those authors, and confess we derive all that is pardonable in us from their fountains, if they take those to be the same Poets, whom our Ogilbys have translated? But I dare assure them, that a good Poet is no more like himself, in a dull translation, than his carcase would be to his living body. There are many, who understand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the English are known to few: 'tis impossible even for a good wit to understand and practise them, without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digesting of those few good authors we have amongst us, the knowledge of men and manners, the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best of company of both sexes; and, in short, without wearing off the rust, which he contracted, while he was laying in a stock of learning. Thus difficult it is to understand the purity of English, and critically to discern not only good writers from bad, and a proper style from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all these requisites, or the greatest part of them, most of our ingenious young men take up some cry'd-up English Poet for their model, adore him, and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is boyish and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his subject, or his expressions unworthy of his thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious. Thus it appears necessary, that a man should be a nice critic in his mother-tongue, before he attempts to translate a foreign language. Neither is it sufficient, that he be able to judge of words and style;

VOL. II.

C c

but he must be a master of them too : He must perfectly understand his author's tongue, and absolutely command his own. So that, to be a thorough translator, he must be a thorough Poet. Neither is it enough to give his author's sense in good English, in poetical expressions, and in musical numbers : for, though all these are exceeding difficult to perform, there yet remains an harder task ; and 'tis a secret of which few translators have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it ; that is, the maintaining the character of an author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual Poet whom you would interpret. For example, not only the thoughts, but the style and versification, of Virgil and Ovid are very different. Yet I see, even in our best Poets, who have translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several talents ; and, by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of numbers, have made them both so much alike, that if I did not know the originals, I should never be able to judge by the copies, which was Virgil, and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble painter, (Sir P. Lely,) that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were like. And this happened to him, because he always studied himself more than those who sat to him. In such translators I can easily distinguish the hand which performed the work, but I cannot distinguish their Poet from another. Suppose two authors are equally sweet, yet there is a great distinction to be made in sweetness ; as in that of sugar, and that of honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you (if it be worth knowing) my own method of proceeding, in my translations out of four several Poets ; Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. In each of these, before I undertook them, I considered the genius and distinguishing character of my author. I looked on Virgil

as a succinct, grave, and majestic writer; one who weighed, not only every thought, but every word and syllable: who was still aiming to crowd his sense into as narrow a compass as possibly he could; for which reason he is so very figurative, that he requires (I may almost say) a grammar apart to construe him. His verse is every where sounding the very thing in your ears whose sense it bears: yet the numbers are perpetually varied, to increase the delight of the reader; so that the same sounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they write in styles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one sort of music in their verses. All the versification and little variety of Claudian is included within the compass of four or five lines, and then he begins again in the same tenour; perpetually closing his sense at the end of a verse, and that verse commonly which they call golden, or two substantives and two adjectives, with a verb betwixt them to keep the peace. Ovid, with all his sweetness, has as little variety of numbers and sound as he: he is always, as it were, upon the hand-gallop, and his verse runs upon carpet ground. He avoids, like the other, all Synalæpha's, or cutting off one vowel when it comes before another, in the following word. But to return to Virgil, though he is smooth where smoothness is required, yet he is so far from affecting it, that he seems rather to disdain it; frequently makes use of Synalæpha's, and concludes his sense in the middle of his verse. He is every where above conceits of epigrammatic wit, and gross hyperboles: he maintains majesty in the midst of plainness; he shines, but glares not; and is stately without ambition, which is the vice of Lucan. I drew my definition of poetical wit from my particular consideration of him: for propriety of thoughts and words are only to be found in him; and, where they

are proper, they will be delightful. Pleasure follows of necessity, as the effect does the cause; and therefore is not to be put into the definition. This exact propriety of Virgil I particularly regarded, as a great part of his character; but must confess, to my shame, that I have not been able to translate any part of him so well, as to make him appear wholly like himself. For where the original is close, no version can reach it in the same compass. Hannibal Caro's, in the Italian, is the nearest, the most poetical, and the most sonorous of any translation of the *Æneid*: yet, though he takes the advantage of blank verse, he commonly allows two lines for one of Virgil, and does not always hit his sense. Tasso tells us, in his letters, that Sperone Speroni, a great Italian wit, who was his contemporary, observed of Virgil and Tully, that the Latin Orator endeavoured to imitate the copiousness of Homer, the Greek Poet; and that the Latin Poet made it his business to reach the conciseness of Demosthenes, the Greek Orator. Virgil therefore, being so very sparing of his words, and leaving so much to be imagined by the reader, can never be translated as he ought, in any modern tongue. To make him copious is to alter his character; and to translate him line for line is impossible, because the Latin is naturally a more succinct language than either the Italian, Spanish, French, or even than the English, which, by reason of its monosyllables, is far the most compendious of them. Virgil is much the closest of any Roman Poet, and the Latin hexameter has more feet than the English heroic.

Besides all this, an author has the choice of his own thoughts and words, which a translator has not; he is confined by the sense of the inventor to those expressions which are the nearest to it: so that Virgil, studying brevity, and having the command of his own language, could bring those words into a narrow com-

pass, which a translator cannot render without circumlocutions. In short, they, who have called him the torture of grammarians, might also have called him the plague of translators; for he seems to have studied not to be translated. I own that, endeavouring to turn his Nisus and Euryalus as close as I was able, I have performed that Episode too literally; that, giving more scope to Mezentius and Lausus, that version, which has more of the majesty of Virgil, has less of his conciseness; and all that I can promise for myself, is only, that I have done both better than Ogilby, and perhaps as well as Caro. By considering him so carefully as I did before my attempt, I have made some faint resemblance of him; and, had I taken more time, might possibly have succeeded better; but never so well as to have satisfied myself.

He who excels all other Poets in his own language, were it possible to do him right, must appear above them in our tongue, which, as my Lord Roscommon justly observes, approaches nearest to the Roman in its majesty: nearest indeed, but with a vast interval betwixt them. There is an inimitable grace in Virgil's words, and in them principally consists that beauty, which gives so inexpressible a pleasure to him who best understands their force. This diction of his (I must once again say) is never to be copied; and, since it cannot, he will appear but lame in the best translation. The turns of his verse, his breakings, his propriety, his numbers, and his gravity, I have as far imitated, as the poverty of our language, and the hastiness of my performance, would allow. I may seem sometimes to have varied from his sense; but I think the greatest variations may be fairly deduced from him; and where I leave his commentators, it may be I understand him better: at least I writ without consulting them in many places. But two particular

lines in Mezentius and Lausus I cannot so easily excuse : they are indeed remotely allied to Virgil's sense ; but they are too like the tenderness of Ovid, and were printed before I had considered them enough to alter them. The first of them I have forgotten, and cannot easily retrieve, because the copy is at the press ; the second is this ;

When Lausus died, I was already slain.

This appears pretty enough at first sight ; but I am convinced for many reasons, that the expression is too bold ; that Virgil would not have said it, though Ovid would. The reader may pardon it, if he please, for the freeness of the confession ; and instead of that, and the former, admit these two lines, which are more according to the author :

Nor ask I life, nor fought with that design ;
As I had us'd my fortune, use thou thine.

Having with much ado got clear of Virgil, I have in the next place to consider the genius of Lucretius, whom I have translated more happily in those parts of him which I undertook. If he was not of the best age of Roman Poetry, he was at least of that which preceded it ; and he himself refined it to that degree of perfection, both in the language and the thoughts, that he left an easy task to Virgil ; who as he succeeded him in time, so he copied his excellencies : for the method of the *Georgics* is plainly derived from him. Lucretius had chosen a subject naturally crabbed ; he therefore adorned it with poetical descriptions, and precepts of morality, in the beginning and ending of his books, which you see Virgil has imitated with great success, in those four books, which in my opinion are more perfect in their kind than even his divine *Æneid*. The turn of his verses he has likewise followed in those places which Lucretius has

most laboured, and some of his very lines he has transplanted into his own works, without much variation. If I am not mistaken, the distinguishing character of Lucretius (I mean of his soul and genius) is a certain kind of noble pride, and positive assertion of his opinions. He is every where confident of his own reason, and assuming an absolute command, not only over his vulgar readers, but even his patron Memmius. For he is always bidding him attend, as if he had the rod over him; and using a magisterial authority, while he instructs him. From his time to ours, I know none so like him, as our Poet and Philosopher of Malmesbury. This is that perpetual dictatorship, which is exercised by Lucretius; who, though often in the wrong, yet seems to deal *bonâ fide* with his reader, and tells him nothing but what he thinks: in which plain sincerity, I believe, he differs from our Hobbs, who could not but be convinced, or at least doubt of some eternal truths, which he has opposed. But for Lucretius, he seems to disdain all manner of replies, and is so confident of his cause, that he is before-hand with his antagonists; urging for them whatever he imagined they could say, and leaving them, as he supposes, without an objection for the future: all this too with so much scorn and indignation, as if he were assured of the triumph, before he entered into the lists. From this sublime and daring genius of his it must of necessity come to pass, that his thoughts must be masculine, full of argumentation, and that sufficiently warm. From the same fiery temper proceeds the loftiness of his expressions, and the perpetual torrent of his verse, where the barrenness of his subject does not too much constrain the quickness of his fancy. For there is no doubt to be made, but that he could have been every where as poetical, as he is in his descriptions, and in the moral part of his Philosophy, if he

had not aimed more to instruct, in his system of nature, than to delight. But he was bent upon making Memmius a materialist, and teaching him to defy an invisible power. In short, he was so much an atheist, that he forgot sometimes to be a Poet. These are the considerations, which I had of that author, before I attempted to translate some parts of him. And accordingly I laid by my natural diffidence and scepticism for a while, to take up that dogmatical way of his, which, as I said, is so much his character, as to make him that individual Poet. As for his opinions concerning the mortality of the soul, they are so absurd, that I cannot, if I would, believe them. I think a future state demonstrable even by natural arguments; at least, to take away rewards and punishments is only a pleasing prospect to a man, who resolves beforehand not to live morally. But on the other side, the thought of being nothing after death is a burthen insupportable to a virtuous man, even though a heathen. We naturally aim at happiness, and cannot bear to have it confined to the shortness of our present being, especially when we consider, that virtue is generally unhappy in this world, and vice fortunate. So that 'tis hope of futurity alone, that makes this life tolerable, in expectation of a better. Who would not commit all the excesses, to which he is prompted by his natural inclinations, if he may do them with security while he is alive, and be incapable of punishment after he is dead? If he be cunning and secret enough to avoid the laws, and there is no band of morality to restrain him: for fame and reputation are weak ties: many men have not the least sense of them: powerful men are only awed by them, as they conduce to their interest, and that not always, when a passion is predominant: and no man will be contained within the bounds of duty, when he may safely transgress them.

These are my thoughts abstractedly, and without entering into the notions of our Christian faith, which is the proper business of divines.

But there are other arguments in this Poem (which I have turned into English) not belonging to the mortality of the soul, which are strong enough to a reasonable man, to make him less in love with life, and consequently in less apprehensions of death. Such as are the natural satiety proceeding from a perpetual enjoyment of the same things; the inconveniencies of old age, which make him incapable of corporeal pleasures; the decay of understanding and memory, which render him contemptible, and useless to others. These, and many other reasons, so pathetically urged, so beautifully expressed, so adorned with examples, and so admirably raised by the Prosopopeia of nature, who is brought in speaking to her children, with so much authority and vigor, deserve the pains I have taken with them, which I hope have not been unsuccessful, or unworthy of my author. At least I must take the liberty to own, that I was pleased with my own endeavours, which but rarely happens to me; and that I am not dissatisfied upon the review of any thing I have done in this author.

It is true, there is something, and that of some moment, to be objected against my englishing the Nature of Love, from the fourth book of Lucretius: and I can less easily answer why I translated it, than why I thus translated it. The objection arises from the obscenity of the subject; which is aggravated by the too lively and alluring delicacy of the verses. In the first place, without the least formality of an excuse, I own it pleased me: and let my enemies make the worst they can of this confession; I am not yet so secure from that passion, but that I want my author's antidotes against it. He has given the truest and most philosophical

account both of the disease and remedy, which I ever found in any author : for which reasons I translated him. But it will be asked why I turned him into this luscious English ? (for I will not give it a worse word.) Instead of an answer, I would ask again of my supercilious adversaries, whether I am not bound, when I translate an author, to do him all the right I can, and to translate him to the best advantage ? If to mince his meaning, which I am satisfied was honest and instructive, I had either omitted some part of what he said, or taken from the strength of his expression, I certainly had wronged him ; and that freeness of thought and words being thus cashiered in my hands, he had no longer been Lucretius. If nothing of this kind be to be read, physicians must not study nature, anatomies must not be seen, and somewhat I could say of particular passages in books, which, to avoid prophaneness, I do not name. But the intention qualifies the act ; and both mine and my author's were to instruct as well as please. It is most certain that barefaced bawdery is the poorest pretence to wit imaginable. If I should say otherwise, I should have two great authorities against me. The one is the Essay on Poetry, which I publicly valued before I knew the author of it, and with the commendation of which my Lord Roscommon so happily begins his Essay on Translated Verse : the other is no less than our admired Cowley, who says the same thing in other words : for in his Ode concerning Wit, he writes thus of it :

Much less can that have any place,
 At which a virgin hides her face :
 Such dross the fire must purge away ; 'tis just
 The author blush, there where the reader must.

Here indeed Mr. Cowley goes farther than the Essay ; for he asserts plainly, that obscenity has no place in wit : the other only says, 'tis a poor pretence to it, or an

ill sort of wit, which has nothing more to support it than bare-faced ribaldry ; which is both unmannerly in itself, and fulsome to the reader. But neither of these will reach my case : for in the first place, I am only the translator, not the inventor ; so that the heaviest part of the censure falls upon Lucretius, before it reaches me : in the next place, neither he nor I have used the grossest words, but the cleanest metaphors we could find, to palliate the broadness of the meaning ; and, to conclude, have carried the poetical part no farther, than the philosophical exacted.

This puts me in mind of what I owe to the ingenious and learned translator of Lucretius. I have not here designed to rob him of any part of that commendation which he has so justly acquired by the whole author, whose fragments only fall to my portion. What I have now performed is no more than I intended above twenty years ago. The ways of our translations are very different. He follows him more closely than I have done, which became an interpreter of the whole Poem : I take more liberty, because it best suited with my design, which was to make him as pleasing as I could. He had been too voluminous, had he used my method in so long a work ; and I had certainly taken his, had I made it my business to translate the whole. The preference then is justly his ; and I join with Mr. Evelyn in the confession of it, with this additional advantage to him, that his reputation is already established in this Poet, mine is to make its fortune in the world. If I have been any where obscure, in following our common author, or if Lucretius himself is to be condemned, I refer myself to his excellent annotations, which I have often read, and always with some new pleasure.

My preface begins already to swell upon me, and looks as if I were afraid of my reader, by so tedious a bespeaking of him : and yet I have Horace and The-

ocritus upon my hands ; but the Greek gentleman shall quickly be dispatched, because I have more business with the Roman.

That which distinguishes Theocritus from all other Poets, both Greek and Latin, and which raises him even above Virgil in his Eclogues, is the inimitable tenderness of his passions, and the natural expression of them in words so becoming of a pastoral. A simplicity shines through all he writes. He shews his art and learning by disguising both. His shepherds never rise above their country education in their complaints of love. There is the same difference betwixt him and Virgil, as there is between Tasso's *Aminta* and the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini. Virgil's shepherds are too well read in the Philosophy of Epicurus and of Plato ; and Guarini's seem to have been bred in courts. But Theocritus and Tasso have taken theirs from cottages and plains. It was said of Tasso, in relation to his similitudes, that he never departed from the woods, that is, all his comparisons were taken from the country. The same may be said of our Theocritus. He is softer than Ovid ; he touches the passions more delicately, and performs all this out of his own fund, without diving into the arts and sciences for a supply. Even his Doric dialect has an incomparable sweetness in its clownishness, like a fair shepherdess in her country ruffet, talking in a Yorkshire tone. This was impossible for Virgil to imitate ; because the severity of the Roman Language denied him that advantage. Spencer has endeavoured it in his *Shepherd's Kalendar* ; but neither will it succeed in English ; for which reason I have forbore to attempt it. For Theocritus writ to Sicilians, who spoke that dialect ; and I direct this part of my translations to our ladies, who neither understand, nor will take pleasure in such homely expressions. I proceed to Horace.

Take him in parts, and he is chiefly to be considered in his three different talents, as he was a Critic, a Satirist, and a Writer of Odes. His morals are uniform, and run through all of them : for let his Dutch commentators say what they will, his philosophy was Epicurean ; and he made use of Gods and Providence only to serve a turn in Poetry. But since neither his Criticisms, which are the most instructive of any that are written in this art, nor his Satires, which are incomparably beyond Juvenal's, if to laugh and rally is to be preferred to railing and declaiming, are no part of my present undertaking, I confine myself wholly to his Odes. These are also of several sorts : some of them are panegyrical, others moral, the rest jovial, or (if I may so call them) Bacchanalian. As difficult as he makes it, and as indeed it is, to imitate Pindar, yet, in his most elevated flights, and in the sudden changes of his subject with almost imperceptible connexions, that Theban Poet is his master. But Horace is of the more bounded fancy, and confines himself strictly to one sort of verse, or stanza, in every Ode. That which will distinguish his style from all other Poets, is the elegance of his words, and the numerousness of his verse. There is nothing so delicately turned in all the Roman language. There appears in every part of his diction, or (to speak English) in all his expressions, a kind of noble and bold purity. His words are chosen with as much exactness as Virgil's ; but there seems to be a greater spirit in them. There is a secret happiness attends his choice, which in Petronius is called *Curiosa Felicitas*, and which I suppose he had from the *Feliciter audere* of Horace himself. But the most distinguishing part of all his character seems to me to be his briskness, his jollity, and his good humour : and those I have chiefly endeavoured to copy. His other excellencies, I confess, are above my imitation. One Ode, which infinitely pleased me in the reading,

I have attempted to translate in Pindaric Verse : it is that, which is inscribed to the present Earl of Rochester, to whom I have particular obligations, which this small testimony of my gratitude can never pay. It is his darling in the Latin, and I have taken some pains to make it my master-piece in English : for which reason I took this kind of verse, which allows more latitude than any other. Every one knows it was introduced into our language, in this age, by the happy genius of Mr. Cowley. The seeming easiness of it has made it spread : but it has not been considered enough, to be so well cultivated. It languishes in almost every hand but his, and some very few, whom (to keep the rest in countenance) I do not name. He, indeed, has brought it as near perfection as was possible in so short a time. But if I may be allowed to speak my mind modestly, and without injury to his sacred ashes, somewhat of the purity of the English, somewhat of more equal thoughts, somewhat of sweetness in the numbers, in one word, somewhat of a finer turn, and more Lyrical Verse, is yet wanting. As for the soul of it, which consists in the warmth and vigour of fancy, the masterly figures, and the copiousness of imagination, he has excelled all others in this kind. Yet if the kind itself be capable of more perfection, though rather in the ornamental parts of it, than the essential, what rules of morality or respect have I broken, in naming the defects, that they may hereafter be amended? Imitation is a nice point, and there are few Poets who deserve to be models in all they write. Milton's *Paradise Lost* is admirable ; but am I therefore bound to maintain, that there are no flats against his elevations, when 'tis evident he creeps along sometimes for above an hundred lines together? Cannot I admire the height of his invention, and the strength of his expression, without defending his antiquated words, and the perpetual harshness of their sound? It is as much com-

mentation as a man can bear, to own him excellent ; all beyond it is idolatry. Since Pindar was the prince of Lyric Poets, let me have leave to say, that, in imitating him, our numbers should, for the most part, be Lyrical. For variety, or rather where the majesty of thought requires it, they may be stretched to the English Heroic of five feet, and to the French Alexandrine of six. But the ear must preside, and direct the judgment to the choice of numbers. Without the nicety of this, the harmony of Pindaric Verse can never be complete : the cadency of one line must be a rule to that of the next ; and the sound of the former must slide gently into that which follows ; without leaping from one extreme into another. It must be done like the shadowings of a picture, which fall by degrees into a darker colour. I shall be glad, if I have so explained myself as to be understood ; but if I have not, *quod nequeo dicere & sentio tantum*, must be my excuse. There remains much more to be said on this subject ; but, to avoid envy, I will be silent. What I have said is the general opinion of the best judges, and in a manner has been forced from me, by seeing a noble sort of Poetry so happily restored by one man, and so grossly copied by almost all the rest. A musical ear, and a great genius, if another Mr. Cowley could arise in another age, may bring it to perfection. In the mean time,

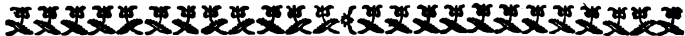
---- *Fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exfors ipsa secandi.*

To conclude, I am sensible that I have written this too hastily and too loosely : I fear I have been tedious, and, which is worse, it comes out from the first draught, and uncorrected. This I grant is no excuse : for it may be reasonably urged, why did he not write with more leisure, or, if he had it not (which was certainly my case) why did he attempt to write on so nice a sub-

ject? The objection is unanswerable; but, in part of recompence, let me assure the reader, that, in hasty productions, he is sure to meet with an author's present sense, which cooler thoughts would possibly have disguised. There is undoubtedly more of spirit, tho' not of judgment, in these uncorrect Essays, and consequently, though my hazard be the greater, yet the reader's pleasure is not the less.

JOHN DRYDEN.





TRANSLATIONS

FROM

T H E O C R I T U S.



VOL. II.

D d

100

100

A M A R Y L L I S :

OR, THE]

THIRD IDYLLIUM OF

THEOCRITUS, Paraphrased.

TO Amaryllis love compels my way,
My browsing goats upon the mountains
stray :

O Tityrus,—tend them well, and see them fed }
In pastures fresh, and to their watering led ; }
And 'ware the ridgling with his budding head. }
Ah beauteous nymph! can you forget your love,
The conscious grottos, and the shady grove ;
Where stretch'd at ease your tender limbs were
laid,

Your nameless beauties nakedly display'd ?
Then I was call'd your darling, your desire,
With kisses such as set my soul on fire :
But you are chang'd, yet I am still the same ;
My heart maintains for both a double flame ;
Griev'd, but unmov'd, and patient of your scorn :
So faithful I, and you so much forsworn !

D d 2

I die, and death will finish all my pain ;
 Yet, ere I die, behold me once again :
 Am I so much deform'd, so chang'd of late ?
 What partial judges are our love and hate !
 Ten wildings have I gather'd for my dear ;
 How ruddy like your lips their streaks appear !
 Far-off you view'd them with a longing eye
 Upon the topmost branch (the tree was high) :
 Yet nimbly up, from bough to bough I swerv'd,
 And for to-morrow have ten more reserv'd.
 Look on me kindly, and some pity shew,
 Or give me leave at least to look on you.
 Some God transform me by his heav'nly pow'r
 Ev'n to a bee to buzz within your bow'r,
 The winding ivy-chaplet to invade,
 And folded fern that your fair forehead shade.
 Now to my cost the force of love I find ;
 The heavy hand it bears on human kind.
 The milk of tigers was his infant food,
 Taught from his tender years the taste of blood ;
 His brother whelps and he ran wild about the
 wood.

Ah nymph, train'd up in his tyrannic court,
 To make the sufferings of your slaves your sport !
 Unheeded ruin ! treacherous delight !
 O polish'd hardness soften'd to the sight !

Whose radiant eyes your ebon brows adorn,
Like midnight those, and these like break of
morn!

Smile once again, revive me with your charms;
And let me die contented in your arms.

I would not ask to live another day,

Might I but sweetly kiss my soul away.

Ah, why am I from empty joys debarr'd?

For kisses are but empty when compar'd.

I rave, and in my raging fit shall tear

The garland, which I wove for you to wear,

Of parsley, with a wreath of ivy bound,

And border'd with a rosy edging round.

What pangs I feel, unpity'd and unheard!

Since I must die, why is my fate deferr'd!

I strip my body of my shepherd's frock:

Behold that dreadful downfall of a rock,

Where yon old fisher views the waves from high!

'Tis that convenient leap I mean to try.

You would be pleas'd to see me plunge to shore,

But better pleas'd if I should rise no more.

I might have read my fortune long ago,

When, seeking my success in love to know,

I try'd th' infallible prophetic way,

A poppy-leaf upon my palm to lay:

D d 3

I struck, and yet no lucky crack did follow ;
 Yet I struck hard, and yet the leaf lay hollow :
 And which was worse, if any worse could prove,
 The with'ring leaf foreshew'd your with'ring
 love.

Yet farther (ah, how far a lover dares !)
 My last recourse I had to sieve and sheers ;
 And told the witch Agreo my disease :
 Agreo, that in harvest us'd to lease :
 But harvest done, to chare-work did aspire ;
 Meat, drink, and two-pence was her daily hire,
 To work she went, her charms she mutter'd o'er, }
 And yet the resty sieve wagg'd ne'er the more ; }
 I wept for woe, the testy beldame swore,
 And, foaming with her God, foretold my fate ;
 That I was doom'd to love, and you to hate.
 A milk-white goat for you I did provide ;
 Two milk-white kids run frisking by her side,
 For which the nut-brown lass, Erithacis,
 Full often offer'd many a savoury kiss.
 Hers they shall be, since you refuse the price :
 What madman would o'erstand his market twice !
 My right eye itches, some good-luck is near, }
 Perhaps my Amaryllis may appear ; }
 I'll set up such a note as she shall hear.

What nymph but my melodious voice would
move?

She must be flint, if she refuse my love.

Hippomenes, who ran with noble strife

To win his lady, or to lose his life,

(What shift some men will make to get a wife?)

Threw down a golden apple in her way ;

For all her haste she could not choose but stay :

Renown said, Run ; the glitt'ring bribe cry'd,

Hold ;

The man might have been hang'd, but for his gold.

Yet some suppose 'twas love (some few indeed)

That stopt the fatal fury of her speed :

She saw, she sigh'd ; her nimble feet refuse

Their wonted speed, and she took pains to lose.

A Prophet some, and some a Poet cry,

(No matter which, so neither of them lye)

From steepy Othry's top to Pylus drove

His herd ; and for his pains enjoy'd his love :

If such another wager should be laid,

I'll find the man, if you can find the maid.

Why name I men, whom love extended finds

His pow'r on high, and in celestial minds ;

Venus the shepherd's homely habit took,

And manag'd something else besides the crook ;

D d 4

Nay, when Adonis dy'd, was heard to roar,
And never from her heart forgave the boar.
How blest was fair Endymion with his moon,
Who sleeps on Latmos' top from night to noon !
What Jason from Medea's love possest,
You shall not hear, but know 'tis like the rest.
My aking head can scarce support the pain;
This cursed love will surely turn my brain :
Feel how it shoots, and yet you take no pity ;
Nay then 'tis time to end my doleful ditty.
A clammy sweat does o'er my temples creep ;
My heavy eyes are urg'd with iron sleep :
I lay me down to gasp my latest breath,
The wolves will get a breakfast by my death ;
Yet scarce enough their hunger to supply,
For love has made me carrion ere I die.



THE
EPI THALAMIUM
OF
HELEN and MENE LAUS.

From the 18th Idyllium of THEOCRITUS.

TWELVE Spartan virgins, noble, young, and fair,
With violet wreaths adorn'd their flowing
hair ;

And to the pompous palace did resort,
Where Menelaus kept his royal court.

There hand in hand a comely choir they led ;
To sing a blessing to his nuptial bed,
With curious needles wrought, and painted
flowers bespread. }

Jove's beauteous daughter now his bride must be,
And Jove himself was less a God than he :
For this their artful hands instruct the lute to sound,
Their feet assist their hands, and justly beat the
ground.

This was their song: Why, happy bridegroom, why,
Ere yet the stars are kindled in the sky,

Ere twilight shades, or evening dew's are shed,
 Why dost thou steal so soon away to bed?
 Has Somnus brush'd thy eye-lids with his rod,
 Or do thy legs refuse to bear their load,
 With flowing bowls of a more generous God?
 If gentle slumber on thy temples creep,
 (But, naughty man, thou dost not mean to sleep)
 Betake thee to thy bed, thou drowzy drone,
 Sleep by thyself, and leave thy bride alone:
 Go, leave her with her maiden mates to play
 At sports more harmless till the break of day:
 Give us this evening; thou hast morn and night,
 And all the year before thee, for delight.
 O happy youth! to thee, among the crowd
 Of rival princes, Cupid sneez'd aloud;
 And every lucky omen sent before,
 To meet thee landing on the Spartan shore.
 Of all our heroes thou canst boast alone,
 That Jove, whene'er he thunders, calls thee son:
 Betwixt two sheets thou shalt enjoy her bare,
 With whom no Grecian virgin can compare;
 So soft, so sweet, so balmy and so fair.
 A boy, like thee, would make a kingly line:
 But oh, a girl like her must be divine.
 Her equals, we, in years, but not in face,
 Twelvescore viragos of the Spartan race,

While naked to Eurotas' banks we bend,
And there in manly exercise contend,
When she appears, are all eclips'd and lost,
And hide the beauties that we made our boast.
So, when the night and winter disappear,
The purple morning rising with the year,
Salutes the spring, as her celestial eyes
Adorn the world, and brighten all the skies :
So beauteous Helen shines among the rest,
Tall, slender, straight, with all the Graces blest.
As pines the mountains, or as fields the corn,
Or as Thessalian steeds the race adorn ;
So rosy-colour'd Helen is the pride
Of Lacedæmon, and of Greece beside.
Like her no nymph can willing osiers bend
In basket-works, which painted streaks com-
mend :
With Pallas in the loom she may contend.
But none, ah ! none can animate the lyre, :
And the mute strings with vocal souls inspire :
Whether the learn'd Minerva be her theme,
Or chaste Diana bathing in the stream ;
None can record their heavenly praise so well
As Helen, in whose eyesteen thousand Cupids dwell,
O fair, O graceful ! yet with maids inroll'd,
But whom to-morrow's sun a matron shall behold !

412 THE EPITHALAMIUM OF

Yet ere to to-morrow's sun shall shew his head,
 The dewy paths of meadows we will tread,
 For crowns and chaplets to adorn thy head. }
 Where all shall weep, and wish for thy return,
 As bleating lambs their absent mother mourn.
 Our noblest maids shall to thy name bequeath
 The boughs of Lotos, form'd into a wreath.
 This monument, thy maiden beauties due,
 High on a plane-tree shall be hung to view :
 On the smooth rind the passenger shall see
 Thy name engrav'd, and worship Helen's tree :
 Balm, from a silver-box distill'd around,
 Shall all bedew the roots, and scent the sacred
 ground.

The balm, 'tis true, can aged plants prolong,
 But Helen's name will keep it ever young.
 Hail bride, hail bridegroom, son-in-law to Jove !
 With fruitful joys Latona bless your love ;
 Let Venus furnish you with full desires,
 Add vigour to your wills, and fuel to your fires :
 Almighty Jove augment your wealthy store,
 Give much to you, and to his grandsons more.
 From generous loins a generous race will spring,
 Each girl, like her, a queen ; each boy, like you,
 a king.

HELEN AND MENELAUS. 413

Now sleep, if sleep you can ; but while you rest,
Sleep close, with folded arms, and breast to breast :
Rise in the morn ; but oh ! before you rise,
Forget not to perform your morning sacrifice.

We will be with you ere the crowing cock
Salutes the light, and struts before his feather'd
flock.

Hymen, oh Hymen, to thy triumphs run,
And view the mighty spoils thou hast in battle won.



THE
DESPAIRING LOVER.

From the 23d Idyllium of THEOCRITUS.

WITH inauspicious love, a wretched swain
Pursu'd the fairest nymph of all the plain;
Fairest indeed, but prouder far than fair,
She plung'd him hopeless in a deep despair :
Her heav'nly form too haughtily she priz'd,
His person hated, and his gifts despis'd ;
Nor knew the force of Cupid's cruel darts,
Nor fear'd his awful pow'r on human hearts ;
But either from her hopeless lover fled,
Or with disdainful glances shot him dead.
No kiss, no look, to cheer the drooping boy ;
No word she spoke, she scorn'd even to deny.
But, as a hunted panther casts about
Her glaring eyes, and pricks her list'ning ears to
scout,
So she, to shun his toils, her cares employ'd,
And fiercely in her savage freedom joy'd.
Her mouth she writh'd, her forehead taught to
frown,
Her eyes to sparkle fires to love unknown :

THE DESPAIRING LOVER. 415

Her fallow cheeks her envious mind did shew,
And ev'ry feature spoke aloud the curstness of a
shrew.

Yet could not he his obvious fate escape ;
His love still dress'd her in a pleasing shape ;
And every fullen frown, and bitter scorn
But fann'd the fuel that too fast did burn.
Long time, unequal to his mighty pain,
He strove to curb it, but he strove in vain :
At last his woes broke out, and begg'd relief
With tears, the dumb petitioners of grief :
With tears so tender, as adorn'd his love,
And any heart, but only hers, would move.
Trembling before her bolted doors he stood,
And there pour'd out th' unprofitable flood :
Staring his eyes, and haggard was his look ;
Then, kissing first the threshold, thus he spoke.

Ah nymph, more cruel than of human race !
Thy tigress heart belies thy angel face :
Too well thou shew'st thy pedigree from stone :
Thy grandame's was the first by Pyrrha thrown :
Unworthy thou to be so long desir'd ;
But so my love, and so my fate requir'd.
I beg not now (for 'tis in vain) to live ;
But take this gift, the last that I can give.

416 THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

This friendly cord shall soon decide the strife
 Betwixt my ling'ring love and loathsome life :
 This moment puts an end to all my pain ;
 I shall no more despair, nor thou disdain.
 Farewel, ungrateful and unkind ! I go
 Condemn'd by thee to those sad shades below.
 I go th' extremest remedy to prove,
 To drink oblivion, and to drench my love :
 There happily to lose my long desires :
 But ah ! what draught so deep to quench my
 fires ?

Farewel ye never-opening gates, ye stones,
 And threshold guilty of my midnight moans.
 What I have suffer'd here ye know too well ;
 What I shall do the Gods and I can tell.
 The rose is fragrant, but it fades in time ;
 The violet sweet, but quickly past the prime ;
 White lillies hang their heads and soon decay,
 And whiter snow in minutes melts away :
 Such is your blooming youth, and withering so :
 The time will come, it will, when you shall know
 The rage of love ; your haughty heart shall burn
 In flames like mine, and meet a like return.
 Obdurate as you are, oh ! hear at least
 My dying prayers, and grant my last request.

When

When first you ope your doors, and passing by
 The sad ill-omen'd object meets your eye,
 Think it not lost, a moment if you stay ;
 The breathless wretch, so made by you, survey :
 Some cruel pleasure will from thence arise,
 To view the mighty ravage of your eyes.
 I wish (but oh ! my wish is vain, I fear)
 The kind oblation of a falling tear :
 Then loose the knot, and take me from the place,
 And spread your mantle o'er my grisly face ;
 Upon my livid lips bestow a kiss :
 O envy not the dead, they feel not bliss !
 Nor fear your kisses can restore my breath ;
 Even you are not more pitiless than death.
 Then for my corps a homely grave provide,
 Which love and me from public scorn may hide.
 Thrice call upon my name, thrice beat your breast,
 And hail me thrice to everlasting rest :
 Last let my tomb this sad inscription bear :
 A wretch whom love has kill'd lies buried
 here ;
 O passengers, Aminta's eyes beware.
 Thus having said, and furious with his love,
 He heav'd with more than human force to move

416 THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

A weighty stone (the labor of a team)
And rais'd from thence he reach'd the neighbor-
ing beam :

Around its bulk a sliding knot he throws,
And fitted to his neck the fatal noose :
Then spurning backward took a swing, till death
Crept up, and stopt the passage of his breath.
The bounce burst ope the door; the scornful fair
Relentless look'd, and saw him beat his quivering
feet in air ;

Nor wept his fate, nor cast a pitying eye,
Nor took him down, but brush'd regardless by :
And, as she past, her chance or fate was such,
Her garments touch'd the dead, polluted by the
touch :

Next to the dance, thence to the bath did move;
The bath was sacred to the God of love ;
Whose injur'd image, with a wrathful eye,
Stood threatening from a pedestal on high :
Nodding a while, and watchful of his blow,
He fell ; and falling crush'd th' ungrateful nymph
below :

Her gushing blood the pavement all besmear'd ;
And this her last expiring voice was heard ;
Lovers farewell, revenge has reach'd my scorn ;
Thus warn'd, be wise, and love for love return,

D A P H N I S.

FROM THE

Twenty-seventh Idyllium of Theocritus.

D A P H N I S.

THE shepherd Paris bore the Spartan bride
 By force away, and then by force enjoy'd;
 But I by free consent can boast a bliss,
 A fairer Helen, and a sweeter kifs.

C H L O R I S.

Kisses are empty joys, and soon are o'er.

D A P H N I S.

A kifs betwixt the lips is something more.

C H L O R I S.

I wipe my mouth, and where's your kissing then?

D A P H N I S.

I swear you wipe it to be kifs'd agen.

C H L O R I S.

Go, tend your herd, and kifs your cows at home;
 I am a maid, and in my beauty's bloom.

D A P H N I S.

'Tis well remember'd, do not waste your time;
 But wisely use it ere you pass your prime.

E c 2

CHLORIS.

Blown roses hold their sweetness to the last,
And raisins keep their luscious native taste.

DAPHNIS.

The sun's too hot; those olive shades are
near;

I fain would whisper something in your ear.

CHLORIS.

'Tis honest talking where we may be seen;
God knows what secret mischief you may mean;
I doubt you'll play the wag, and kiss again. }

DAPHNIS.

At least beneath yon elm you need not fear;
My pipe's in tune, if you're dispos'd to hear.

CHLORIS.

Play by yourself, I dare not venture thither:
You, and your naughty pipe, go hang together.

DAPHNIS.

Coy nymph, beware, lest Venus you offend.

CHLORIS.

I shall have chaste Diana still to friend.

DAPHNIS.

You have a soul, and Cupid has a dart.

CHLORIS.

Diana will defend, or heal my heart.

Nay, fy, what mean you in this open place?
 Unhand me, or, I swear I'll scratch your face.
 Let go for shame; you make me mad for spite;
 My mouth's my own; and if you kiss, I'll bite.

D A P H N I S.

Away with your dissembling female tricks:
 What would you scape the fate of all your sex?

C H L O R I S.

I swear, I'll keep my maidenhead 'till death,
 And die as pure as queen Elizabeth.

D A P H N I S.

Nay, mum for that; but let me lay thee
 down;
 Better with me, than with some nauseous clown.

C H L O R I S.

I'd have you know, if I were so inclin'd,
 I have been woo'd by many a wealthy hind;
 But never found a husband to my mind.

D A P H N I S.

But they are absent all; and I am here.

C H L O R I S.

The matrimonial yoke is hard to bear;
 And marriage is a woful word to hear.

D A P H N I S.

A scarecrow, set to frighten fools away ;
 Marriage has joys; and you shall have assay,

C H L O R I S.

Sour sauce is often mix'd with our delight ;
 You kick by day more than you kifs by night.

D A P H N I S.

Sham stories all; but say the worst you can,
 A very wife fears neither God nor man.

C H L O R I S.

But child-birth is, they say, a deadly pain ;
 It costs at least a month to knit again.

D A P H N I S.

Diana cures the wounds Lucina made ;
 Your Goddess is a midwife by her trade.

C H L O R I S.

But I shall spoil my beauty, if I bear.

D A P H N I S.

But Mam and Dad are pretty names to hear.

C H L O R I S.

But there's a civil question us'd of late ;
 Where lies my jointure, where your own estate?

D A P H N I S.

My flocks, my fields, my woods, my pastures take,
 With settlement as good as law can make,

CHLORIS.

Swear then you will not leave me on the
common,
But marry me, and make an honest woman.

DAPHNIS.

I swear by Pan (tho he wears horns you'll say)
Cudgell'd and kick'd, I'll not be forc'd away.

CHLORIS.

I bargain for a wedding-bed at least,
A house, and handsome lodging for a guest.

DAPHNIS.

A house well furnish'd shall be thine to keep;
And, for a flock-bed, I can sheer my sheep.

CHLORIS.

What tale shall I to my old father tell?

DAPHNIS.

'Twill make him chuckle thou'rt bestow'd so
well,

CHLORIS.

But, after all, in troth I am to blame
To be so loving, ere I know your name.
A pleasant sounding name's a pretty thing.

DAPHNIS.

Faith, mine's a very pretty name to sing;

E e 4.

They call me Daphnis; Lycidas my fire :
 Both sound as well as woman can desire.
 Nomæa bore me ; farmers in degree :
 He a good husband, a good housewife she.

CHLORIS.

Your kindred is not much amiss, 'tis true ;
 Yet I am somewhat better born than you.

DAPHNIS.

I know your father, and his family ;
 And without boasting am as good as he,
 Menalcas ; and no master goes before.

CHLORIS.

Hang both our pedigrees ; not one word more ;
 But if you love me, let me see your living,
 Your house and home ; for seeing is believing.

DAPHNIS.

See first yon cypress grove, a shade from noon.

CHLORIS.

Browse on my goats ; for I'll be with you soon.

DAPHNIS.

Feed well my bulls, to whet your appetite,
 That each may take a lusty leap at night.

CHLORIS.

What do you mean, uncivil as you are,
 To touch my breasts, and leave my bosom bare ?

DAPHNIS.

These pretty bubbles, first, I make my own.

CHLORIS.

Pull out your hand, I swear, or I shall swoon.

DAPHNIS.

Why does thy ebbing blood forsake thy face?

CHLORIS.

Throw me at least upon a cleaner place :
My linen ruffled, and my wastecoaft soiling ;
What do you think new clothes were made for
spoiling?

DAPHNIS.

I'll lay my lambkins underneath thy back.

CHLORIS.

My head-gear's off; what filthy work you make!

DAPHNIS.

To Venus, first, I lay these off'rings by.

CHLORIS.

Nay, first look round, that nobody be nigh :
Methinks I hear a whisp'ring in the grove.

DAPHNIS.

The cypress trees are telling tales of love.

CHLORIS.

You tear off all behind me, and before me ;
And I'm as naked as my mother bore me.

D A P H N I S.

I'll buy thee better clothes than these I tear,
And lie so close I'll cover thee from air.

C H L O R I S.

You're liberal now, but when your turn is sped,
You'll wish me choak'd with ev'ry crust of bread.

D A P H N I S.

I'll give thee more, much more than I have told;
Would I could coin my very heart to gold.

C H L O R I S.

Forgive thy handmaid, huntress of the wood!
I see there's no resisting flesh and blood!

D A P H N I S.

The noble deed is done; my herds I'll cull;
Cupid, be thine a calf; and Venus thine a bull.

C H L O R I S.

A maid I came in an unlucky hour,
But hence return without my virgin flow'r,

D A P H N I S.

A maid is but a barren name at best;
If thou canst hold, I bid for twins at least.

Thus did this happy pair their love dispense
With mutual joys, and gratify'd their sense:
The God of love was there a bidden guest,
And present at his own mysterious feast.

His azure mantle underneath he spread,
And scatter'd roses on the nuptial bed ;
While folded in each other's arms they lay,
He blew the flames, and furnish'd out the play,
And from their foreheads wip'd the balmy sweat
away.

First rose the maid, and with a glowing face,
Her downcast eyes beheld her print upon the grass;
Thence to her herd she sped herself in haste :
The bridegroom started from his trance at last,
And piping homeward jocundly he past.





TRANSLATIONS

FROM

L U C R E T I U S.



THE BEGINNING OF
THE FIRST BOOK
OF
LUCRETIOUS.

DELIGHT of human kind, and Gods above,
Parent of Rome, propitious queen of love,
Whose vital pow'r, air, earth, and sea supplies;
And breeds whate'er is born beneath the rowling
skies :

For every kind, by thy prolific might,
Springs, and beholds the regions of the light.
Thee, Goddess, thee the clouds and tempests fear,
And at thy pleasing presence disappear :

For thee the land in fragrant flow'rs is drest ;
For thee the ocean smiles, and smoothes her wavy
breast ;

And Heav'n itself with more serene and purer
light is blest.

For when the rising spring adorns the mead,
And a new scene of nature stands display'd,

When teeming buds, and chearful greens appear,
 And western gales unlock the lazy year;
 The joyous birds thy welcome first express,
 Whose native songs thy genial fire confess,
 Then savage beasts bound o'er their slighted food,
 Struck with thy darts, and tempt the raging flood.
 All nature is thy gift; earth, air, and sea:
 Of all that breathes, the various progeny,
 Stung with delight, is goaded on by thee.
 O'er barren mountains, o'er the flow'ry plain,
 The leafy forest, and the liquid main,
 Extends thy uncontrol'd and boundless reign.
 Through all the living regions dost thou move,
 And scatter'st, where thou go'st, the kindly seeds
 of love.

Since then the race of every living thing
 Obeys thy pow'r; since nothing new can spring
 Without thy warmth, without thy influence bear;
 Or beautiful, or lovesome can appear;
 Be thou my aid, my tuneful song inspire,
 And kindle with thy own productive fire;
 While all thy province, Nature, I survey,
 And sing to Memmius an immortal lay
 Of heav'n and earth, and every where thy won-
 drous pow'r display:

To Memmius, under thy sweet influence born,
Whom thou with all thy gifts and graces dost adorn.
The rather then assist my Muse and me,
Infusing verses worthy him and thee. [cease,
Mean-time on land and sea let barb'rous discord
And lull the listning world in universal peace.
To thee mankind their soft repose must owe ;
For thou alone that blessing canst bestow ;
Because the brutal business of the war
Is manag'd by thy dreadful servant's care ;
Who oft retires from fighting fields, to prove
The pleasing pains of thy eternal love ;
And, panting on thy breast, supinely lies,
While with thy heavenly form he feeds his famish'd eyes ;
Sucks in with open lips thy balmy breath,
By turns restor'd to life, and plung'd in pleasing death.
There while thy curling limbs about him move,
Involv'd and fetter'd in the links of love,
When, wishing all, he nothing can deny,
Thy charms in that auspicious moment try ;
With winning eloquence our peace implore,
And quiet to the weary world restore.

Q

VOL. II.

F f

THE BEGINNING OF
THE SECOND BOOK
OF
LUCRETIIUS.

'TIS pleasant, safely to behold from shore
 Therowling ship, and hear the tempest roar:
 Not that another's pain is our delight;
 But pains unfelt produce the pleasing sight.
 'Tis pleasant also to behold from far
 The moving legions mingled in the war.
 But much more sweet thy lab'ring steps to guide
 To virtue's heights, with wisdom well supply'd, }
 And all the magazines of learning fortify'd:
 From thence to look below on human kind,
 Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind:
 To see vain fools ambitiously contend
 For wit and pow'r; their last endeavours bend
 T' outshin each other, waste their time and health
 In search of honor, and pursuit of wealth.
 O wretched man! in what a mist of life,
 Inclos'd with dangers and with noisy strife,
 He spends his little span; and overfeeds
 His cramm'd desires, with more than nature needs!

For nature wisely stints our appetite,
 And craves no more than undisturb'd delight :
 Which minds, unmix'd with cares and fears obtain ;
 A soul serene, a body void of pain.
 So little this corporeal frame requires ;
 So bounded are our natural desires,
 That wanting all, and setting pain aside,
 With bare privation sense is satisfy'd.
 If golden sconces hang not on the walls,
 To light the costly suppers and the balls ;
 If the proud palace shines not with the state
 Of burnish'd bowls, and of reflected plate ;
 If well-tun'd harps, nor the more pleasing sound
 Of voices, from the vaulted roofs rebound ;
 Yet on the grass, beneath a poplar shade,
 By the cool stream, our careless limbs are lay'd ;
 With cheaper pleasures innocently blest,
 When the warm spring with gaudy flow'rs is drest.
 Nor will the raging fever's fire abate,
 With golden canopies and beds of state :
 But the poor patient will as soon be found
 On the hard mattress, or the mother ground.
 Then since our bodies are not eas'd the more
 By birth, or pow'r, or fortune's wealthy store,

'Tis plain, these useleſs toys of every kind
 As little can relieve the lab'ring mind :
 Unleſs we could ſuppoſe the dreadful fight
 Of marſhal'd legions moving to the fight,
 Could, with their ſound and terrible array,
 Expel our fears, and drive the thoughts of death
 away.

But, ſince the ſuppoſition vain appears,
 Since clinging cares, and trains of inbred fears,
 Are not with ſounds to be affrighted thence,
 But in the miſt of pomp purſue the prince,
 Not aw'd by arms, but in the preſence bold,
 Without reſpect to purple, or to gold ;
 Why ſhould not we theſe pageantries deſpiſe ;
 Whoſe worth but in our want of reaſon lies ?
 For life is all in wandring errors led ;
 And juſt as children are ſurpriz'd with dread,
 And tremble in the dark, ſo riper years
 E'en in broad day-light are poſſeſs'd with fears,
 And ſhake at ſhadows fanciful and vain,
 As thoſe which in the breſts of children reign.
 Theſe bugbears of the mind, this inward hell,
 No rays of outward ſunſhine can diſpel ;
 But nature and right reaſon muſt diſplay
 Their beams abroad, and bring the darkſome ſoul
 to-day.



THE LATTER PART OF
 THE THIRD BOOK
 OF
 LUCRETIIUS;

Against the Fear of Death.

WHAT has this bugbear death to frighten men,
 If souls can die, as well as bodies can?
 For, as before our birth we felt no pain,
 When Punic arms infested land and main,
 When Heav'n and earth were in confusion hurl'd
 For the debated empire of the world,
 Which aw'd with dreadful expectation lay,
 Sure to be slaves, uncertain who should sway:
 So, when our mortal flame shall be disjoin'd,
 The lifeless lump uncoupled from the mind,
 From sense of grief and pain we shall be free;
 We shall not feel, because we shall not Be.
 Tho earth in seas, and seas in Heav'n were lost,
 We should not move, we only should be tost.

438 THE THIRD BOOK OF

Nay, even suppose when we have suffer'd fate,
The soul could feel in her divided state,
What's that to us? for we are only We
While souls and bodies in one frame agree.
Nay, tho our atoms should revolve by chance,
And matter leap into the former dance;
Tho time our life and motion could restore,
And make our bodies what they were before,
What gain to us would all this bustle bring?
The new-made man would be another thing,
When once an interrupting pause is made,
That individual being is decay'd.
We, who are dead and gone, shall bear no part
In all the pleasures, nor shall feel the smart,
Which to that other mortal shall accrue,
Whom of our matter time shall mould anew.
For backward if you look on that long space
Of ages past, and view the changing face
Of matter, tost and variously combin'd
In sundry shapes, 'tis easy for the mind
From thence t' infer, that seeds of things have been
In the same order as they now are seen:
Which yet our dark remembrance cannot trace,
Because a pause of life, a gaping space,
Has come betwixt, where memory lies dead,
And all the wandring motions from the sense are fled.

For whosoe'er shall in misfortunes live,
 Must Be, when those misfortunes shall arrive;
 And since the man who Is not, feels not woe,
 (For death exempts him, and wards off the blow,
 Which we, the living, only feel and bear)
 What is there left for us in death to fear?
 When once that pause of life has come between,
 'Tis just the same as we had never been.
 And therefore if a man bemoan his lot,
 That after death his mouldring limbs shall rot,
 Or flames, or jaws of beasts devour his mass,
 Know, he's an unsincere, unthinking ass.
 A secret sting remains within his mind;
 The fool is to his own cast offs kind.
 He boasts no sense can after death remain;
 Yet makes himself a part of life again;
 As if some other He could feel the pain. }
 If, while we live, this thought molest his head,
 What wolf or vulture shall devour me dead?
 He wastes his days in idle grief, nor can
 Distinguish 'twixt the body and the man;
 But thinks himself can still himself survive;
 And, what when dead he feels not, feels alive.
 Then he repines that he was born to die,
 Nor knows in death there is no other He,

440. THE THIRD BOOK OF

No living He remains his grief to vent,
 And o'er his senseless carcase to lament.
 If after death 'tis painful to be torn
 By birds, and beasts, then why not so to burn,
 Or drench'd in floods of honey to be soak'd,
 Imbalm'd to be at once preserv'd and choak'd ;
 Or on an airy mountain's top to lie,
 Expos'd to cold and Heav'n's inclemency ;
 Or crowded in a tomb to be oppress'd
 With monumental marble on thy breast ?
 But to be snatch'd from all the household joys,
 From thy chaste wife, and thy dear prattling boys,
 Whose little arms about thy legs are cast,
 And climbing for a kiss prevent their mother's haste,
 Inspiring secret pleasure thro thy breast ;
 Ah ! these shall be no more : thy friends oppress'd
 Thy care and courage now no more shall free ;
 Ah ! wretch, thou cry'st, ah ! miserable me ?
 One woful day sweeps children, friends, and wife,
 And all the brittle blessings of my life !
 Add one thing more, and all thou say'st is true ;
 Thy want and wish of them is vanish'd too ;
 Which well consider'd were a quick relief
 To all thy vain imaginary grief.
 For thou shalt sleep, and never wake again,
 And, quitting life, shalt quit thy living pain.

But we thy friends shall all those sorrows find,
Which in forgetful death thou leav'st behind;
No time shall dry our tears, nor drive thee from
our mind.

The worst that can befall thee, measur'd right,
Is a sound slumber, and a long good night.

Yet thus the fools, that would be thought the
wits,

Disturb their mirth with melancholy fits:
When healths go round, and kindly brimmers flow,
Till the fresh garlands on their foreheads glow,
They whine, and cry, let us make haste to live,
Short are the joys that human life can give.
Eternal preachers, that corrupt the draught,
And pall the God, that never thinks, with thought;
Idiots with all that thought, to whom the worst
Of death, is want of drink, and endless thirst,
Or any fond desire as vain as these.

For, ev'n in sleep, the body wrapt in ease
Supinely lies, as in the peaceful grave;
And, wanting nothing, nothing can it crave.
Were that sound sleep eternal, it were death;
Yet the first atoms then, the seeds of breath,
Are moving near to sense; we do but shake
And rouse that sense, and straight we are awake.

442 THE THIRD BOOK OF

Then death to us, and death's anxiety
 Is less than nothing, if a less could be.
 For then our atoms, which in order lay,
 Are scatter'd from their heap, and puff'd away,
 And never can return into their place,
 When once the pause of life has left an empty space.
 And last, suppose great Nature's voice should call
 To thee, or me, or any of us all,
 What dost thou mean, ungrateful wretch, thou vain
 Thou mortal thing, thus idly to complain,
 And sigh and sob, that thou shalt be no more ?
 For if thy life were pleasant heretofore,
 If all the bounteous blessings, I could give,
 Thou hast enjoy'd, if thou hast known to live,
 And pleasure not leak'd thro thee like a sieve ;
 Why dost thou not give thanks as at a plenteous
 feast,
 Cramm'd to the throat with life, and rise and take
 thy rest ?
 But if my blessings thou hast thrown away,
 If indigested joys pass'd thro, and would not stay,
 Why dost thou wish for more to squander still ?
 If life be grown a load, a real ill,
 And I would all thy cares and labors end,
 Lay down thy burden, fool, and know thy friend,

To please thee, I have empty'd all my store,
 I can invent, and can supply no more ;
 But run the round again, the round I ran before. }
 Suppose thou art not broken yet with years,
 Yet still the self-same scene of things appears,
 And would be ever, couldst thou ever live ;
 For life is still but life, there's nothing new to give.
 What can we plead against so just a bill ?
 We stand convicted, and our cause goes ill.
 But if a wretch, a man oppress'd by fate,
 Should beg of nature to prolong his date,
 She speaks aloud to him with more disdain,
 Be still, thou martyr fool, thou covetous of pain.
 But if an old decrepit sot lament ;
 What thou (she cries) who hast out-liv'd content !
 Dost thou complain, who hast enjoy'd my store ?
 But this is still th' effect of wishing more.
 Unsatisfy'd with all that Nature brings ;
 Loathing the present, liking absent things ;
 From hence it comes thy vain desires at strife
 Within themselves, have tantaliz'd thy life,
 And ghastly death appear'd before thy sight,
 Ere thou hast gorg'd thy soul and senses with de-
 light.
 Now leave those joys, unsuited to thy age,
 To a fresh comer, and resign the stage.

444 THE THIRD BOOK OF

Is nature to be blam'd if thus she chide?
 No sure; for 'tis her business to provide
 Against this ever-changing frame's decay,
 New things to come, and old to pass away.
 One being, worn, another being makes;
 Chang'd, but not lost; for nature gives and takes:
 New matter must be found for things to come,
 And these must waste like those, and follow Na-
 ture's doom,

All things, like thee, have time to rise and rot;
 And from each other's ruin are begot:
 For life is not confin'd to him or thee;
 'Tis given to all for use, to none for property.
 Consider former ages past and gone,
 Whose circles ended long ere thine begun,
 Then tell me, fool, what part in them thou hast?
 Thus may'st thou judge the future by the past.
 What horror seest thou in that quiet state,
 What bugbear dreams to fright thee after fate?
 No ghost, no goblins, that still passage keep;
 But all is there serene, in that eternal sleep.
 For all the dismal tales, that Poets tell,
 Are verifi'd on earth, and not in hell.
 No Tantalus looks up with fearful eye,
 Or dreads th' impending rock to crush him from
 on high;

But fear of chance on earth disturbs our easy hours,
 Or vain imagin'd wrath of vain imagin'd pow'rs.
 No Tityus torn by vultures lies in hell ;
 Nor could the lobes of his rank liver swell
 To that prodigious mass, for their eternal meal :
 Not tho his monstrous bulk had cover'd o'er
 Nine spreading acres, or nine thousand more ;
 Not tho the globe of earth had been the giant's
 floor.

Nor in eternal torments could he lie ;
 Nor could his corps sufficient food supply.
 But he's the Tityus, who by love oppress'd,
 Or tyrant passion preying on his breast,
 And ever anxious thoughts, is robb'd of rest.
 The Sisyphus is he, whom noise and strife
 Seduce from all the soft retreats of life,
 To vex the government, disturb the laws :
 Drunk with the fumes of popular applause,
 He courts the giddy crowd to make him great,
 And sweats and toils in vain, to mount the sove-
 reign seat.

For still to aim at pow'r and still to fail,
 Ever to strive, and never to prevail,
 What is it, but, in reason's true account,
 To heave the stone against the rising mount.

446 THE THIRD BOOK OF

Which urg'd, and labor'd, and forc'd up with pain,
Recoils, and rowls impetuous down, and smokes
along the plain.

Then still to treat thy ever-craving mind
With ev'ry blessing, and of ev'ry kind,
Yet never fill thy rav'ning appetite ;
Tho yeats and seasons vary thy delight,
Yet nothing to be seen of all the store,
But still the wolf within thee barks for more ;
This is the fable's moral, which they tell
Of fifty foolish virgins damn'd in hell
To leaky vessels, which the liquor spill ;
To vessels of their sex, which none could ever fill.
As for the dog, the furies, and their snakes,
The gloomy caverns, and the burning lakes,
And all the vain infernal trumpery,
They neither are, nor were, nor e'er can be.
But here on earth the guilty have in view
The mighty pains to mighty mischiefs due ;
Racks, prisons, poisons, the Tarpeian rock,
Stripes, hangmen, pitch, and suffocating smoke ;
And last, and most, if these were cast behind,
Th' avenging horror of a conscious mind,
Whose deadly fear anticipates the blow,
And sees no end of punishment and woe ;

But looks for more, at the last gasp of breath :
This makes an hell on earth, and life a death.
Mean-time when thoughts of death disturb thy
head ;

Consider, Ancus great and good is dead ;
Ancus, thy better far, was born to die ;
And thou, dost thou bewail mortality ?
So many monarchs with their mighty state,
Who rul'd the world, were over-rul'd by fate.
That haughty king, who lorded o'er the main,
And whose stupendous bridge did the wild waves
restrain,

(In vain they foam'd, in vain they threatn'd wreck,
While his proud legions march'd upon their back :)
Him death, a greater monarch, overcame ;
Nor spar'd his guards the more, for their immortal name

The Roman chief, the Carthaginian dread, }
Scipio, the thunder-bolt of war, is dead, }
And, like a common slave, by fate in triumphed. }
The founders of invented arts are lost ;
And wits, who made eternity their boast.
Where now is Homer, who possess'd the throne ?
Th' immortal work remains, the immortal author's
gone.

448 THE THIRD BOOK OF

Democritus, perceiving age invade,
His body weaken'd, and his mind decay'd,
Obey'd the summons with a chearful face ;
Made haste to welcome death, and met him half
the race.

That stroke ev'n Epicurus could not bar,
Tho he in wit surpass'd mankind, as far
As does the mid-day sun the mid-night star. }
And thou, dost thou disdain to yield thy breath,
Whose very life is little more than death ?
More than one half by lazy sleep possesst ; }
And when awake, thy soul but nods at best,
Day-dreams and sickly thoughts revolving in }
thy breast.

Eternal troubles haunt thy anxious mind,
Whose cause and cure thou never hop'st to find ;
But still uncertain, with thyself at strife,
Thou wander'st in the labyrinth of life.
O, if the foolish race of man, who find
A weight of cares still pressing on their mind,
Could find as well the cause of this unrest,
And all this burden lodg'd within the breast ;
Sure they would change their course, nor live as now,
Uncertain what to wish, or what to vow.

Uneasy both in country and in town,
 They search a place to lay their burden down.
 One, restless in his palace, walks abroad,
 And vainly thinks to leave behind the load :
 But straight returns; for he's as restless there ;
 And finds there's no relief in open air.
 Another to his villa would retire,
 And spurs as hard as if it were on fire ;
 No sooner enter'd at his country door,
 But he begins to stretch, and yawn, and snore; }
 Or seeks the city which he left before. }
 Thus every man o'erworks his weary will, }
 To shun himself, and to shake off his ill ; }
 The shaking fit returns, and hangs upon him still. }
 No prospect of repose, nor hope of ease ;
 The wretch is ignorant of his disease ;
 Which known would all his fruitless trouble spare ;
 For he would know the world not worth his care :
 Then would he search more deeply for the cause ;
 And study Nature well, and Nature's laws :
 For in this moment lies not the debate,
 But on our future, fix'd, eternal state ;
 That never-changing state, which all must keep,
 Whom death has doom'd to everlasting sleep.

450 THE THIRD BOOK, &c.

Why are we then so fond of mortal life,
Beset with dangers, and maintain'd with strife?
A life, which all our care can never save;
One fate attends us, and one common grave.

Besides, we tread but a perpetual round;
We ne'er strike out, but beat the former ground,
And the same maukish joys in the same track
are found.

For still we think an absent blessing best,
Which cloy, and is no blessing when possess'd;
A new arising wish expels it from the breast.
The fev'rish thirst of life increases still;
We call for more and more, and never have our
fill;

Yet know not what to-morrow we shall try,
What dregs of life in the last draught may lie:
Nor, by the longest life we can attain,
One moment from the length of death we gain;
For all behind belongs to his eternal reign.
When once the fates have cut the mortal thread,
The man as much to all intents is dead,
Who dies to-day, and will as long be so,
As he who dy'd a thousand years ago.



THE LATTER PART OF
THE FOURTH BOOK
OF
LUCRETIIUS;
Concerning the Nature of LOVE.

Beginning at this line,

Sic igitur veneris qui telis accipit ictum, &c.

THUS, therefore, he, who feels the fiery dart
Of strong desire transfix his amorous heart,
Whether some beauteous boy's alluring face,
Or lovelier maid, with unresisting grace,
From her each part the winged arrow sends,
From whence he first was struck he thither tends;
Restless he roams, impatient to be freed,
And eager to inject the sprightly seed.
For fierce desire does all his mind employ,
And ardent love assures approaching joy.
Such is the nature of that pleasing smart,
Whose burning drops distil upon the heart,
The fever of the soul shot from the fair,
And the cold ague of succeeding care.

452 THE FOURTH BOOK OF

If absent her idea still appears,
And her sweet name is chiming in your ears.
But strive those pleasing fancies to remove,
And shun th' aerial images of love,
That feed the flame: when one molests thy mind,
Discharge thy loins on all the leaky kind;
For that's a wiser way, than to restrain
Within thy swelling nerves that hoard of pain.
For ev'ry hour some deadlier symptom shews,
And by delay the gathering venom grows,
When kindly applications are not us'd;
The scorpion, love, must on the wound be bruised:
On that one object 'tis not safe to stay,
But force the tide of thought some other way:
The squander'd spirits prodigally throw,
And in the common glebe of nature sow.
Nor wants he all the bliss, that lovers feign,
Who takes the pleasure, and avoids the pain;
For purer joys in purer health abound,
And less affect the sickly than the sound.
When love its utmost vigor does employ,
Ev'n then 'tis but a restless wand'ring joy:
Nor knows the lover in that wild excess,
With hands or eyes, what first he would possess;
But strains at all, and, fast'ning where he strains,
Too closely presses with his frantic pains;

With biting kisses hurts the twining fair,
Which shews his joys imperfect, unsincere :
For, stung with inward rage, he flings around,
And strives t' avenge the smart on that which gave
the wound.

But love those eager bitings does restrain,
And mingling pleasure mollifies the pain.
For ardent hope still flatters anxious grief,
And sends him to his foe to seek relief :
Which yet the nature of the thing denies ;
For love, and love alone of all our joys,
By full possession does but fan the fire ;
The more we still enjoy, the more we still desire.
Nature for meat and drink provides a space,
And, when receiv'd, they fill their certain place :
Hence thirst and hunger may be satisfy'd ;
But this repletion is to love deny'd :
Form, feature, colour, whatsoe'er delight
Provokes the lover's endless appetite,
These fill no space, nor can we thence remove
With lips, or hands, or all our instruments of love :
In our deluded grasp we nothing find,
But thin aerial shapes, that fleet before the mind.
As he, who in a dream with drouth is curst,
And finds no real drink to quench his thirst ;

454 THE FOURTH BOOK OF

Runs to imagin'd lakes his heat to steep,
And vainly fwills and labors in his sleep :
So love with fantsms cheats our longing eyes,
Which hourly seeing never fatisfies :
Our hands pull nothing from the parts they ftrain,
But wander o'er the lovely limbs in vain :
Nor when the youthful pair more clofely join,
When hands in hands they lock, and thighs in
 thighs they twine,
Juft in the raging foam of full defire,
When both prefs on, both murmur, both expire,
They gripe, they fqueeze, their humid tongues
 they dart,
As each would force their way to t'other's heart :
In vain ; they only cruize about the coaft ;
For bodies cannot pierce, nor be in bodies loft ;
As fure they ftrive to be, when both engage
In that tumultuous momentary rage ;
So tangled in the nets of love they lie,
Till man diffolves in that excefs of joy.
Then, when the gather'd bag has burft its way,
And ebbing tides the flacken'd nerves betray,
A pause enfues ; and nature nods a-while,
Till with recruited rage new fpirits boil ;
And then the fame vain violence returns ;
With flames renew'd th' erected furnace burns.

Again they in each other would be lost,
 But still by adamantine bars are crost.
 All ways they try, successless all they prove,
 To cure the secret fore of ling'ring love.

Besides —

They waste their strength in the venereal strife,
 And to a woman's will enslave their life;
 Th' estate runs out, and mortgages are made;
 All offices of friendship are decay'd;
 Their fortune ruin'd, and their fame betray'd. }
 Assyrian ointment from their temples flows,
 And diamond buckles sparkle in their shoes.
 The chearful emerald twinkles on their hands,
 With all the luxury of foreign lands:
 And the blue coat, that with imbroid'ry shines,
 Is drunk with sweat of their o'er-labor'd loins.
 Their frugal father's gains they misemploy,
 And turn to point, and pearl, and ev'ry female toy.
 French fashions, costly treats are their delight;
 The park by day, and plays and balls by night.
 In vain: —

For in the fountain, where their sweets are sought,
 Some bitter bubbles up, and poisons all the
 draught.

456 THE FOURTH BOOK OF

First guilty conscience does the mirror bring,
Then sharp remorse shoots out her angry sting;
And anxious thoughts, within themselves at strife,
Upbraid the long, mis-spent, luxurious life.

Perhaps, the fickle fair-one proves unkind,
Or drops a doubtful word, that pains his mind,
And leaves a rankling jealousy behind. }

Perhaps, he watches close her amorous eyes,
And in the act of ogling does surprise;
And thinks he sees upon her cheeks the while
The dimpled tracks of some foregoing smile;
His raging pulse beats thick, and his pent spirits
boil. }

This is the product e'en of prosperous love;
Think then what pangs disastrous passions prove.
Innumerable ills; disdain, despair,
With all the meager family of care.

Thus, as I said, 'tis better to prevent,
Than flatter the disease, and late repent:
Because to shun th' allurements is not hard
To minds resolv'd, forewarn'd, and well prepar'd;
But wond'rous difficult, when once beset,
To struggle thro the straits, and break th' involv-
ing net.

Yet thus insnar'd thy freedom thou may'st gain,
If, like a fool, thou dost not hug thy chain;

If not to ruin obstinately blind,
And wilfully endeavouring not to find
Her plain defects of body and of mind. }
For thus the Bedlam train of lovers use
T' enhance the value, and the faults excuse.
And therefore 'tis no wonder if we see
They doat on dowdies and deformity :
E'en what they cannot praise, they will not blame,
But veil with some extenuating name :
The fallow skin is for the swarthy put,
And love can make a flattern of a slut.
If cat-ey'd, then a Pallas is their love :
If freckled, she's a party-color'd dove :
If little, then she's life and soul all o'er :
An Amazon, the large two-handed whore.
She stammers ; oh what grace in lisping lies !
If she says nothing, to be sure she's wise.
If shrill, and with a voice to drown a quire,
Sharp-witted she must be, and full of fire.
The lean, consumptive, wench, with coughs decay'd,
Is call'd a pretty, tight, and slender maid.
Th' o'er-grown, a goodly Ceres is express'd,
A bed-fellow for Bacchus at the least.
Flat nose the name of Satyr never misses,
And hanging blobber lips but pout for kisses.

458 THE FOURTH BOOK OF

The task were endless all the rest to trace :
Yet grant she were a Venus for her face
And shape, yet others equal beauty share ;
And time was you could live without the fair :
She does no more, in that for which you woo,
Than homelier women full as well can do.
Besides she daubs, and stinks so much of paint,
Her own attendants cannot bear the scent,
But laugh behind, and bite their lips to hold ;
Mean-time excluded, and expos'd to cold,
The whining lover stands before the gates,
And there with humble adoration waits :
Crowning with flow'rs the threshold and the floor,
And printing kisses on th' obdurate door :
Who, if admitted in that nick of time,
If some unfav'ry whiff betray the crime,
Invents a quarrel straight, if there be none,
Or makes some faint excuses to be gone ;
And calls himself a doating fool to serve,
Ascribing more than woman can deserve.
Which well they understand like cunning queans ;
And hide their nastiness behind the scenes,
From him they have allur'd, and would retain ;
But to a piercing eye 'tis all in vain :
For common sense brings all their cheats to view,
And the false light discovers by the true :

Which a wife harlot owns, and hopes to find
 A pardon for defects, that run thro all the kind.
 Nor always do they feign the sweets of love,
 When round the panting youth their pliant limbs
 they move,

And cling, and heave, and moisten ev'ry kiss.
 They often share, and more than share the bliss:
 From every part, e'en to their inmost soul,
 They feel the trickling joys, and run with vigor to
 the goal.

Stirr'd with the same impetuous desire,
 Birds, beasts, and herds, and mares, their males
 require :

Because the throbbing nature in their veins
 Provokes them to assuage their kindly pains :
 The lusty leap th' expecting female stands,
 By mutual heat compell'd to mutual bands.
 Thus dogs with lolling tongues by love are ty'd ;
 Nor shouting boys nor blows their union can divide:
 At either end they strive the link to loose ;
 In vain, for stronger Venus holds the noose.
 Which never would those wretched lovers do, }
 But that the common heats of love they know ; }
 The pleasure therefore must be shar'd in common }
 too ;

460 THE FOURTH BOOK OF

And when the woman's more prevailing juice
 Sucks in the man's, the mixture will produce
 The mother's likeness; when the man prevails,
 His own resemblance in the seed he seals.
 But when we see the new-begotten race
 Reflect the features of each parents face,
 Then of the father's and the mother's blood
 The justly temper'd seed is understood:
 When both conspire, with equal ardor bent,
 From every limb the due proportion sent,
 When neither party foils, when neither foil'd,
 This gives the splendid features of the child.
 Sometimes the boy the grandfire's image bears;
 Sometimes the more remote progenitor he shares;
 Because the genial atoms of the seed
 Lie long conceal'd ere they exert the breed;
 And, after sundry ages past, produce
 The tardy likeness of the latent juice.
 Hence families such different figures take,
 And represent their ancestors in face, and hair,
 and make.

Because of the same seed, the voice, and hair,
 And shape, and face, and other members are,
 And the same antique mould the likeness does
 prepare.

Thus oft the father's likeness does prevail
In females, and the mother's in the male.
For since the seed is of a double kind,
From that, where we the most resemblance find,
We may conclude the strongest tincture sent,
And that was in conception prevalent.
Nor can the vain decrees of pow'rs above
Deny production to the act of love,
Or hinder fathers of that happy name,
Or with a barren womb the matron shame;
As many think, who stain with victims blood
The mournful altars, and with incense load,
To bless the show'ry seed with future life,
And to impregnate the well-labor'd wife.
In vain they weary Heav'n with prayer, or fly
To Oracles, or magic numbers try:
For barrenness of sexes will proceed
Either from too condens'd or watry seed:
The watry juice too soon dissolves away,
And in the parts projected will not stay:
The too condens'd, unsoul'd, unweildy mass,
Drops short, nor carries to the destin'd place;
Nor pierces to the parts, nor, tho injected home,
Will mingle with the kindly moisture of the
womb.

462 THE FOURTH BOOK OF

For nuptials are unlike in their success :

Some men with fruitful seed some women bless ;

And from some men some women fruitful are ;

Just as their constitutions join or jar :

And many seeming barren wives have been,

Who, after match'd with more prolific men,

Have fill'd a family with prattling boys :

And, many, not supply'd at home with joys,

Have found a friend abroad, to ease their smart,

And to perform the sapless husband's part,

So much it does import, that seed with seed

Should of the kindly mixture make the breed ;

And thick with thin, and thin with thick should join,

So to produce and propagate the line.

Of such concernment too is drink and food,

T' incrassate, or attenuate the blood.

Of like importance is the posture too,

In which the genial feat of love we do :

For as the females of the four-foot kind

Receive the leapings of their males behind ;

So the good wives, with loins up-lifted high,

And leaning on their hands, the fruitful stroke

may try :

For in that posture will they best conceive;

Not when, supinely laid, they frisk and heave :

For active motions only break the blow ;
And more of strumpets than the wives they show ;
When, answering stroke with stroke, the mingled
liquors flow. }

Endearments eager, and too brisk a bound,
Throws off the plow-share from the furrow'd
ground.

But common harlots in conjunction heave,
Because 'tis less their business to conceive
Than to delight, and to provoke the deed ;
A trick which honest wives but little need.
Nor is it from the Gods, or Cupid's dart,
That many a homely woman takes the heart,
But wives well-humor'd, dutiful, and chaste,
And clean, will hold their wandring husbands fast ;
Such are the links of love, and such a love will
last. }

For what remains, long habitude, and use,
Will kindness in domestic bands produce :
For custom will a strong impression leave.
Hard bodies, which the lightest stroke receive,
In length of time, will moulder and decay,
And stones with drops of rain are wash'd away.



FROM THE
F I F T H B O O K
O F
L U C R E T I U S.

Tum porro puer, &c.

THUS, like a failor by a tempest hurl'd
 Ashore, the babe is shipwreck'd on the world:
 Naked he lies, and ready to expire;
 Helpless of all that human wants require;
 Expos'd upon unhospitable earth,
 From the first moment of his hapless birth.
 Straight with foreboding cries he fills the room;
 Too true presages of his future doom.
 But flocks and herds, and every savage beast,
 By more indulgent nature are increas'd.
 They want no rattles for their froward mood,
 Nor nurse to reconcile them to their food,
 With broken words; nor winter blasts they fear,
 Nor change their habits with the changing year:
 Nor, for their safety, citadels prepare,
 Nor forge the wicked instruments of war:
 Unlabor'd earth her bounteous treasure grants,
 And Nature's lavish hand supplies their common
 wants.

TRANS-





TRANSLATIONS

FROM

H O R A C E.



VOL. II.



THE
THIRD ODE of the FIRST BOOK
OF
H O R A C E.

Inscribed to the Earl of Roscommon, on his intended
Voyage to Ireland.

SO may th' auspicious queen of love,
And the twin stars the seed of Jove,
And he who rules the raging wind,
To thee, O sacred ship, be kind;
And gentle breezes fill thy sails,
Supplying soft Etesian gales :
As thou, to whom the Muse commends
The best of poets and of friends,

Dost thy committed pledge restore,
 And land him safely on the shore ;
 And save the better part of me,
 From perishing with him at sea,
 Sure he, who first the passage try'd,
 In harden'd oak his heart did hide,
 And ribs of iron arm'd his side ;
 Or his at least, in hollow wood
 Who tempted first the briny flood :
 Nor fear'd the winds contending roar,
 Nor billows beating on the shore ;
 Nor Hyades portending rain ;
 Nor all the tyrants of the main.
 What form of death could him affright,
 Who unconcern'd, with stedfast sight,
 Could view the surges mounting steep,
 And monsters rolling in the deep !
 Could thro the ranks of ruin go,
 With storms above, and rocks below !
 In vain did Nature's wife command
 Divide the waters from the land,
 If daring ships and men prophane
 Invade th' inviolable main ;
 Th' eternal fences over-leap,
 And pass at will the boundless deep.

No toil, no hardship can restrain
Ambitious man inur'd to pain ;
The more confin'd, the more he tries,
And at forbidden quarry flies.
Thus bold Prometheus did aspire,
And stole from Heav'n the seeds of fire :
A train of ills, a ghastly crew,
The robber's blazing track pursue ;
Fierce famine with her meagre face,
And fevers of the fiery race,
In swarms th'offending wretch surround,
All brooding on the blasted ground:
And limping death, lash'd on by fate,
Comes up to shorten half our date.
This made not Dedalus beware,
With borrow'd wings to sail in air :
To hell Alcides forc'd his way,
Plung'd thro the lake, and snatch'd the prey.
Nay scarce the Gods, or heavenly climes,
Are safe from our audacious crimes ;
We reach at Jove's imperial crown.
And pull th' unwilling thunder down.



NINTH ODE of the FIRST BOOK

OF

H O R A C E.

I.

BEHOLD yon mountain's hoary height
 Made higher with new mounts of snow ;
 Again behold the winter's weight
 Oppress the lab'ring woods below :
 And streams, with icy fetters bound,
 Benumb'd and cramp't to solid ground.

II.

With well-heap'd logs dissolve the cold,
 And feed the genial hearth with fires ;
 Produce the wine, that makes us bold,
 And sprightly wit and love inspires :
 For what hereafter shall betide,
 God, if 'tis worth his care, provide.

III.

Let him alone, with what he made,
 To toss and turn the world below ;
 At his command the storms invade ;
 The winds by his commission blow ;
 Till with a nod he bids 'em cease,
 And then the calm returns, and all is peace.

IV.

To-morrow and her works defy,
Lay hold upon the present hour,
And snatch the pleasures passing by,
To put them out of fortune's pow'r:
Nor love, nor love's delights disdain;
Whate'er thou get'st to-day, is gain.

V.

Secure those golden early joys,
That youth unsour'd with sorrow bears,
Ere with'ring time the taste destroys,
With sickness and unweildy years.
For active sports, for pleasing rest,
This is the time to be possest;
The best is but in season best.

VI.

Th' appointed hour of promis'd bliss,
The pleasing whisper in the dark,
The half unwilling willing kiss,
The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
When the kind nymph would coyness feign,
And hides but to be found again;
These, these are joys the Gods for youth ordain.



Twenty-ninth ODE of the First Book

OF

H O R A C E.

Paraphras'd in Pindaric verse, and inscribed to the
Right Hon. Laurence Earl of Rochester.

I.

DESCENDED of an ancient line,
That long the Tuscan sceptre sway'd,
Make haste to meet the generous wine,
Whose piercing is for thee delay'd:
The rosy wreath is ready made;
And artful hands prepare
The fragrant Syrian oil, that shall perfume thy hair.

II.

When the wine sparkles from afar,
And the well-natur'd friend cries, Come away,
Make haste, and leave thy business and thy care:
No mortal int'rest can be worth thy stay.

III.

Leave for a while thy costly country seat;
And, to be great indeed, forget
The nauseous pleasures of the great:
Make haste and come:

THE TWENTY-NINTH ODE, &c. 473

Come, and forsake thy cloying store ;
Thy turret that surveys, from high,
The smoke, and wealth, and noise of Rome ;
And all the busy pageantry
That wise men scorn, and fools adore :
Come, give thy soul a loose, and taste the pleasures
of the poor.

IV.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the rich to try
A short vicissitude, and fit of poverty :
A savory dish, a homely treat,
Where all is plain, where all is neat,
Without the stately spacious room,
The Persian carpet, or the Tyrian loom,
Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the great.

V.

The sun is in the lion mounted high ;
The Syrian star,
Barks from afar,
And with his sultry breath infects the sky ;
The ground below is parch'd, the Heav'ns above
us fry.
The shepherd drives his fainting flock
Beneath the covert of a rock,
And seeks refreshing rivulets nigh :

474 THE TWENTY-NINTH ODE OF

The Sylvans to their shades retire,
 Those very shades and streams new shades and
 streams require, [raging fire.
 And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the

VI.

Thou, what befits the new Lord Mayor,
 And what the city factions dare,
 And what the Gallic arms will do,
 And what the quiver-bearing foe,
 Art anxiously inquisitive to know :
 But God has, wisely, hid from human sight
 The dark decrees of future fate,
 And sown their seeds in depth of night ;
 He laughs at all the giddy turns of state ;
 When mortals search too soon, and fear too late.

VII.

Enjoy the present smiling hour ;
 And put it out of fortune's pow'r :
 The tide of business, like the running stream,
 Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,
 A quiet ebb, or a tempestuous flow,
 And always in extreme.
 Now with a noiseless gentle course
 It keeps within the middle bed ;
 Anon it lifts aloft the head, [force :
 And bears down all before it with impetuous

THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE. 475

And trunks of trees come rowling down,
Sheep and their folds together drown :
Both house and homestead into seas are borne;
And rocks are from their old foundations torn,
And woods, made thin with winds, their scatter'd

VIII. [honors mourn.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call to-day his own :
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine, [day
The joys I have possess'd, in spite of fate are mine,
Not Heav'n itself upon the past has pow'r ;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my

IX. [hour.

Fortune, that, with malicious joy,
Does man her slave oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy,
Is seldom pleas'd to bless :
Still various and unconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while she's kind ;
But when she dances in the wind,

476 THE TWENTY-NINTH ODE, &c.

And shakes the wings and will not stay,
 I puff the prostitute away :
 The little or the much she gave, is quietly resign'd:
 Content with poverty, my soul I arm ;
 And virtue, tho in rags, will keep me warm.

X.

What is't to me,
 Who never sail in her unfaithful sea,
 If storms arise, and clouds grow black ;
 If the mast split, and threaten wreck ?
 Then let the greedy merchant fear
 For his ill-gotten gain ;
 And pray to Gods that will not hear,
 While the debating winds and billows bear
 His wealth into the main.
 For me, secure from fortune's blows,
 Secure of what I cannot lose,
 In my small pinance I can sail,
 Contemning all the blust'ring roar ;
 And running with a merry gale,
 With friendly stars my safety seek
 Within some little winding creek ;
 And see the storm ashore.

THE SECOND EPODE
OF
HORACE.

HOW happy in his low degree,
 How rich in humble poverty, is he,
 Who leads a quiet country life ;
 Discharg'd of business, void of strife,
 And from the griping scrivener free ?
 Thus, ere the seeds of vice were sown,
 Liv'd men in better ages born,
 Who plow'd with oxen of their own
 Their small paternal field of corn.
 Nor trumpets summon him to war,
 Nor drums disturb his morning sleep,
 Nor knows he merchants gainful care,
 Nor fears the dangers of the deep.
 The clamors of contentious law,
 And court and state, he wisely shuns,
 Nor brib'd with hopes, nor dar'd with awe,
 To servile salutations runs ;
 But either to the clasping vine
 Does the supporting poplar wed,
 Or with his pruning-hook disjoin
 Unbearing branches from their head,
 And grafts more happy in their stead :

478 THE SECOND EPODE

Or, climbing to a hilly steep,
 He views his herds in vales afar,
 Or sheers his overburden'd sheep,
 Or mead for cooling drink prepares,
 Of virgin honey in the jars.
 Or in the now declining year,
 When bounteous autumn rears his head,
 He joys to pull the ripen'd pear,
 And clustring grapes with purple spread.
 The fairest of his fruit he serves,
 Priapus, thy rewards :
 Sylvanus too his part deserves,
 Whose care the fences guards.
 Sometimes beneath an ancient oak,
 Or on the matted grass he lies ;
 No God of sleep he need invoke ;
 The stream that o'er the pebbles flies
 With gentle slumber crowns his eyes.
 The wind that whistles through the sprays
 Maintains the consort of the song ;
 And hidden birds with native lays
 The golden sleep prolong.
 But when the blast of winter blows,
 And hoary frost inverts the year,
 Into the naked woods he goes,
 And seeks the tufty boar to rear,
 With well-mouth'd hounds and pointed spear !

Or spreads his subtle nets from sight
With twinkling glasses, to betray
The larks that in the meshes light,
Or makes the fearful hare his prey.
Amidst his harmless easy joys
No anxious care invades his health,
Nor love his peace of mind destroys,
Nor wicked avarice of wealth.
But if a chaste and pleasing wife,
To ease the business of his life,
Divides with him his household care,
Such as the Sabine matrons were,
Such as the swift Apulian's bride,
Sun-burnt and swarthy tho she be,
Will fire for winter nights provide,
And without noise will oversee
His children and his family ;
And order all things till he come,
Sweaty and overlabor'd, home ;
If she in pens his flocks will fold,
And then produce her dairy store,
With wine to drive away the cold,
And unbought dainties of the poor ;
Not oysters of the Lucrine lake
My sober appetite would wish,
Nor turbot, or the foreign fish
That rowling tempests overtake,
And hither waft the costly dish.

480 THE SECOND EPODE, &c.

Not heathpout, or the rarer bird,
 Which Phasis or Ionia yields,
 More pleasing morsels would afford
 Than the fat olives of my fields;
 Than shards or mallows for the pot,
 That keep the loosen'd body sound,
 Or than the lamb, that falls by lot
 To the just guardian of my ground.
 Amidst these feasts of happy swains,
 The jolly shepherd smiles to see
 His flock returning from the plains;
 The farmer is as pleas'd as he
 To view his oxen sweating smoke,
 Bear on their necks the loosen'd yoke;
 To look upon his menial crew,
 That sit around his chearful hearth,
 And bodies spent in toil renew
 With wholesome food and country mirth.
 This Morecraft said within himself,
 Resolv'd to leave the wicked town:
 And live retir'd upon his own,
 He call'd his money in;
 But the prevailing love of pelf,
 Soon split him on the former shelf,
 He put it out again.

The End of the Second VOLUME.



N O T E S
A N D
OBSERVATIONS
O N
Mr. DRYDEN's POEMS.



VOL. II.

2

N O T E S.

The HIND and the PANTHER.

First printed in 1687.

P A R T I.

THIS piece is a defence of the Roman Catholic church, by way of dialogue between a Hind, who represents the church of Rome, and a Panther, who sustains the character of the church of England. These two beasts very learnedly debate the principal points controverted between the two churches, as transubstantiation, infallibility, church-authority, &c. This poem was immediately attacked by the wits; particularly by Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, and Prior, who joined in writing *The Hind and Panther parodied in the Story of the Country Mouse and the City Mouse*.

But notwithstanding the severity of these censures, and the just exceptions which may be taken to the plan of this poem, it abounds with poetical beauties, and, in that respect, is not unworthy of Mr. Dryden.

Yet had she oft been chac'd, &c.

Alluding to the disturbance given to Popery by the reformation, and its sufferings in the time of Cromwell.

And doom'd to death, tho fated not to die.

To doom signifies to sentence, or condemn to any punishment; but it does not include a necessity of carrying that sentence into execution: whereas fate is unavoidable; so that these words are not synonymous, nor yet liable to that ridicule thrown upon them in the *Hind and Panther transversed*: wherein, Mr. Smith says, "Faith, Mr. Bayes, if you were doom'd to be

Vol. II.

a

“ hanged, whatever you were fated to, it would give you but
 “ small comfort.”

————— *the Caledonian wood.*

The ravages and disorders committed by the Scotch covenan-
 ters gave occasion to these lines.

The bloody bear, an independant beast.

The Independants were a sect of Protestants, who held, that
 “ each church, within itself, had sufficient power to do every
 “ thing relative to church-government.” They sprung up
 amidst the confusions of Charles the 1st’s reign, about the year
 1643. Walker calls them a composition of Jews, Christians,
 and Turks. See his *Hist. of Independency*, p. 1, 27 ; for which he
 was committed by Cromwell to the Tower. See Echard’s *Hist.*
of England, vol II. p. 435, for an account of their rise. But-
 ler calls them,

“ The maggots of corrupted texts.”

Hud. p. 3. v. 10.

And our author in his *Religio Laici*, says,

“ The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood,

“ And turns to maggots, what was meant for food.”

Because that, in order to infuse into people a notion that they
 had a right to chuse their own pastors, they corrupted this text :
Wherefore, brethren, look you out from among you, seven men of honest
report, full of the Holy Ghost, whom ye (instead of we) may ap-
point over this business. Acts ch. vi. v. 3. Field is said to
 have been the first printer of this forgery, and to have received
 for it 1500 l. Be that as it may, it is certainly to be found in
 several of his editions of the Bible, particularly in his fine folio
 of 1659-60, and his octavo of 1661. We find them also thus
 described in *Hudibras* again, p. 3. canto II. v. 3.

“ The Independants, whose first station,

“ Was in the rear of reformation,

“ A mungrel kind of church-dragoons,

“ That serv’d for horse and foot at once.”

————— *the quaking hare*
Profess’d neutrality, but would not swear.

The Quakers ; so called from certain tremblings and convul-
 sions, with which they appear to be seized at their religious
 meetings. They decline all military employments ; reject the
 use of arms, which they call profane and carnal weapons ; and
 refuse the oaths. Their affirmation is now admitted ; by act of

parliament, in our justiciary-courts, as of equal force to an oath taken by a person of any other persuasion, upon the gospel.

Next her the buffoon-ape, ———

No particular sect is meant by the buffoon-ape, but libertines and latitudinarians, persons ready to conform to any thing to serve their turn.

The bristled Baptist-boar, &c.

The Anabaptists, who reject infant-baptism; and baptize only adults by immersion.

In German forests had his guilt betray'd.

They succeeded to the rise of Lutheranism in Germany, about the year 1521, and committed innumerable acts of violence, particularly in Munster.

*False Reynard fed on consecrated spoil,
The graceless beast, &c.*

This alludes to the persecution of the Arians, and the rise of the Socinians: for a better account of which, see our notes on the *Religio Laici*, vol. I. p. lxxv.i.

*———— how well dost thou provide,
For erring reason, an unerring guide.*

Here our author allows of the infallibility of the pope, and the authority of the church, contrary to his position in *Religio Laici*, p. 306.

“ Such an omniscient church we wish, &c.”
and then proceeds to thank God for his own conversion.

Can I my reason to my faith compel?

Dryden here advances the doctrine of transubstantiation, which he reconciles to the divine omnipotence, and entirely disclaims the use of reason in discussing it.

*———— by what mysterious arts
He shot that body thro' th' opposing might
Of bolts and bars, &c.*

The disciples being assembled together, and all the doors shut, some days after the crucifixion, Christ appeared in the midst of them. *Vide St. John*, ch. xx.

——— *first apostate to divinity.*

Arius, the heretic.

——— *the insatiate wolf, &c.*

Butler, in the first canto of Hudibras, says, that the Presbyterians

“ ——— prove their doctrine orthodox,

“ By apostolic blows and knocks.”

The general description given of them here is very severe : they hold the doctrine of predestination, or a decree of God from all eternity, to save a certain number of persons, from thence called the Elect.

“ A sect, (of whom Hudibras says a little lower) whose chief devotion lies

“ In odd perverse antipathies.”

Such as reputed the eating of Christmas pies and plumb-porridge sinful ; nay, they prohibited all sorts of merriment at that holy festival, and not only abolished it by order of council, dated Dec. 22, 1657, but changed it into a fast. They wore, during the confusions about Oliver's time, black caps, that left their ears bare, their hair being cropped round quite close ; wherefore the wolf, the emblem of Presbytery, is here said to

— “ Prick up his predestinating ears.”

——— *his hateful head had been*

For tribute paid, &c.

Several parts of England and Wales were once so over-run with wolves, that a reward was given for every head of them brought into the government ; and thus the country was, in time, quite cleared of them.

The last of all the litter, &c.

Calvin was made professor of divinity, at Geneva, in 1536 ; but being obliged to retire from thence, as he had been before from his native country, France, he took refuge in Strasburgh, where he set up a French church. Calvinism, or Presbyterianism, for they are much the same, made its way from France and Switzerland into Germany, Poland, Holland, England, &c. and has occasioned many great disturbances in all these different places.

Because of Wickliff's brood, &c.

Dr. John Wickliff, a man of sharp wit, great learning, and strong judgment, broached a new doctrine in the fourteenth cen-

tury, "denying the pope's supremacy, the infallibility of the church, transubstantiation, &c." and publicly maintained his tenets in the university of Oxford.

That fiery Zuinglius, &c.

Zuinglius was a Swiss divine of the fifteenth century, who also denied transubstantiation.

*In Israel some believe him whelp'd long since,
When the proud Sanhedrim oppress'd the prince.*

"Some," says our author in these and the fifteen following lines, "suppose the first rise of Presbytery in this kingdom to have been when the parliament were at variance with the king;" others (*says the poet*) carry it higher, even to the time of Corah, among the Jews who strove

*From Moses' hand the sov'reign sway to wrest,
And Aaron of his ephod to divest.*

See the Passage alluded to, in scripture, Numbers ch. xvi.

—— your victorious colonies are sent,
Where the north ocean, &c.

The various sects of Presbyterianism found a kind, nurturing soil in Scotland, nor were they refused shelter in Holland.

—— magic plants will but in Colchos thrive.

This is a country of Asia, abounding with poisonous herbs, which gave occasion to the poetical fiction of the witchcraft of Medea, who is stiled Colchis. *Vide Horat. Epod. xvi. 58.*

From Celtic woods is chac'd the wolfish crew.

This passage alludes to the revocation of the edict of Nantz, by which two millions of the reformed church were proscribed, and two hundred thousand drove into foreign countries: a proceeding that must throw an eternal blemish on the reign of Louis XIV. The remainder of this paragraph does great honor to Dryden, as it manifests, that whatever faults he had, a persecuting spirit was not one of them.

—— kind as kings upon their coronation-day.

Who always begin their reign with an act of grace.

—— *the mighty hunter of his race.*

Nimrod, who built Babylon, and was the first man we meet with in scripture who made invasions on the territories of others.

—— *to number o'er the rest,
Were weary work, &c.*

Our author is content with naming the chief sects; since, to reckon the others, such as field-preachers, and other dissenters from the church, would be an endless task.

Such souls as Shards produce, &c.

A Shard signifies a plant, and also a kind of fish.

A lion old, obscene —————
—— *by a left-hand marriage weds the dame.*

Henry VIII. having fallen in love with Anne, the supposed daughter of Sir Thomas Bullen, but by many affirmed to be his own natural child, in vain solicited the pope to annul his marriage with Catharine, who had been the widow of his brother Arthur. Piqued at the refusal he renounced the papal supremacy, repudiated the queen, and married with his beloved Anne; and this was the beginning of the reformation.

————— *a lawless prince*
By luxury reform'd incontinence.

The reformation permitted the clergy to marry, from which they were before interdicted.

By ruins, charity; &c.

This alludes to the suppression of monasteries, and sequestration of their revenues for the royal use. They are said to have amounted to 32,000 l. a year, besides plate, goods, church-ornaments, &c. amounting to more than 100,000 l.

————— *her reverend phylacteries.*

Phylacteries is a word of Greek extraction, signifying originally to guard or preserve. The passages here alludes to the Jews, who wore on their foreheads and wrists little rolls of parchment, wherein were written certain words of the law, supposed to be capable of charming and protecting the bearer from harm.

—— *one for substance, one for sign contends.*

Luther asserted the real presence under the different substances of bread and of wine; but this only in the act of receiving the

sacrament: whereas Zuinglius affirmed, that the bread and wine, or the elements, were only types, the figure and representation of the body and blood of Christ.

The faithful this thing signify'd receive.

See the twenty-eighth article of the church of England here alluded to.

Nor will I meanly tax her constancy.

No king! no bishop! was a common saying in King Charles the 1st's time, and sufficiently verified during the inter-regnum. This whole passage is a real compliment to the church, as by law established; and shews that Dryden could speak impartially even of a cause that he had deserted; which cause he handsomely compares to

“ *an Indian wife.*”

Whose constancy is become a proverb: since when their deceased husbands are either to be buried or burned, to manifest their affection, they throw themselves either into the same grave, or on the funeral pile.

Isgrim.

The wolf.

The sovereign lion bade her fear no more.

Charles II. who died a Papist, and James II. who openly professed himself such, and supported his religion with a firmness that lost him three crowns.

*Nor had the grateful Hind so soon forgot
Her friend, and fellow-sufferer in the plot.*

The Popish plot; the contrivers of which were Presbyterians, Latitudinarians, and Republicans, who had before shewn themselves enemies to the Protestant, as well as the Popish church. This explanation is farther confirmed in our notes on Abiatholom and Achitophel, and those on the Medal.

P A R T II.

*times are mended well,
Since late among the Philistines you fell.*

For by the Philistines here are meant the Cromwellians, &c.

————— *the younger lion* —————

King Charles II.

But all your priestly calves lay struggling, &c.

This alludes to the commons voting in 1640-1, that all deans, chapters, &c. should be utterly abolished. A bill passed about the same time to deprive bishops of their seats in parliament.

The test it seems at last has loos'd your tongue.

The test-act passed in 1672-3, enjoined the abjuration of the real presence in the sacrament.

————— *men may err* —————

An allegory wherein the figure is not preserved thro the whole must be defective ; a point that can, in many places, be proved on this poem, particularly here, wherein the Panther forgets his nature, and calls himself *Man*.

For fallacies in universals live.

“*Dolus versatur in generalibus,*” is a maxim in the schools.

*The Hugenots condemn our ordination,
Succession, &c.*

The French reformed, whether Calvinists or Lutherans, are called Hugenots, and they all differ in some points from the English Protestants. See our note on *Luther*.

*Or where did I at sure tradition strike,
Provided still it were apostolic.*

The writings of the apostles and evangelists, who had divine gifts, and sealed their testimony, as it were, with their blood, are authority in the strict sense of the word. The church of England admits only two authorities, that of scripture, and that of reason ; the scripture must surely be a rule of faith, and reason where God gives not his spirit can be the only rule for understanding scripture.

————— *from fire to son they came.*

An uninterrupted succession of the high-priesthood, or of popes from St. Peter down to the present time, is claimed by the church of Rome, and the corner-stone of her authority.

You learn'd this language from the blatant beast.

Spencer, in his excellent poem, called *The Fairy Queen*, shadows the moral virtues under the fictitious names of gallant he-

poes; and some of the worst vices, (in regard they are most opposite to rational nature) under the counterfeit names of certain monstrous brutes: particularly, he represents that pernicious vice of calumny or slander, by a deformed creature, which he calls *The Blatant Beast*; whose property it was to defame all states and sorts of mankind, not sparing even princes, nor leaving the clearest honor untainted, that came within the steam of its contagious breath.

— *horne dissenters are by statutes aw'd.*

When Dryden wrote this, the penal statutes against dissenters were not repealed.

For purging fires traditions must not fight.

Purgatory is a very lucrative article to the church of Rome; and she is certainly well paid for her masses and prayers for the souls of the deceased.

———— *hierarchy.*

That the hierarchy of the ancient church consisted of bishops, priests, and deacons, and, consequently, that bishops are to be distinguished from priests or presbyters, is very clear from ecclesiastical antiquity. See *Bingham orig. Eccles.* l. II. c. 1.

*The church decrees your articles require
Submission, &c.*

The church hath power to decree rites or ceremonies and authority in controversies of faith; yet it is not lawful for the church to ordain any thing that is contrary to God's written word, &c.

———— *Curtana.*

The name of King Edward the Confessor's sword without a point, an emblem of mercy, which is carried before our king and queen at their coronation

—— *the consubstantiating church* ———

This is the Lutheran church, whose doctrine relating to the real presence in the sacrament, called *consubstantiation*, has been before explained.

Her right hand holds the sceptre and the keys.

Alluding to the supposed authority of the Roman church, and her power of absolving, whereby she is said to be entrusted with the keys of heaven. Here follow some marks of her, copied from the Nicene creed.

Here let my sorrows give my satire place.

Our author here justly laments our neglecting to propagate Christianity among the Indians, while we make a trade of corrupting them by transporting to, and incorporating among them

“The draught of dungeons, and the stench of stews.”
the very offals of society.

———— *pailards.*

An old French word for whoremasters.

Sell all of christian, &c.

The Dutch, in order to secure themselves the trade of Japan, trample on the cross, and deny the name of Jesus.

———— *ye winds and rain* ————

By winds and rains are meant the persecutions, schisms, and heresies, which have strove to disturb the quiet of the church.

That pious Joseph, &c.

The renunciation of the benedictines to the abbey-lands.

P A R T III.

Much malice mingled with a little wit.

Dryden, aware of the censures to which his subject might expose him, here makes an apology for the fable or contrivance of the poem.

———— *the lion's peace* ————

Liberty of conscience, and toleration of all religions.

Her truth unshaken to an exile's heir.

The Duke of York, while opposed by the favorers and abettors of the bill of exclusion, had been obliged to retire from London.

I served a turn ————

Alluding to King James openly professing himself a Catholic.

When virtue spoons, &c.

This is a sea-term, and is used for a ship's being put right before the wind, when under sail.

How easy 'tis an envious eye to throw.

This points to the fable between the wolf and the lamb, wherein the former taxes the latter with muddying the stream, when from his situation it was impossible.

*Do you not know that for a little coin
Heralds can foist a name into the line.*

It became a practice among the upstarts in the time of the commonwealth of England, to claim pedigrees to which they had no manner of right, but this that they purchased them of a herald. Thus William Lilly gave to Cornelius Holland, a servant of some of the Vanes, a lineal descent from John Holland, Duke of Exeter; yet he had been no more than a link-boy grown rich amidst the public confusions. Colonel Hewson, the one-ey'd cobbler; Colonel Harrison, the butcher; Colonel Pride, the drayman; and several other fellows of equal importance, are mentioned in the History of Independency, and Bate's Lives of the Regicides, as procuring heralds to foist them on honorable families.

————— *your new French proselytes, &c.*

The refugees that came over to England after the revocation of Nantz.

Unpity'd Hudibras, &c.

Mr. Butler, who affords a remarkable instance of that coldness and neglect, which great geniuses often experience from the court and age in which they live. He did more against the puritan interest, by exposing it to ridicule, than thousands who tasted of court-favor; and yet our gracious monarch Charles II. never took notice of him, tho' so fond of Hudibras as to carry it always in his pocket. He praised the poem,—the poet wanted bread.

Bui imprimatur, &c.

The bishop of London and his chaplains had formerly the examination of all books, and none could be printed without their *imprimatur* or licence.

But when his foe lies prostrate, &c.

It is said, that the lion disdains to assail *even* a man that crouches before him.

————— *did Shemei worse?*

See Samuel, book II. ch. xvi.

————— *Nostradamus* —————

Taken in general for any prophet or prognosticator.

The swallow privileg'd above the rest, &c.

There seems to be nothing more particular couched under this fable than the Panther's telling it, to deter the Hind from pluming herself too much on the present encouragement given to her brood, which may be attended with fatal consequences, if imprudently used.

And seas from thence be call'd the Chelidonian main.

Alluding to Ovid's

"Icarus icariis nomina fecit aquis."

Chelidonian, from *χελιδὼν*, a swallow.

————— *the Pardelis* ———

A name for the Panther.

The Papist only has a writ of ease.

By the test-act transubstantiation is to be abjured, a principal tenet of the Papists.

As if 'twere Toby's rival, &c.

See *Paradise Lost*, book IV. l. 167.

As once Æneas, &c.

See *Æneid*, lib. VII. l. 213.

Immortal powers the term of conscience know.

Alluding to

"Οι Βεράτων καλίσσι θεοί, ανδρες δὲ τε πάντες Αργαίων.

A plain good man, &c.

This is a character of King James II. which is generally allowed as just as it is amiable: nor will it be found, on examination, one of the least beautiful passages in the poem. When the king was not under the restriction of bigotted adherence, he was brave, generous, steady, and sincere, and had the good of his country and people much at heart.

A sort of doves, &c.

The clergy of the church of England, and other religions, dissenting from that of Rome, whose *fryars* we find; lower down, called Chanticleers; her *nuns*, Sister Partlett.

Another farm be had, &c.

This passage alludes to the Popish clergy, whom the king particularly cherished, having introduced his confessor, father P—

ters, to the privy-council, and going himself publicly to mass. Their fasting and other spiritual severities are here pointed out.

A law the source, &c.

Penal laws against Popish recusants.

———— *a deadly Shiboleth, &c.*

A Hebrew word, and a criterion by which the Gileadites distinguished the Ephraimites, by their pronunciation of a certain letter in the alphabet.

That none to trust or profit, &c.

Test-Act.

*For those whom God to ruin has design'd,
He fits for fate, &c.*

“ Quos Jupiter vult perdere, prius dementat.” *Æneid.*

———— *above the rest,
The noble Buzzard ever pleas'd me best.*

The character of the Buzzard was drawn for the celebrated Bishop Burnet, out of compliment to King James II. to whom he had been, on many accounts, obnoxious. He is introduced as a prince, because his spirit and activity raised him to be regarded by many of the opponents to the court-measures, as the head of their party; and certainly none of the clergy was so meddling and inquisitive as he was; so that it is not unjust of our poet to say, that

*He dares the world; and, eager of a name,
He thrusts about, and jumbles into fame.*

The bishop was good-humored, conversable, and charitable; absent, credulous, and talkative;

More learn'd than honest, more a wit than learn'd.

It is certain he gave room for this impeachment of his honesty, by drawing up two papers in defence of divorce and polygamy; a task very unworthy of a clergyman: and by his behaviour, with regard to the Earl of Lauderdale's affairs in the house of commons, where he was examined as to what he heard that nobleman say, about arming the Irish Papists, and bringing a Scotch army into England, to support some arbitrary measures intended to be set on foot by the king, and to over-awe the parliament. He at first refused to answer upon the latter point, and was dismissed: he then return'd,

— *uncall'd, his patron to controul,
Divulg'd the secret whispers of his soul;
Stood forth th' accusing Satan of his crimes,
And offer'd to the Moloch of the times.*

Having waited for some time in the lobby, in hope of being called in again, he desired to be readmitted, and now revealed every thing that had passed between them in private conversation; for which conduct he makes but a poor excuse in his History of his own Times. The house of commons laid great stress upon his declaration, and thus furnished with fresh matter, renewed their address against the earl.

The papers above-mentioned, were written to support a design set on foot by Shaftesbury and his emissaries, to divorce the king and procure him another wife, whose issue might exclude the Duke of York from the succession: they are to be found in Mackay's Memoirs. Burnet first came from Scotland, where he was born, to London, to complete the Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton. The Earl of Lauderdale, at that time, received him with great hospitality, and a friendship that merited a different return from what he received. Nor was his behaviour to the Duke of York less defensible, his highness having given him some distinguishing marks of his favor, which he requited with becoming one of his severest enemies; not so much from any views of serving these kingdoms, but because that object that seemed most immediate to his interest, most engaged his attention; and he thought opposition the swiftest way to preferment. It is certain King James hated him, not without reason, and would have made him feel his resentment, if he had not retired to the Prince of Orange, with whom he returned to England in 1688. The bishop has revenged himself, by calling Dryden, in the History of his own Times, *a monster of impurity*, and by mentioning him in his Reflections on Varillas, with a contempt to which he was infinitely superior.

A Greek and bountiful forewarns us twice.

“ ——— timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes.” *Æneid*, l. II.

*And much the Buzzard in the cause did stir,
Tho naming not the patron, &c.*

On the fifth of November, 1684, Burnet preached a sermon in the Rolls chapel against Popery, in which he dropped some oblique reflections on the king. On this account it was ordered
he

he should preach in that place no more, and he soon after found it necessary to withdraw to Holland. The king demanded him of the states as a traitor, but they refused to acquiesce. It is said 3000 l. was ordered to be paid by the treasury to any person that could contrive to deliver him into the king's hands.

*By this the doves their wealth and state possess,
No rights infring'd, but licence to oppress.*

By the declaration of liberty of conscience, the doctrine, discipline, and government of the church of England, was to be maintained.

All penal laws in matters ecclesiastical, against whatsoever sort of Nonconformists, or Recusants, were suspended.

This gracious edict the same, &c.

By the declaration, a sufficient number of places in all parts of the kingdom, were to be allowed to such as did not conform to the church of England.

—— not to pass the Pidgeon's Rubicon.

There is a provision in the declaration, &c. that no person should be capable of holding any sort of ecclesiastical benefice, or preferment of any kind, who acted not exactly conformable to the church of England; to which this seems to allude.

Like Dionysius, &c.

A tyrant of Sicily, who, being banished, turned schoolmaster, that he might at least play the tyrant over children.

Become the smiths of their own foolish fate.

“ Quisq; suæ fortunæ faber.”

Sallust.

Like the tumultuous college of the bees,

They fight their quarrel, &c.

The members of the college of physicians had many disputes among themselves, which are finely exposed in the Dispensary by Sir Samuel Garth.

BRITANNIA REDIVIVA.

Written in 1688.

“ ON the tenth of June, 1688, the queen was suddenly seized with labour-pains, and delivered of a son, who was baptized by the name of James, and declared prince of Wales. All the catholics and friends of James were transported with the most extravagant joy at the birth of this child; while great part of the nation consoled themselves with the notion that it was altogether supposititious. They carefully collected a variety of circumstances, upon which this conjecture was founded; and though they were inconsistent, contradictory, and inconclusive, the inference was so agreeable to the views and passions of the people, that it made an impression which, in all probability, will never be totally effaced. Dr. Burnet, who seems to have been at uncommon pains to establish this belief, and to have consulted all the Whig nurses in England upon the subject; first pretends to demonstrate, that the queen was not with child; secondly, that she was with child, but miscarried; thirdly, that a child was brought into the queen's apartment in a warming-pan; fourthly, that there was no child at all in the room; fifthly, that the queen actually bore a child, but it died that same day; sixthly, that the supposititious child had not the fits; seventhly, that it had the fits, of which it died at Richmond: therefore the chevalier de St. George must be the fruit of four different impostures.”

Smollett's History of England.

Last solemn Sabbath, &c.

His birth-day happened to be also Trinity-Sunday, which is the octave of Whit-Sunday.

For see the dragon, &c.

This passage alludes to the dragon, mentioned in the twelfth chapter of Revelations, which endeavored to devour a child as soon as born: to which our author assimilates the situation of the young prince, whom the bard supposes the Whigs would gladly have destroyed.

Thus when Alcides, &c.

Alcides was the son of Jupiter by Alcmena. Juno sent two serpents to kill him in his cradle; but he strangled them both, crying out vehemently at the same time.

Already has he lifted high the sign, &c.

The sign of the cross, which was the military standard of Constantine, is here used to signify the Roman Catholic religion, which the king wanted indiscreetly to re-establish.

The moon grows pale, &c.

The Turks use a crescent for their arms; and they are here figuratively introduced, as grieving at the progress of Popery, which, as the *true* religion, must soon overcome their *false* system.

Behold another Sylvester, &c.

The pope, in James the II'd's time, is here compared to him who governed the Romish church in the time of Constantine, to whom the king is likened a little lower down.

The former too was of the British line.

St. Helen, mother of Constantine the Great, was an Englishwoman; and Archbishop Usher affirms, that the emperor himself was born in this kingdom.

— *that one shipwreck on the fatal ore,*

The sandbank, on which the Duke of York had like to have been lost in 1682, on his voyage to Scotland, is known by the name of Lemman-ore. It has been before-mentioned by our author in his Hind and Panther.

Fain would the fiends, &c.

The malcontents are here beautifully compared to the evil spirits, that presumed to tempt the Saviour of the world in the wilderness.

Not great Æneas flood, &c.

“ Reffitit Æneas, claraq; in luce refulsit

“ Os humerosq; deos similis : namq; ipsa decoram

“ Cæsariem nato genetrix, lumenq; juventæ

“ Purpureum, et lætos oculis afflarat honores.”

Æneid, Lib. I.

If the victorious Edward, &c.

Edward the Black Prince was born on a Trinity-Sunday.

——— *adopted patron of our isle.*

St. George.

Enough already has the year, &c.

There had been considerable damage done this year by storms and floods: and an epidemical distemper, among both men and horses, had made great ravage.

Behold him an Araunah, &c.

First of Kings, chap. xxiv.

Let his baptismal drops, &c.

By baptism, the church supposes us cleansed from original sin.

Unnam'd as yet, &c.

The young prince was not named when this poem was published.

——— *the sacred tetragrammaton.*

It was held unlawful among the Jews, to pronounce the word *Jehowah*, or the name of God.

Thus the true name of Rome was kept conceal'd.

Some authors say, that the true name of Rome was, for some time after its foundation, kept a secret; *Ne hostes incantementis deos elicerent.*

Crete could not hold the god, &c.

Jupiter, as soon as born, was committed to the care of nurses, who educated him in secret; while his father Saturn thought he had been murdered, according as he had commanded, in order to defeat a prophecy, that said his son should drive him from, and usurp his throne: yet the greatness of Jupiter's spirit shone out strongly even in obscurity.

——— *Jove's increase, who from his brain was born.*

Minerva is said to have sprung from the brain of Jove, and to have been bred up by hand, as was this young prince.

——— *our young sun o'ercastr.*

It was suddenly and falsely reported that the child was dead.

As earth's gigantic brood by moments grow.

It was fabled of the giants that they grew fifteen ells a day.

So ere the Shunamite, &c.

See the second book of Kings, chap. iv.

Thus Israel sinn'd, &c.

First of Samuel, ch. iv. v. 10.

Not Amalek can rout, &c.

Exodus, ch. xviii. v. 8.

Of all the Greeks, &c.

Aristides was surnamed the Just. See his Life, written by Plutarch.

M A C - F L E C K N O E.

THIS is one of the best, as well as severest satires, ever produced in our language. Mr. Thomas Shadwell is the hero of the piece, and introduced, as if pitched upon, by Mac-Flecknoe, to succeed him in the throne of dullness; for Flecknoe was never poet-laureat, as has been ignorantly asserted in Cibber's Lives of the Poets.

Richard Mac-Flecknoe, Esq; from whom this poem derives its name, was an Irish priest, who had, according to his own declaration, laid aside the mechanic part of the priesthood. He was well known at court; yet, out of four plays which he wrote, could get only one of them acted, and that was damned. "He has," says Langbaine, "published sundry works, as he styles them, to continue his name to posterity, tho possibly an enemy has done that for him, which his own endeavors could never have perfected: for, whatever may become of his own pieces, his name will continue, whilst Mr. Dryden's satire, called Mac-Flecknoe, shall remain in vogue."

At the revolution, when Dryden was deprived of the laurel, it was conferred upon Mr. Thomas Shadwell; and this election, together with the favor he enjoyed among the Whigs, occasioned our author's resentment. It does not appear, however, that he was so very contemptible a genius as he is here represented to be. His plays, which were seventeen in number, were performed with applause in many places: they are not void either of wit or incident; and several of his characters have been much ad-

mired. He had taken opium for many years, whereby he was at last carried suddenly out of the world in 1692, and was buried at Chelsea. There is a monument erected to his memory in Westminster-Abbey.

From this poem Pope took the hint of his *Dunciad*.

Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee.

Thomas Heywood lived in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and was certainly a most voluminous writer: for he tells us in his dedication of the *English Traveller*, a tragi-comedy, that he has had an entire hand, or, at least, a main finger in two hundred and twenty dramatic pieces: of these there remain only twenty-five that are perfect. He was an actor as well as an author; and Winstanley, in his *Lives of the Poets*, says, "He not only acted himself almost every day, but also wrote a sheet each day; and that he might lose no time, many of his plays were composed in the tavern."

Mr. James Shirley has left us thirty-eight dramatic pieces, one of which called the *Gamester*, with amendments and corrections, was presented at Drury-lane in 1757. He died soon after the restoration.

St. Andre's feet ne'er kept, &c.

A French dancing-master, at this time greatly admired.

Not w'n the feet of thy own Psyche's rhyme.

Psyche, is an opera of Shadwell's, founded on the French of Moliere, and dedicated to the Duke of Monmouth. In his dedication he observes, that tho some of his enemies may have plenty of wit, they have not money to supply their own necessities. This is an oblique and illiberal reflection upon Dryden,

Where their vast courts the mother-strumpets, &c.

A parody on these lines in Cowley's *Davides*, B. I.

"Where their vast courts, the mother-waters keep,
"And undisturb'd by moons, in silence sleep,
"————— where unfledg'd tempests lie,
"And infant-winds their tender voices try,"

————— *Simkin just reception finds.*

Simkin is a character of a cobbler in an interlude. *Panton*, who is mentioned soon after, was a famous punster.

For antient Decker, &c.

Thomas Decker, a dramatic poet of James the Ist's reign, who has left us twelve plays; in four of which he was assisted by Webster, Rowley, and Ford. He contended with Ben Jonson, to whom he was infinitely inferior, for the bayes, as Shadwell did with Dryden, but not with equal success.

But worlds of misers, &c.

The miser and the humorists were two of Shadwell's comedies.

— *whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce.*

The first of these is a character in the Humorists; the second in the Virtuoso; both are drawn for men of wit and sense, but are rather insipid and disagreeable.

Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogilby there lay.

John Ogilby, Esq; was born at Edinburgh, and bred a dancing-master. Having a smattering of learning, and a knack at rhymes, he translated the Iliad, the Odyssey, the Æneid, and Æsop's fables, into English verse, and published them with sculptures: he wrote besides two heroic poems, one called the Ephesian matron, the other, the Roman Slave: and an Epic poem, in twelve books, to the honor of Charles I. which was lost in the fire of London. He was master of the revels in Ireland, under Lord Strafford, and built a theatre in St. Werburgh-street, Dublin, which was ruined in the troubles of that kingdom. Being confirmed in his palsy after the revolution, he erected another that cost him 2000 l. He was a bad poet, but master of vast application, and died in his seventy-sixth year. His corpse was interred in St. Bride's church, Fleet-street.

And Herringman was captain of the band.

See our first vol.

Beyond love's kingdom, &c.

This is the name of that one play of Flecknoe's, which was acted, but miscarried in the representation.

Let virtuoso's in five years be writ.

Shadwell's play of the Virtuoso, in which Sir Formal Trifle, a florid coxcomical orator, is a principal character, was first acted in 1676; and he tells the Duke of Newcastle, in the dedication, "that here he has endeavored at humor, wit, and satire."

Let gentle George in triumph, &c.

Sir George Etheredge was a man of wit and pleasure; generous, affable, indolent, sprightly, and intemperate: he was resident for some time at Ratibon, from James II. in whose exile he shared; and is said to have broke his neck by a fall down stairs, as he was taking leave of some guests, being not rightly sober. His play of Sir Fopling Flutter is often acted, in which Dorimant and Mrs. Loveit, are principal characters: the former was drawn for Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, and Medley for the author himself, as was Sir Fopling for Sir George Hewit: who the lady was I don't know; and every character in the play was said to be taken from some living original. Cully and Cockwood are characters in his *Love in a Tub*.

But let no alien Sedley interpose.

Sir Charles Sedley was supposed sometimes to assist Shadwell in writing. He was a man of great gallantry, and pleasant conversation; but extravagant and debauched: in great esteem with King Charles; yet one of the first men to promote the revolution, which he said he did out of gratitude. "King James," said he, "out of his royal care, made my daughter a countess: in return, I have done all in my power to raise his to a throne." King James had debauched his daughter, and created her countess of Dorchester. His works have been collected in two volumes; among which are to be found eight plays. His versification is easy, his sentiments tender, his turns delicate, and his style pure.

Lord Rochester, in his imitation of the tenth satire of the first book of Horace, has the following verses in his commendation.

" Sedley has that prevailing gentle art,	}
" That can with a resistless charm impart	
" The loosest wishes to the chafest heart :	
" Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire,	
" Betwixt declipping virtue and desire ;	
" That the poor vanquish'd maid dissolves away	
" In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day."	

To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose.

Alluding to Shadwell's comedy, called *Epsom Wells*.

And does thy northern dedications fill.

Several of his pieces are dedicated to the writing Duke and Duchess of Newcastle.

By arrogating Jonson's hostile name.

Shadwell's friends set him upon a rank with Ben Jonson, for character and wit; and he affected to talk of that poet as the original from whom he copied.

—— *prince Nicander's strain.*

A character of a lover in the opera of Psyche.

Nor let thy mountain-belly, &c.

Alluding to Shadwell's form, who was pretty lusty.

For Bruce and Longville, &c.

Two very heavy characters in Shadwell's Virtuoso, whom he calls gentlemen of wit and good sense.

E P I S T L E S.

EPISTLE I.

To my honored friend Sir Robert Howard, &c.

SIR Robert Howard, a younger son of Thomas Earl of Berkshire, and brother to Mr. Dryden's lady, studied, for some time in Magdalene-college. He suffered many oppressions on account of his loyalty, and was one of the few of King Charles the II'd's friends, whom that monarch did not forget. Perhaps he had his present ends in it; for Sir Robert, who was a man of parts, helped him to obtain money in parliament, wherein he sat as burges, first for Stockbridge, and afterwards for Castle-Rising in Norfolk. He was soon after the restoration, made a knight of the Bath, and one of the auditors of the Exchequer, valued at 3000 l. per ann. Notwithstanding that he was supposed to be a great favorer of the Catholics, he soon took the oaths to King William, by whom he was made a privy-counsellor in the beginning of the year 1689; and no man was a more open or inveterate enemy to the Nonjurors.

Several of his pieces, both in prose and verse, were published at different times; among which are the *Duel of the Stags*, a celebrated poem; the *comedy of the Blind Lady*; the *Committee*, or, the *Faithful Irishman*; the *Great Favorite*, or, the *Duke of Lerma*; the *Indian Queen*, a tragedy, written in conjunction

with our author; the *Surprizal*, a tragi-comedy; and the *Vestal Virgin*, or the *Roman Ladies*, a tragedy: the last has two different conclusions, one tragical, and the other, to use the author's own words, comical. The last five plays were collected together, and published by Tonson, in a small 12mo volume, in 1722. The *Blind Lady* was printed with some of his poems.

Langbaine speaks in very high terms of Sir Robert's merit, in which he is copied by Giles Jacob. See their *Lives of the Poets*.

This gentleman was, however, extremely positive, remarkably overbearing, and pretending to universal knowledge; which failings, joined to his having then been of an opposite party, drew upon him the censure of Shadwell, who has satirized him very severely in a play, called *The Sullen Lovers*, under the name of *Sir Positive At-all*; and his lady, whom he first kept, and afterwards married, under that of *Lady Vain*.

as stoics, &c.

The stoics were a sect of philosophers, founded at Athens by Zeno, remarkable for their equanimity under misfortunes. They taught, that an unavoidable fate presided over every thing, the course of which could not be altered by Jupiter himself. Their opinions were disputed by the Platonists and Perripatetics.

The curious net, &c.

A compliment to a poem of Sir Robert's, entitled *Rete Mirabile*.

Who dress'd by Statius, &c.

Publius Papinius Statius, a Neapolitan bard, who lived at Rome in great favor with Domitian. He wrote the *Thebaid*, an Epic poem, in twelve books, one of which has been translated by Pope; and the *Achilleid*: the latter is imperfect, and was translated by Sir Robert, with annotations; and these our author means to compliment in this passage. There is another translation of it, not yet published, by Mr. Brigantine, a young Oxonian, of excellent abilities.

With Monk you end, &c.

Alluding to a poem of this gentleman's on *General Monk*.

As Rome recorded Rufus' memory.

P. Rutilius Rufus, consul of Rome, anno civ. 649, having the interest of his country much at heart, was banished by the influence of some designing people; and, retiring to Smyrna, was so

highly respected, that most of the Asian potentates sent thither ambassadors to compliment him. Sylla would have revoked his exile, but he refused the offer, and gave himself up to study. Cic. in Brut. speaks of him as a man of great knowledge and application; a subtle reasoner, well learned in the law, and an excellent Greek critic. We find these two lines written on him :

“ Hic situs est Rufus, qui pulso vindice quondam

“ Imperium afferuit non sibi, sed patriæ.”

E P I S T L E II.

To my honored friend Dr. Charleton, &c.

The book that occasioned this epistle, made its appearance in quarto in 1663. It is dedicated to King Charles II, and entitled, *Gborca Gigantum* ; or, The most famous Antiquity of Great Britain, Stone-Henge, standing on Salisbury-plain, restored to the Danes by Dr. Walter Charleton, M. D. and Physician in Ordinary to his Majesty. It was written in answer to a treatise of Inigo Jones's, which attributed this stupendous pile to the Romans, supposing it to be a temple, by them dedicated to the god Cælum, or Cælus ; and here that great architect let his imagination out-run his judgment, nay, his sense ; for he described it not as it is, but as it ought to be, in order to make it consistent with what he delivered. Dr. Charleton, who will have this to be a Danish monument, was countenanced in his opinion by Olaus Wormius, who wrote him several letters upon the subject ; yet, that he was mistaken appears by the mention made of Stone-Henge in Nennius's Hist. Britonum, a writer who lived two hundred years before the Danes came into England. Tho his book was approved of by many men of great erudition, and is not only very learned, but abounds with curious observations, it was but indifferently received, and raised many clamors against the author.

Envy, however, could not prevent Dr. Charleton's merits from being seen, nor divide him from the intimacy of Mr. Hobbes the philosopher ; Sir George Ent, a celebrated physician ; the noble family of the Boyle's ; and Dr. William Harvey, whose claim to the discovery of the circulation of the blood, he forceably defended against the claim thereto set on foot by father Paul. Thus he

“ From dark oblivion Harvey's name shall save.”

As that eminent physician was now dead, the doctor's behaviour upon this point was as generous an instance of gratitude and respect to his friend's memory, as it was a proof of his capacity and extensive learning. He was president of the college of physicians, from 1689 to 1691, when his affairs being not in the most flourishing state, he retired to the isle of Jerfy, and died in 1707, aged eighty-eight years.

Among th' assertors of free reason's, &c.

What follows of this epistle is looked upon as an elegant and curious review of the state of medical and philosophical knowledge in this kingdom for some preceding years.

The world to Bacon does not only, &c.

Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, Viscount St. Alban's, some time high-chancellor of England, and one of the greatest philosophers of his age. His works were published in 1740, by Millar, in four folio volumes, with a life prefixed by the ingenious David Mallett, Esq; which, for elegance, accuracy, and taste, is universally admired, and reckoned one of the best biographical pieces that ever was produced in this kingdom.

Gilbert shall live, &c.

Dr. William Gilbert, a learned writer of the seventeenth century, physician both to Queen Elizabeth and King James. Anno 1600, he published a valuable treatise on the magnet, or load-stone, and magnetical bodies, and of that great magnet the earth.

*And noble Boyle, not less in nature seen
Than his great brother, &c.*

The Hon. Robert Boyle, seventh son to Richard Earl of Cork and Burlington, was born in 1626-7, at Lismore in Ireland. At eight years of age he was brought into England, and placed at Eton for education, where he continued near four years; and was then removed to Geneva, where he pursued his studies with intense application. He afterwards made the tour of Switzerland and Italy, and returning to England, on his father's death lived privately, mostly at Stalbridge and Oxford, during the troubles. He first planned the Royal Society, of which Dr. Charleton was also one of the first members. He applied himself chiefly to philosophical and mathematical studies; and we owe to him the invention of the air-pump. His works are numerous, large, and useful; his knowledge was very extensive, and his virtues worthy of admiration. He died in 1691, aged sixty-

five, and lies buried in the chancel of St. Martin's-in-the-fields London. He was tall, slender, and emaciated, with a pale cast of countenance, weak eyes, and much afflicted with the stone. The delicacy of his constitution obliged him to live very abstemiously, and he was a good christian.

His brother was the famous Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery, known during the inter-regnum, under the name of Lord Broghill. He was a solid statesman, an intrepid soldier, and a good writer. He wrote some political pieces relating to the affairs of Ireland; besides eight plays, and several poems. His first play, entitled Henry the Fifth, was dressed in cloaths given to the actors by the king and his courtiers. Betterton, who played the part of Owen Tudor, wearing the king's coronation suit; that of the Duke of York was worn by Joe Harris, whom we shall anon mention as an author, who played King Henry, &c.

*The circling streams ————
From dark oblivion Harvey's name shall save;
While Ent keeps all the honors that he gave.*

Dr. William Harvey, an eminent physician of the seventeenth century, being lecturer of anatomy and surgery in the college of physicians, communicated his discovery of the circulation of the blood in his public lectures of the year 1616, which being afterwards published to the world in the *Exercitatio anatomica de motu cordis et sanguinis*, was attacked by Æmilius Parifanus, who wrote a *Refutatio Harvei*, &c. to which Dr. George Ent printed a reply. He died in his eightieth year, anno 1657.

These ruins sheltered once, &c.

In the dedication, made by Dr. Charleton, of his book, concerning Stone Henge to King Charles II. there is the following memorable passage, which gave occasion to the six concluding lines of this poem. "I have had the honor to hear from that
" oracle of truth and wisdom, your majesty's own mouth: you
" were pleased to visit that monument, and, for many hours to-
" gether, entertain yourself with the delightful view thereof,
" when after the defeat of your loyal army at Worcester, Al-
" mighty God, in infinite mercy to your three kingdoms, mira-
" culously delivered you out of the bloody jaws of those ministers
" of sin and cruelty."

E P I S T L E III.

To the Lady Castlemain.

Mr. Dryden's first play called the Wild Gallant, was exhibited with but indifferent success. The lady whose patro-

nage he acknowledges in this epistle, was Barbara daughter of William Villiers Lord Grandifon, who was killed in the king's service at the battle of Edge-hill in 1642, and buried in Christchurch in Oxford. This lady was one of Charles II's favorite mistresses for many years, and she bore him several children.

1. Charles Fitzroy, duke of Southampton; 2. Henry Fitzroy, earl of Euston and duke of Grafton; 3. George Fitzroy, earl of Northumberland; 4. Charlotta, married to Sir Edward Henry Lee of Ditchley in Oxfordshire, afterwards earl of Litchfield, and brother to Eleonora countess of Abingdon, on whom Dryden has written a beautiful elegy; 5. A daughter, whom the king denied to be his.

This lady was, before she was known to his majesty, married to Roger Palmer esq; who was created earl of Castlemain, by whom she had a daughter, whom the king adopted, and who married with Thomas lord Dacres, earl of Suffex.

The countess of Castlemaine was afterwards created dutchess of Cleveland.

EPISTLE IV.

To Mr. Lee on his Alexander the Great.

Nat. Lee, the author of *Alexander the Great* and ten other plays, seemed inspired with all the enthusiasm of a poet. He often writes to the heart; and no man ever touched with more grace and tenderness on the passion of love. "His thoughts," says Addison, are wonderfully suited for tragedy; but frequently lost in such a croud of words, that it is hard to see the beauty of them. There is infinite fire in his works; but so involved in smoke, that it does not appear in half its lustre."

Lee, who was both an author and an actor, was for some time confined in Bedlam, being in a state of insanity; and is said to have perished in the streets by night, a coach running over, and crushing him to death. Dryden and he were in strict friendship.

EPISTLE V.

To the Earl of Roscommon, &c.

Wentworth Dillon, earl of Roscommon in Ireland, and a native of that kingdom, was educated under bishop Hall in England, and was looked upon as one of the most hopeful young men of his time. He was captain of the band of pensioners; but gave up his commission, when his private affairs called him

to Ireland, where the duke of Ormond made him captain of his guards. He prevailed upon that nobleman to permit him to resign in favour of a poor, disbanded, gallant officer, who had saved his life in the streets of Dublin, one night when he was set upon by assassins. He died of the gout at Westminster, 1684. He was, according to Fenton, a man strictly religious, serious, solid, scientific, and unaffected; his imagination fruitful and sprightly; his judgment severe; his style clear and nervous; and if he was not always perfect, let us remember no man ever was. Mr. Pope, in the Essay on Criticism speaks thus of him:

“ — Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,
 “ With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
 “ To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
 “ And ev'ry author's virtues—but his own.”

There are two quarto editions of the excellent poem occasioning these lines, the first of 1680, the second of 1685.

E P I S T L E VI.

To the Dutchess of York.

On the twenty-first of November 1673, the duke of York was married to the princess Mary d'Este, then about fifteen years of age, and extremely handsome. The ceremony was performed at Dover by the bishop of Oxford. It was against the rules of policy for him at that time to wed a Roman catholic; and the parliament addressed against it.

E P I S T L E VII.

To Sir George Etheridge.

Sir George was at Ratisbon in 1686, at which time these verses were transcribed. In a letter of his to George duke of Buckingham, dated at Ratisbon, October 21, 1689, we have the following passage:

“ They tell me my old acquaintance Mr. Dryden has left off
 “ the theatre, and wholly applies himself to the study of the
 “ controversies between the two churches. Pray heaven this
 “ strange alteration in him portend nothing disastrous to the
 “ state; but I have all along observed that poets do religion as
 “ little service by drawing their pens for it, as divines do poetry
 “ by pretending to versification.”

EPISTLE VIII.

To Mr. Thomas Southerne, on his Comedy called The Wives Excuse.

The success of this play was but indifferent; but so high was our author's opinion of its merit, that, on this very account, he bequeathed to this poet the writing of the last act of his *Cleomenes*; which, Southerne says, "when it comes into the world, will appear so considerable a trust, that all the town will pardon me for defending this play, that preferred me to it."

Mr. Southerne was born in Dublin in 1660, and bred to the law in the Middle-Temple, London; but forsook that dry study for the more agreeable service of the Muses. He wrote several dramatic pieces, none of which now keep the stage but *Oronooko*, and the *Fatal Marriage*, than which perhaps our theatre possesses none more affecting. The latter has been lately exhibited at Drury-Lane, with good alterations; and, were it possible to add to Mr. Garrick's character as an actor, his performance of *Biron*, which is rather insignificant in itself, is so capital, it would do it. Mr. Southerne died in London in 1746, being a man of religion, œconomy, and virtue.—*Rara avis.*

EPISTLE IX.

To Henry Higden, Esq, on his translation of the tenth satire of Juvenal.

I have not seen this translation, and therefore could not fix the date of it exactly; but as our author published his *Juvenal* in 1693, it is reasonable to conclude Mr. Higden's was antecedent to it. This gentleman brought a comedy on the stage in 1693, called the *Wary Widow*, or *Sir Noisy Parrot*, which was damned, and he complains hardly of the ill usage; for the Bear-Garden critics treated it with cat-calls. It is printed, and dedicated to the courtly Earl of Dorset: Sir Charles Sedley wrote the prologue, and it was ushered into the world with several copies of verses. The audience were dismissed at the end of the third act, the author having contrived so much drinking of punch in the play, that the actors all got drunk, and were unable to finish it. See *G. Jacob's Lives of the Poets.*

EPISTLE X.

To my dear Friend Mr. Congreve.

England and Ireland both have contended for the birth of this miracle of wit; and that the former is entitled to that honor,
appears

appears from his own information to Giles Jacob, which may be found in his *Lives of the Poets*. Congreve's first play, the *Old Batchelor*, was revised by Dryden, and proved the occasion of their friendship; as it also procured the author the patronage of Montague Earl of Halifax, which was accompanied with appointments in the revenue, valued at above 1200*l. per ann.* The *Double Dealer* was his second play. He wrote three more, *viz.* *Love for Love*, the *Way of the World*, and a tragedy called the *Mourning Bride*. His comedies are allowed to be the best that ever were introduced upon any stage. His wit is endless and astonishing, but too redundant; his manners are every where just, and his characters are often inimitable copies from life. He died in Surry-street in the Strand, aged fifty-seven, Anno 1728-9, and was interred in Westminster-abbey.

Thus old Romano borw'd to Raphael, &c.

Julio Romano was the master of the great Raphael, who is reckoned the finest painter the world ever saw.

EPISTLE XI.

To Mr. Granville, on his excellent Tragedy.

George Granville, created baron Lansdowne in 1711, on the last day of the year, was a man of fine parts and polished understanding, sincere, good-natured, and agreeable. His poems are very pleasing, his versification being flowing, and his sentiments extremely refined. He had a great friendship for Dryden. The tragedy that gave birth to this poem was acted with applause at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields in 1696. He wrote also a comedy, called the *She Gallants*, the title of which he afterwards altered to *Once a Lover, and Always a Lover*; the *British Enchanter*, an opera; and several other pieces. He died in the year 1735.

And in despair, their empty pit to fill,

Set up some foreign monster in the bill.

This satire is levelled at the company that played in Drury-Lane, from which the despotism of the managers had driven Mr. Betterton, who still shot

———“ a glimmering ray,

“ Like antient Rome, majestic in decay.”

Mr. Dryden's friendship for Betterton, who had mustered up a company, and played at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, caused him to write these verses, which were poorly answered by George Powell the actor, in a preface to one of his plays.

VOL. II.

c

EPISTLE XII.

To my Friend Mr. Motteux.

Peter Motteux, to whom this piece is addressed, was born in Normandy, but settled as a merchant in London very young, and lived in repute. He died in a house of ill fame near the Strand, and was supposed to have been murdered, in 1718. He produced eleven dramatic pieces, and his *Beauty in Distress* is thought much the best of them: it was played in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields by Betterton's company in 1698.

That e'en Corneille, &c.

Pierre Corneille, a French dramatic poet of the seventeenth century. He found the French stage in the most wretched state, without order, taste, or regularity, and he reformed it intirely. "It would be difficult (says Racine, speaking of him) to find another poet possessed of such extraordinary talents, such excellent qualifications: the art, the strength, the judgment, the wit of Corneille. One can never too much admire the sublimity and conduct of his subjects, the vehemence of his passions, the weight of his sentiments; the dignity, and, at the same time, the vast variety of his characters." He was the Shakespeare of the French stage; but far from being equal to that inspired bard.

——— *Wycherley in wit.*

William Wycherley, Esq; one of the most agreeable men of Charles II'd's age, wrote several poems, and four plays, *viz.* *Love in a Wood*, or *St. James's Park*; the *Plain Dealer*; the *Gentleman-Dancing-Master*; and the *Country Wife*. He was intimate with all the men of genius of his time, much admired for his wit and conversation, and beloved by Charles II. from whom he received many substantial marks of favour. He married a countess dowager of Drogheda, which lost him the king's good graces; and she leaving him involved in a law-suit at her death, he was flung into prison, from whence king James released him. He soon after married a young wife with 1500*l.* fortune; but died eleven days after, being seventy-five years old.

EPISTLE XIII.

To my honored kinsman John Dryden, Esq;

This poem was written in 1699. The person to whom it is addressed was cousin-german to the poet, and a younger brother

of the baronet. That he inherited his mother's fortune, the ensuing lines confirm :

" The first-begotten had his father's share ;

" But you, like Jacob, are Rebecca's heir."

The beginning of this epistle is a manifest imitation of Horace's second epode :

" Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,

" Ut prisca gens mortalium

" Paterna rura," &c.

Gibbons but guesses, nor is sure to save ;

But Maurus sweeps whole parishes, &c.

Dr. Gibbons was a physician at this time justly in high esteem. By Maurus is meant Sir Richard Blackmore, physician to king William, and author of many epic poems. Milbourne was a nonjuring minister.

Garth, gen'rous as his Muse, prescribes and gives.

Sir Samuel Garth, a celebrated physician, as well as a writer, about the year 1696. He zealously promoted the erecting a dispensary, or apartment in the college of physicians, for the relief of the sick poor, by giving them advice gratis, and supplying them with medicines at a very cheap rate. In this good design he was opposed not only by the apothecaries with great malevolence, but even by some selfish members of the faculty. It was for this reason he wrote a poem in six canto's, called the Dispensary ; the humour and spirit of which are admirable. Dr. Garth was one of the Kit-kat club, consisting of about forty noblemen and gentlemen, attached to the protestant succession in the house of Hannover. King George I. knighted him on his accession. He died in 1718-19.

" His death (says Pope, in one of his letters) was very heroic, and yet unaffected enough to have made a saint or a philosopher famous. If ever there was a good Christian, without knowing himself to be so, it was Sir Samuel Garth."

Namur subdu'd, is England's palm, &c.

In the year 1695, William III. carried Namur, after a siege of one month. The garrison retired to the citadel, which capitulated upon honorable terms in another month. The courage of our men in this siege was much admired, as was the conduct of the king.

France

Oblig'd by one sole treaty to restore

What twenty years of war had won before.

This alludes to the treaty of Ryswick, concluded the latter end of Sept. 1697, between the allies and France, whereby the latter was obliged to give up Barcelona, Luxemburg, Charleroy, Mons, Dinant, and, in short, all the places she had seized upon during a long and expensive war.

E P I S T L E XIV.

To Sir Godfrey Kneller.

This epistle is not the least admired of Dryden's works: it is a sort of brief history of painting, from its birth and progress in Greece to the time of Sir Godfrey. This great painter received the first rudiments of his art at Lubeck in Germany, where he was born. He removed to the Low Countries, where he studied under the best masters; and compleated himself in Italy, upon the designs of Titian and Carachi, whom he endeavoured to copy. Not finding his account in history-painting, for he was of an avaritious turn, he applied himself to portraits. He came over to England in 1676. On the death of Sir Peter Lilly he was appointed principal painter to the king. He maintained this post, after the decease of Charles II. under James II. and William III. who sent him to paint the plenipotentiaries at Ryswick, and knighted him at his return. Queen Anne, at her accession, retained him in her service, and he has painted several pictures of her. The emperor Joseph, and his brother the archduke Charles, did him the honor to sit to him; and he acquitted himself so well, that he was presented with a gold chain and medal, created an hereditary knight of the Empire, and soon after received the patent of a baronet, under the broad seal of Great Britain. He confined himself solely to the drawing hands and faces; the less nice parts of pictures, such as drapery and other ornaments, he left to people who performed under his immediate direction. His pictures are not very scarce, nor yet at this time in any great esteem. He died in 1723. There is a monument to his memory in Westminster-abbey, with an inscription on it by Pope.

A coal or chalk first imitated man.

It is agreed on all hands, that the hint of painting, as well as of sculpture, was first taken from the shadow.

—yet perspective was lame.

The art of perspective was not entirely known to the antients: herein the moderns excel them very much. The most perfect piece of antient painting, that has escaped the ravages of time

and barbarity, in which the figures want perfecting, is the wedding of Aldobrandini; and if we form our opinion of the merits of the paintings of antiquity upon this and some few fragments, we shall be apt to pronounce them almost strangers to perspective and the *clara obscura*. The paintings found among the ruins of Herculaneum have not, by accounts of such people of taste as have seen them, any excellence that may induce us to change this opinion. They derive their value only from their antiquity, and can scarcely be justly ranked with modern pieces that are really quite indifferent.

*Hence rose the Roman and the Lombard line,
One color'd best, and one did best design.*

It is said of Raphael, that he excelled all his predecessors, and none of his followers equalled him. He was born at Urbino. His pieces are the most valuable in the world. He died in 1520, universally lamented, in his thirty-seventh year, of a disorder arising from a debauch with the fair sex, which he kept concealed from his physicians. Raphael was well made, mild, affable, and ostentatious, but universally beloved.

Titian was bred at Venice under a famous painter named Bellin, and shewed, from the beginning, a prodigious genius. In a little time it was thought he exceeded his master, and his friends and admirers increased with his reputation. There was soon a vast demand for his works, which were judged to be finished with the highest elegance, and his colouring was particularly beautiful. He was made a knight, and a count Palatine, by Charles V. and died of the plague in 1576.

“ En trouva (says Morel) dans ses pieces cette douceur char-
“ mante, cette beauté exquise, & cette grande netteté, qui les
“ rendent des chefs oeuvres de l'art.”

Shakespeare, thy gift, &c.

Sir Godfrey Kneller made a present of a good piece of Shakespeare, which he drew, to our author.

And Raphael did with Leo's gold.

Pope Leo X. employed Raphael at Rome, and gave him large sums of money. The Vatican was painted by Raphael and Michael Angelo.

EPISTLE XV.

A familiar Epistle to Mr. Julian.

Who Mr. Julian was, I have not been able to find out, or why he is called secretary to the Muses: perhaps the Apollo-club still

subsisted, and this Julian was their secretary. The poem is to be found in the sixth and last volume of Miscellanies published by Tonson, with Mr. Dryden's name to it; therefore I have here reprinted it, though I am not of opinion that it was his: it breathes but little of his genius; and besides there is a farcasm upon him, to which he would never have subscribed, in these two lines:

“ Less art thou help'd by Dryden's bed-rid age;
 “ That drone has lost his sting upon the stage.”

E L E G I E S.

To the Memory of Mr. Oldham, 1683.

MR. John Oldham, celebrated chiefly for the severity of his satires, was son of a nonconformist minister, who educated him at Oxford, where he took a bachelor's degree. Some verses of his, that were known in the world before the person of him who wrote them, brought him acquainted with the Earl of Rochester, the Earl of Dorset, and Sir Charles Sedley, through whose means he was introduced to the most shining men of the age, particularly to Dryden. He had to no purpose engaged in the study of physic; and the Earl of Kingston would have made him his chaplain; but he declined that offer. He died of the small-pox in his 30th year, 1683, at the house of that nobleman, who treated him with all the goodness of a friend.

On the Death of the Earl of Dundee.

The Earl of Dundee was a man of great valour and many virtues. Being firmly attached, though a Protestant, to the interest of his royal master James II. who had abdicated, and was now in Ireland, he assembled a large body of Highlanders, with whom he engaged the army of king William, commanded by general Mackay, at Gillicranky near Dunkeld, and intirely routed them. This victory might have been of very fatal consequences to the affair of the Prince of Orange at that time, if the gallant Earl had not been killed by a random shot; in consequence of which his friends and adherents lost all their firmness, and retiring before Mackay, who had rallied, could never again be formed into any formidable body. This action happened in 1689, and completed the ruin of that misguided monarch's affairs in the North.

This poem is inserted in the third volume of the State Poems, p. 337; not as an original, but a translation from the following Latin piece.

Epitaphium in Vice-Comitem Dundee.

“ Ultime Scotorum, potuit, quo sospite solo,
 “ Libertas patriæ salva fuisse tuæ.
 “ Te moriente, novos accepit Scotia cives
 “ Accepitq; novos, te moriente Deos:
 “ Illa nequit supereffe tibi, tu non potes illi,
 “ Ergo Caledoniæ nomen inane vale.
 “ Tuq; vale nostræ gentis fortissimæ ductor,
 “ Optime Scotorum, atq; Grahame vale.”

To the Memory of Mrs. Anne Killigrew, &c. 1685.

This lady was daughter to Dr. Henry Killigrew, master of the Savoy, and a prebendary of Westminster. She died of the small-pox in her twenty-fifth year, on the 16th of June, 1685, being then one of the Dutcheſs of York's maids of honor. She was a great proficient both in painting and poetry. She drew the pictures of several people of the first quality, with some history-pieces and landscapes. Her poems were collected and printed, after her death, in a thin quarto, with this poem prefixed.

And was that Sappho last, &c.

Our author here compliments Mrs. Killigrew, with admitting the doctrine of metempsychosis, and supposing the soul that informs her body to be the same with that of Sappho's, who lived six hundred years before the birth of Christ, and was equally renowned for poetry and love. She was called the tenth Muse. Phaon, whom she loved, treating her with indifference, she jumped into the sea, and was drowned.

Though Epictetus with his lamp were there.

Lucian tells us, that a pragmatical fool gave 3000 drachma's for Epictetus's lamp, vainly imagining that studying by its light would induce him with some of its former master's wisdom. Epictetus was a stoick philosopher.

Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

Pope has nearly borrowed this line for his epitaph on Gay:

“ In wit a man, simplicity a child.”

Her happy pencil drew, &c.

Her excellence in painting landscapes and portraits is celebrated in this and the ensuing stanza, as is her drawing King Charles and his Queen.

But thus Orinda died.

The matchless Orinda, Mrs. Katherine Philips, was author of a book of poems published in folio, and wrote several other things. She died also of the small-pox in 1664, being only thirty-two years of age. She was a woman of an indifferent appearance; but of great virtue, taste, and erudition, which endeared her to the first people of the age. The Duke of Ormond, the Earls of Orrery and Roscommon, Lady Corke, &c. Mr. Dryden, Mr. Cowley, &c. &c. were all her friends.

To the Memory of Eleonora Countess of Abingdon.

It appears, from the dedication to the Earl of Abingdon, that this poem was written at his Lordship's own desire. The lady whom the poem affects to praise, was one of the coheiresses of Sir Henry Lee of Chichely in Oxfordshire, and sister to the celebrated Mrs. Anne Wharton, a lady eminent for her poetical genius, whom Mr. Waller has celebrated in an elegant copy of verses.

Anchises look'd not with so pleas'd a face.

When Æneas descended to the Elysian shades, he found his venerable father thus engaged :

“ At pater Anchises.” See the sixth book of the *Æneid*, v. 679.

But when dilated organs let in day.

Children are born blind, and enjoy but little advantage from light till they are five or six days old.

On a Lady who died at Bath.

This Lady is interred in the Abbey-church. The epitaph is on a white marble stone fixed in the wall, together with this inscription: “ Here lies the body of Mary, third daughter of Richard Frampton of Moreton in Dorsetshire, Esq; and of

“ Jane his wife, sole daughter of Sir Francis Cossington of Founthill in Wilts, who was born January 1, 1676, and died after seven weeks illness on the 6th of September, 1698.

“ This monument was erected by Catharine Frampton, her second sister and executrix, in testimony of her grief, affection, and gratitude.”

ODES, SONGS, &c.

On the young Statesmen. Written in 1680.

*Clarendon had law and sense,
Clifford was fierce and brave;
Bennet's grave looks were a pretence,
And Danby's matchless impudence
Help'd to support the knave.*

We have spoken sufficiently of the Earl of Clarendon, Lord Danby, and of Bennet Lord Arlington, in the preceding volume.

Lord Clifford was a man of an enterprising genius, rendered the more dangerous by the talent of eloquence and spirit of intrigue, which he possessed. He had lively parts; and though son to a clergyman, whose fortune was indeed confined, he is said to have become a convert to the church of Rome some time before the restoration, yet he got into the house of commons. Clarendon did not much like him, and therefore he closed with his lordship's enemies. He was made lord treasurer, through the interest of Villiers Duke of Buckingham and his party, and was a zealous declaimer in the popish interest. It was this that ruined him in 1673; so that he was soon after disgraced, through the policy and cunning of Shaftesbury, whom he had strenuously opposed. Clarendon, Clifford, Bennet, and Danby, were now all out of employment, and the first of them dead. The whole management of public affairs was vested in

Sunderland, Godolphin, Lory.

Lord Sunderland, Sydney Godolphin, and Mr. Laurence Hyde.

Lord Sunderland, this year secretary of state, joined Essex and Halifax in opposing the bill of exclusion, and declaring for limitations; though he afterwards voted for the former, and was therefore removed. He was a man of intrigue and capacity, afterwards became a Roman catholic; and was prime minister to King James II. He is supposed to have used religion only as a pretence to forward, for his own interest, the designs of the

Prince of Orange, with whom, at the revolution, he was very intimate, and in high favour.

Sydney Godolphin was a Cornish man of a good family, who, from being one of the King's pages, had raised himself to the first offices at court. He talked little, was clear in his judgment, seldom lost his temper, had few foes, and, though virtuous and religious, is said to have been fond of play and women.

These two joining in every thing with Laurence Hyde, afterwards Earl of Rochester, here called *Lory*, were at this time esteemed to be only in the secret of managing the King's affairs; and were, says Echard, looked on actually and solely as the ministry. The satire of this piece is very severe, and very just; for never was king under greater perplexities than Charles II. this year, in which his parliament opposed him in every thing, and his new ministers had scarcely the courage to stand by him: in short, he may be said to have been surrounded by foes, without power, friends, or money.

The Fair Stranger.

This song is a compliment to the Dutchess of Portsmouth on her first coming to England. It was never before printed with our author's works.

PROLOGUES and EPILOGUES.

Prologue spoken the first day of the King's house acting after the fire.

This prologue should certainly be the first of our author's writing, by the title of it; for the fire happened in 1666, and we find nothing of this kind done by him afterwards till 1674. Besides, had the fire here meant been any other than that terrible one which happened to the city, it would have been more particularly distinguished; but, in my opinion, the conjecture is absolutely confirmed by these lines:

“ —blind unmanner'd zealots—
 “ Think that fire a judgment on the stage,
 “ Which spar'd not temples in its furious rage.”

Prologue to the University of Oxford. 1674.

Several gentlemen, who had adhered to their principles of loyalty during the usurpation of Cromwell, and the exile of the royal family, being left unprovided for at the restoration, they applied themselves to different occupations for a livelihood: among them was Mr. Hart, the speaker of this prologue, who had served

his Majesty as a captain in the civil war, and was now an actor in a capital cast, and in great estimation. He was, for many years, reckoned the best actor in the King's company; and our author chose him to speak many of his prologues and epilogues at Oxford, where the London comedians exhibited commonly at the Public Acts, which were very frequently held here after the restoration, before the Whigs and Tories began to disturb the halcion calmness of King Charles Ild's reign. These academical Jubilees are looked on as a kind of congratulatory compliment to the accession of every new Prince to the throne.

Prologue spoken at the opening the New House. 1674.

This prologue must certainly have been written for the King's company, which I suppose at this time might have opened their house in Drury-lane. The reflection cast upon the taste of the town in these three lines,

“ 'Twere folly now a stately pile to raise,
“ To build a playhouse while you throw down plays;
“ While scenes, machines, and empty operas reign.”

is certainly levelled at the Duke's company, who had exhibited the siege of Rhodes, and other expensive operas, and who now were getting up Psyche, Circe, &c. That this prologue was written for the King's company is certain from these lines:

“ We in our plainness may be justly proud;
“ Our royal master will'd it should be so;
“ Whate'er he's pleas'd to own, can need no show.”

Prologue to Circe, acted in 1675.

There were at this time two companies of players, one stiled the *King's company*, which had for some time exhibited at the Red Bull in St. John's-street; then removed to Vere-street, Clare-market; and at length fixed in Drury-lane: the other, called the *Duke's company*, acted under the direction of Sir William D'Avenant in Lincoln's-inn-fields, and then in Dorset-garden. He being dead, the patent fell of course into the hands of his son Charles, who, though but nineteen years old, wrote *Circe*, a tragic-opera, in hope to regain the town, which crouded to the other house. In this, by the help of rich cloaths, new machinery, and music, he succeeded. The piece was universally liked; and the Earl of Rochester wrote the prologue, which is reckoned a very good one.

This gentleman quitted the flowery paths of poetry for the dry heath of law, which is however much more profitable; and was honored with a doctor's degree by the university of Cam-

bridge. His political pieces gained him great reputation. He was for some time a commissioner of the excise; held a seat in the house of commons under James, William, and Anne; and, in the reign of the latter, was inspector-general of the exports and imports, of which employment he died possessed in 1714, being fifty-eight years old. He left no male heirs.

This prologue is a fine apology for Dr. D'Avenant's youth and inexperience; and by these two lines,

“ Shakespear's own Muse her Pericles first bore;
“ The Prince of Tyre was elder than the Moor.”

we find that Dryden differed from all the late editors of Shakespear, who, in their arrangement of his plays, have put one of his most perfect pieces first; whereas our author tells us, that the tragedy of Pericles prince of Tyre was written before the Moor of Venice.

Epilogue, intended to have been spoken by Lady Henrietta Maria Wentworth, when Calisto was acted at Court. 1675.

The Earl of Rochester, who hated Dryden, for no other reason but because of his great genius and success as a dramatic writer, recommended Mr. John Crowne to the King to write this mask for the court, which was properly the business of the Laureat, whom his Lordship intended by this preference to mortify. Mr. Crowne was at this time very little known: he had acted as gentleman-usher to an old independant lady ever since his arrival from Nova Scotia, where he was born. Mr. Dennis says, he had a mortal hatred to a court-life, though a strong affection for the king, and that he was alive in 1703. Crowne wrote sixteen dramatic pieces, besides this, none of which are now in esteem.

The persons who performed in this entertainment were the Ladies Mary and Anne, afterwards Queens of England; the Lady Henrietta Maria Wentworth, who played the part of Jupiter; Mrs. Jennings, afterwards wife to the great Duke of Marlborough, who performed Mercury. The Countess of Suffex; Lady Mary Mordaunt; and Mrs. Blagge, who had been maid of honor to Queen Catharine; the Duke of Monmouth, Lord Viscount Dunblane, Lord Daincourt, Mr. Trevor, &c. were among the dancers: and the attendants, nymphs, were the Countess of Derby, the Countess of Pembroke, Lady Catharine Herbert, Mrs. Fitzgerald, and Mrs. Frazier.

You, mighty Sir, &c.

This part of the prologue is addressed to the King,

Two glorious nymphs, &c.

The Duke of York's two daughters, Mary and Anne.

Epilogue to the Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter.

This play, written by Sir G. Etheridge, was first acted in 1676 at Dorset-garden. "It is, says Langbaine, written with great art and judgment; and is acknowledged by all to be as true comedy, and the characters as well drawn to the life, as any play that has been acted since the restoration. The author of it is sufficiently eminent for his wit and parts, and his talents in sound sense, and the knowledge of true wit and humour are sufficiently conspicuous." In speaking of this play before, we should have remarked, that even the shoemaker was taken from the life; and that the reputation he gained, by being introduced upon the stage, brought him such vast business, that he was soon enabled to make an easy fortune. Sir George was aware of the personal applications that might be made of the characters, and therefore some lines in this prologue were written with a view to remove such suspicion.

Epilogue to Mithridates, acted in 1678.

This play was written by Nat. Lee, and acted at the theatre-royal in Drury-lane in 1678. It has sufficient tenderness in it to force tears from the most obdurate spectator.

Prologue to the True Widow. 1678.

The True Widow was written by Shadwell, and acted in 1678 at Dorset-garden. In the year 1690, this same prologue was prefixed to a tragi-comedy of Mrs. Behn's, called the Widow Ranter, or Bacon in Virginia.

Prologue to Cæsar Borgia.

This play was also written by Nat. Lee, and acted in Dorset-garden in 1680. Cæsar Borgia was son to Pope Alexander VI.

Prologue to Sophonisba, acted at Oxford in 1680.

Sophonisba, or Hannibal's Overthrow, written by Nat. Lee, appeared first in 1676, at the theatre-royal in Drury-lane; and the author is said not to have done justice to the characters either of Hannibal or Scipio, which occasioned the following severe lines from Lord Rochester;

- “ When Lee makes temperate Scipio fret and rave,
 “ And Hannibal a whining amorous slave,
 “ I laugh, and with the hot-brain’d fustian fool
 “ In Busby’s hands, to be well lash’d at school.

Tenth Sat. of Horace imitated.

The beginning of this prologue is taken from Horace’s Art of Poetry.

- “ Ignotum tragicæ genus invenisse camanæ
 “ Dicitur, & plaustris venisse poemata Thespis,” &c.

Thespis, the first professor of our art.

Thespis. He was born in Icaria, a town of Attica. Before his time, tragedy consisted only of a chorus, or company of singers and dancers, who chaunted hymns to the praise of Bacchus. In order to give them time to rest, Thespis divided the chorus into two parts, between each of which he introduced an actor, who recited something relative to the subject of the tragedy, and his discourse was called an episode. Hence this poet is called the inventor of tragedy, as having reduced it into some regularity. He carried his company from town to town in a cart, and they colored their faces with lees of wine, or, according to Suidas, with wax and vermillion, that they might resemble more naturally the satyrs, whose faces were red and glowing. Æschylus introduced a second person to the episode, and Sophocles a third.

Scot, Suarez, Tom of Aquin, &c.

Duns Scotus, Suarez, and Thomas Aquinas, are names well known in the schools of philosophy.

Prologue to the Loyal General. 1680.

This prologue is inserted in the edition of Dryden’s works printed in 1743, without any mention made of the piece to which it was first prefixed; which I find to be a play called the Loyal General, written by Mr. Tate, and acted at the Duke’s Theatre in 1680. Mr. Tate was born in Ireland. Langbaine says, though he had wit and parts, he was not above the common rank of poets; for, out of nine plays that he published, only two of them were his own. We owe to him the altering King Lear as it is generally acted; and from the principal character he lopped off some of the most beautiful speeches, which have been restored by Mr. Garrick and Mr. Barry. He succeeded Shadwell as poet-laureat, and died soon after the accession of the house of Hanover.

——— *the devil and the pope.*

We shall speak at large of the ceremony of burning annually the devil and the pope, a few pages farther on.

Epilogue to Tamerlain the Great, a Tragedy. 1681.

This play was acted at Drury-lane in the year 1681; and afterwards before the King at Oxford; the author of it, Mr. Charles Saunders, being then only a King's scholar at Westminster-school. Langbaine tells us, he wishes well to his Muse; but cannot allow that he is a poet.

Thus Cowley blossom'd, &c.

The famous Abraham Cowley, whose fine odes have intitled him to the character of the English Pindar, published a collection of poems when he was but sixteen years old. He was son to a grocer in Fleet-street. The first part of his education he received at Westminster-school, where he was entered as a King's scholar, and thence removed to Cambridge; but being with some others ejected, he retired to St. John's college, Oxford, to complete his studies, and here was presented with an honorary degree of Doctor of Physic. Being a zealous loyalist, he followed his royal master into exile, to whom he was very useful in decyphering letters, and in many other cases. He died at Chertsey in his forty-ninth year, anno 1667, and was interred in the Abbey, near the remains of Chaucer and Spencer.

Epilogue to the Earl of Essex. 1682.

The Earl of Essex, or, Unhappy Favorite, a tragedy, written by Mr. John Banks, a gentleman of New-Inn, who generally hit upon good subjects, but cloathed them in bad language, was brought upon the stage at Drury-lane in 1682, with vast applause. We have had lately another play of the same name introduced upon Covent-garden theatre by Mr. Henry Jones, in which he has improved both the language and subject; and if the former is not always the most correct, it is however simple and affecting.

Prologue to the Loyal Brother. 1682.

The Loyal Brother, or the Persian Prince, Mr. Southern's first play, was acted at Drury-lane in 1682; a time in which the Tory interest, after long struggles, carried all before it. The character of the Loyal Brother was a compliment intended for the Duke of York. This prologue is a continued invective against the Whigs. Dryden also wrote the epilogue. He was at this time

famous for prologue and epilogue writing; for which reason Southern here begged his assistance at the usual price, which was either five or six guineas. Dryden refused it under ten: the young bard answered, it was more than he had ever heard he demanded before. "Ay, (replied the Laureat) but it is not more than the thing's worth: the players have hitherto had my work too cheap; and I am resolved hereafter to be paid for it." He kept his word, and Southern was obliged to give him ten guineas. This transaction, however, created an intimacy between them, which subsisted till Dryden's death.

— — — *Queen Bess's night.*

At the King's-head tavern, the corner of Chancery-lane, and opposite the Inner-Temple-gate, the principal opponents to the court-measures and the chiefs of the Whig-party assembled, under the name of the King's-head Club, and afterwards the Green-ribbon Club, from ribbons of that colour which they wore in their hats. Here they subscribed a guinea a-piece for a bonfire, in which the effigies of the pope was to be burnt on the 17th of November, being the anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's birth, with more than ordinary pomp; for it was heretofore an annual ceremony, usually made without any remarkable parade. The procession now consisted of one representing the dead body of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, carried on a horse, with a person preceding it ringing a bell, to remind people of his murder: then followed a mob of fellows, dressed like carmelites, jesuits, bishops, cardinals, &c. and several boys with incense-pots surrounding an image of the pope, with that of the devil just behind him,

"Like thief and parson in a Tyburn cart."

In this manner they marched from Bishopsgate to the corner of Chancery-lane, where they committed the inoffensive effigies to the flames; while the balconies and windows of the King's-head were filled with people of consequence, who countenanced the tumult; which, the Hon. Roger North says, struck a terror upon people's spirits. The year of acting the play, to which we have here a prologue, great additions, alterations, and expensive improvements, were intended to be made in this procession, which was prevented entirely by the loyalty and vigilance of the sheriffs of the city; Sir Dudley North and Sir Peter Rich, who paraded the streets all day and the best part of the night.

— — — *cry, God save him at Whitehall.*

The loyalists had reason to fear for the King's person from
such

such a riotous mob ; wherefore the horse-guard was drawn up without Temple-bar, and Whitehall, where the King resided, was planted with cannon.

Five praying saints are by the act allow'd.

By the Bartholomew Act not more than five dissenters were allowed to commune together at one time.

Prologue to the University of Oxford.

Notwithstanding King James's religion, there were public acts celebrated at Oxford, by way of compliment, on his accession. Some of the following five prologues and epilogues were spoken at this time ; and for the rest, I cannot answer, as I find no dates to them.

Epilogue to the University.

No poor Dutch peasant, &c.

The complaints of infection here made by our author do not relate to any sickness that had lately reigned in town, but to the vitiated taste of the people, who preferred in those days, as in the present, shew to sense, and French dancers, Italian fiddlers, and scaramouches, to true rational entertainments, and the beauties of dramatic poetry.

Epilogue, &c. by Mrs. Marshall.

Bathurst, a name the learn'd with reverence know.

This was Dr. Ralph Bathurst, president of Trinity-college, Oxford, a very loyal gentleman, of great character and admirable abilities, who was, I think, made dean of Wells. He wrote several Latin poems, and an unfinished copy of verses, printed in Dryden's miscellanies.

Prologue to the University.

This prologue appears to me to have been written after Monmouth's defeat, who was assisted also by the Earl of Argyle in Scotland, with equal success, being taken prisoner and put to death ; and perhaps there were some divisions in the dramatic state at the same time.

Epilogue to Constantine the Great. 1684.

This was a tragedy written by Nat. Lee, and represented in 1684 at the theatre-royal in Drury-lane.

VOL. II.

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N O T E S.

— — *Count Tekeli.*

A famous Hungarian commander.

Kind black-ey'd rogues —————

Among the pleasures which Mahomet promised to his followers in paradise, one was, that they should enjoy nymphs of amazing beauty, with large black eyes.

Prologue to the Disappointment. 1684.

The Disappointment, or Mother in Fashion, was a play of Mr. Southern's, performed in 1684 at the theatre-royal in Drury-lane, and dedicated to the late Duke of Ormond.

Prologue to the King and Queen, on the Union of the two Companies. Written in 1686.

The wanton change of the public taste, after the introducing operas at the Duke's theatre, began to fall as heavy upon the King's company, as their excellence in acting had before fallen on their competitors. Mr. Betterton, who had a share in the management of the former, finding their expensive struggles hurtled both theatres, projected an union of the companies; whence he hoped to form one company, superior to all that had gone before them, in every respect. In this project he succeeded; and it was then his merits shone with unrivalled lustre. From this union, Cibber says, sprung the best company of actors that ever appeared upon an English stage. He came amongst them in 1690, and found the chiefs of them were Mr. Betterton, Mr. Mountford, Mr. Kynafton, Mr. Sandford, Mr. Nokes, Mr. Underhill, and Mr. Lee; Mrs. Betterton, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Leigh, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Mountfort, and Mrs. Bracegirdle.

Tom Dove — — — —

was, I suppose, the keeper of a bear-garden.

Prologue to the Princess of Cleves. 1689.

The Princess of Cleves was a tragedy of Nat. Lee's, played at the Queen's theatre in Dorset-garden, 1689.

Prologue to Arviragus and Phœlicia, revived 1690.

This tragedy was first acted at Blackfriars in 1639, and revived with success in 1690. It was written by Lodowic Carlel, Esq; a gentleman, who had been groom of the chamber to King Charles the Martyr, and was reinstated at the restoration.

Prologue to the Prophetess. 1690.

The Prophetess, or the History of Dioclesian, was revived in

1690, with alterations and additions, after the manner of an opera, by Mr. Betterton, and not by Dryden, as Langbaine, who is generally pretty exact, asserts. Our author only wrote the prologue, and that was forbid by the Earl of Dorset, then Lord Chamberlain, after the first day of its being spoken. King William was at this time prosecuting the war in Ireland, which is alluded to in these lines :

“ Till rich from vanquish’d rebels you return;
“ And the fat spoils of teague in triumph draw,
“ His firkin butter, and his usquebaugh.”

“ This prologue, says Colley Cibber in his Apology, had some familiar metaphorical sneers at the Revolution itself; and as the poetry of it was good, the offence of it was less pardonable.

“ Go, conqueror of your male and female foes,
“ Men without hearts, and women without hose.”

These general reflections are illiberal and unworthy of such an inimitable pen : had Dryden considered impartially the character of the men who, he says, are without hearts, he would have talked in a very different strain of a nation which has produced as brave men as ever took the field ; of a nation that gave as signal proofs of valour and fidelity, even to the family of the Stuarts, as any that history can produce. It is too often the fate of men of genius to be hurried away by the warmth of imagination, and to paint persons and things not as they are, but as they appear, through the medium of prejudice, or prepossession. And many characters both in history and poetry are through these motives delivered down to us the very contrasts of reality.

Prologue to the Mistakes, &c. 1690.

The Mistakes, or False Reports, was not written, but, according to G. Jacob, spoiled by Joseph Harris, a comedian, who dedicated it to Mr. afterwards Sir Godfrey Kneller. It was acted in 1690.

Epilogue to Henry II. 1693.

This play was acted in 1693. The author of it, Will. Mountford, was also a comedian, of whom Cibber, in his Apology, speaks very highly.

Prologue to Albumazar.

This was an old play, from which Ben. Johnson took the hint of his Alchymist.

Epilogue to the Husband his own Cuckold, &c. 1696.

This comedy was written by John Dryden, jun. our author's

second son. It was acted at the theatre in Lincoln's-inn-fields in 1696, and afterwards published with a dedication, extremely well worded, to Sir Robert Howard, a preface by Dryden himself, and a prologue by Congreve.

Prologue to the Pilgrim, &c. 1700.

This play, with alterations by Sir John Vanbrugh, and a secular masque, together with this prologue and an epilogue written by our author, was revived for his benefit in 1700, his fortune being at that time in as declining a state as his health: they were both spoken by Mr. Cibber, then a very young actor, much to Dryden's satisfaction. See Cibber's Apology, p. 221, of the 8vo. edition. The Pilgrim was written by Beaumont and Fletcher.

Quack Mauras, &c.

Sir Richard Blackmore the physician, &c. He wrote two long heroic poems of twelve books each, one entitled Prince, the other King Arthur, a paraphrase upon Job, the Song of Moses and Deborah, and a new version of the Psalms, which are all glanced at in this prologue; a piece written rather to satirise him than to treat of the piece to be exhibited, or the occasion of its being now revived. In short, Dryden has taken care

— — “to damn him to immortal fame.”

Nor has Pope neglected to confirm the anathema; for Blackmore is more than once brought on the carpet of the Dunciad.

Epilogue to the Pilgrim.

Dryden in this epilogue labors to throw the fault of the licentiousness of dramatic writers, which had been so severely censured by the Rev. Dr. Jeremy Collier, upon the example of a court returned from banishment, accompanied by all the vices and follies of foreign climates; and whom to please was the poet's business, as he wrote to eat.

While you have still your Oates, and we our Haines.

We have said enough in a former volume of Dr. Oates. Jo. Haines is well known to all lovers of the stage, as a good actor; but by this insinuation we are to suppose he was not so good a christian. Cibber calls him a wicked wit.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

